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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

The Globe Edition.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE

EDITED WITH NOTES
AND INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

BY

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PREFACE.

In the *Text* of this edition, Warburton's arrangement has (with a single unimportant exception) been maintained; the remaining pieces have been added from subsequent editions, or, where possible, from earlier sources. Throughout, I have endeavoured to preserve Pope's use of capital letters, and of apostrophised syllables; of the former, lest his intentions of emphasis,—of the latter, lest his metrical accuracy, should be unnecessarily obscured. His uncertain spelling, and his frequently perplexing interpunctuation, it seemed useless to reproduce with religious fidelity.

Among the *Notes* will be found all Pope's own (marked '*P.*'), except in the case of the *Dunciad*, where curtailment was unavoidable. I have not, so far as I am aware, transcribed anything from previous editors without acknowledgment. The extent of my obligations to Mr Carruthers' edition (the only edition of Pope which has any claims to completeness) will therefore be apparent on the surface. For everything enclosed within [ ]'s I am myself responsible; and the quotations which previous editors have successively transcribed I have taken care to verify.

In conclusion, I cannot forbear from thanking my accomplished friend, the Rev. Alfred Ainger, for many suggestions whereby he has aided me during pleasant hours spent in common over the following pages.

A. W. W.

Owens College, Manchester,
April 30th, 1869.

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INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

VERY wonderful is the vitality of names; and there is reason to believe that books and essays continue to this day to make their appearance, in which the period of our literary history coinciding with the literary life of Pope is spoken of as our Augustan age. Were this transfer of title intended to imply the existence during the period in question of any royal patronage of letters such as the first of the legitimate Cæsars was too prudent absolutely to neglect, it would condemn itself at once. The English Augustans were not warmed by the favour of any English Augustus. William the Deliverer, in whose reign they had grown up, had been without stomach for the literature of a nation with whose tastes and habits he had never made it part of his political programme to sympathise. Queen Anne's very feeble light of personal judgment was easily kept under by the resolute will of her favourites, or flickered timidly under cover of the narrowest orthodoxy. Of the first two Georges the former, indifferent to an unpopularity which never seemed to endanger his tenure of the throne, neither possessed an ordinary mastery of the English tongue nor manifested even a transient desire to acquire it. His successor had no objection to be considered, in virtue of his mistress rather than his wife, the patron of the literary adherents of a political party, until, on mounting the throne, he blandly disappointed the hopes of that party itself. The epoch of our Augustans had all but closed, when the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, put an absolute end to the nominal hopes in the advent of a golden age for the liberal arts, by averting the accession of a Patriot King.

Neither was the defect of royal patronage supplied by any genuine Mæcenas from among the great ones of the realm. The traditions in this respect of the Stuart period—traditions doubtless exaggerated in the age of Pope, yet not wholly baseless—had barely survived the expulsion of the last Stuart King. Of King William's Batavian comrades, none had sought to grace their newly-acquired dignities and incomes by fostering the efforts of genius in the country which they had consented to adopt. Among the chief English-born noblemen and gentlemen

of this reign those of the older generation were too intently engaged in picking their path through events and eventualities to find time for dallying with the delights of literature and art. One only of their number, the sage whom all parties honoured because he so circumspectly abstained from being of vital service to any, Sir William Temple, alone had a thought for literature, and horticulture, and other liberal amusements. With Queen Anne's accession commenced among the leaders of political and social life a period of eager speculation as to the contingencies which might supervene on her decease. Parties within parties, and factions within factions, battled over their living sovereign because it seemed that everything must depend upon the hands into which the power should fall when she should lie dead. In a time of national abasement foreign intellectual fashions and the patronage of such fashions may prevail; and such had been actually the case in the reigns of both the Charles's. In a time of national elevation a national literature will find its patrons; nor had such been wanting to our Elizabethans, nor were they (though in a different fashion) to fail English writers in subsequent times. But amidst the cynically selfish party-warfare which degraded our political life in the reign of Queen Anne, the value of literature was depreciated in accordance with the general decay of national feeling. For it was an age in which all things were viewed in their relation to the main issue upon which men's thoughts were fixed. Church and crown, freedom of action and of speech, the rights of the citizen at home and the glories of the nation abroad, were freely and fiercely tossed about in the caldron where the political future was believed to be brewing. Where the national honour was hardly taken into account as a secondary consideration, and the national wishes so little consulted that in the eyes of history they to this day frequently remain obscure, a national literature could obviously have no intrinsic cause for existence in the eyes of either Tories or of Whigs. It is for the parties that the nation and its feelings have been created; its traditions, its sympathies are so many adventitious aids, its foremost men so many candidates for partisan employment. The Whigs will crown Addison the laureate of their party; but not till he has sung the glories of its acknowledged hero. Bolingbroke, who liked to compare himself to Alcibiades, and Oxford, in whom the oblique vision of some party adulator discerned a Pericles to match, repaid their literary henchmen in the coin dearest to the frugal souls of literary men, and cheapest to the condescending great, a social familiarity at times facilitated by the bottle. Their literary assailants they were eager to imprison and pillory and utterly extinguish. Pegasus was always welcome if he would run in harness; otherwise away with him to the pound. Queen Anne's reign came to an end; and under the administration which supervened, a yet more practical method of reducing literature to her level was consistently adopted. No minister has probably ever expended so large a sum upon the hire of pens as Sir Robert Walpole. The consent of contemporaries and posterity stigmatises him as the poet's foe. The warmth of his patronage elicited the grubs from the soil, and bred dunces faster than Swift and Pope could destroy them.

Still, if the world of politics pursued its own ends, the world of society, never wholly absorbed in political life, might have essayed to offer its pleasing aid. It is true that in England, happily perhaps for our political development, the social life of the upper classes has generally found its centre in the political life of their times. Even after the Restoration society had only exaggerated, not distorted, the political tendencies of the age. Fashion in England has always driven ideas and notions to extremes; it has rarely or never invented them for itself. Thus, at the close of the Protectorate, society had anticipated the restoration of the Stuarts by taking the drama into favour once more. The stage seemed to feed the imagination by a tragedy chiefly of rant and fustian, national in its grossness if foreign in its form; while for an enforced period of spiritual austerity society found its revenge in a comedy of something more than flesh and blood. But every debauch has its limit; and the generation amidst which Pope grew up was growing weary of the boisterous sensuality as well as of the furious bombast which had intoxicated its predecessors. Dryden had sickened over the abominations to which he had prostituted his Muse; and though Congreve still remained an authority on account of the wit with which he had relieved the sameness of his dramatic fare, the ruder, but equally creative, Wycherley was fain to make a desperate attempt to eke out his withering wreath by a leaf or two of lyric laurels. Society had ceased to care for literature other than dramatic, unless recommended by an authority other than its own; and where was it to seek for such an authority except in the world of politics?

For our so-called Augustan age might indeed in one sense have asserted its claim to the title with which it was credited, had the Varros and Pollios revived a learning whence literature might have drawn the nourishing sap of a new and more luxuriant development. Our ancient seats of learning were identified with the national church; and it was in them that she must count at once her chief ornaments and her surest supports. But they had in truth suffered with her. In religious matters, the great Revolutionary struggle had come to represent itself to the inheritors of its achievements under the aspect of its extremes. Oxford the descendant of a Presbyterian, Bolingbroke the scion of a Puritan family, availed themselves of the reaction and cold-bloodedly stood forward as the instigators of a High-Church mob. The Church had saved its connexion with the state by what was, unjustly in many cases but not unnaturally upon the whole, regarded as a compromise with opinions formerly elevated to the place of principles. The result was inevitable, that the moral influence of the clergy had fallen from its original height. The Universities throughout the first half of the century swarmed with the worst class of political malcontents; those who acquiesce and remain disloyal; for few priests and no prelates followed Atterbury into exile. Among the educated classes, indifference, veiled under the thin disguise of a philosophy hardly rising above the superficial deductions of common sense, had become the prevailing note in views of religion; and in morality, a code found ready acceptance which accommodated itself without difficulty even to slippery shoulders. This general tone of feeling com-

municated itself even to members of a creed protected as it were by the consolidating influences of continued persecution; and a sense of decency sufficed to recommend an outward attitude dependent on no deep-seated convictions of heart and mind. The discipline of the Universities was still struggling among the folds of an apparently immortal scholasticism. The new Oxford scholarship was that of *dilettanti;* and Cambridge was only gradually reconstructing her system of teaching on the basis of the writings of Locke, and under the surviving influence of the devoted life of her unforgotten Barrow. Yet in those branches of study which most closely connect themselves with the progress of literature, though Bentley had taken the field, his services were hardly appreciated by his own generation. Free translation, the enemy of accurate scholarship, was adapting the classics to modern tastes rather than raising the latter to an earnest contemplation of the ancient models. And a critical knowledge, or even a faithful study of the national literature, had been scarcely begun by one or two enthusiasts; Shakspeare, mutilated on the stage, still awaited his first competent editor. Criticism, insisting upon rules the meaning of which it blindly ignored, lost itself in empty dogmatism, or strayed into the exchange of sheer personalities. The true critic and the true student were rare among the children of our Augustan age.

For in this age literature is in the main regarded under two aspects—as a political instrument and as an intellectual stimulant. The literary hero of these times will therefore not be a mind intent upon pondering and revealing the depths of human nature; nor a poet who from out of the turmoil of political conflicts or social distractions betakes himself into the secrecy of lyrical composition; not even the singer who recounts or inspires to great national actions. He will rather be the writer whose point pierces just as deeply as suffices for the insight which society desires to enjoy into the characters of men and women, and who never forgets the special in the general. He will be, in form, an eclectic of eclectics, sworn to fidelity to no school, and founding none, but like the society with which he accords, correct within the limits of a self-formed taste. From ancients and moderns, from French and Italian and our own interesting literature, he will circumspectly choose the most attractive models to adorn the grotto in which he receives the visits of his Muse. He will write to please, but to please a difficult public. He will therefore be master of that nicely chosen kind of allusions which is transparent to the educated intelligence; avoiding illustrations either commonplace or far-fetched, sparing no pains to sustain the attention which he arouses, and to make sure of the effect which it is his purpose to create. Whether his theme be love or hate, he will not forget the hearers for whose benefit he discourses upon it; and when he is most in earnest, he will be least liable to forget the eyes which are watching his conduct of the enterprise.

Controversy is the very breath in the nostrils of such a writer and such an age. Society must be in a state of suspense, of secret intrigues, of envy and malice beneath and an artificial politeness on the surface, if it is thoroughly to relish a literature combative in its most reflexive moments, and polished in the very crisis of

the combat. The age was a great age of clubs; of associations, large or small, of men bound together by the spirit of common antagonism or hatred towards this or that political or literary counter-coterie. Just as the world of politics in this age was limited to a very small numerical proportion of the nation whose affairs it swayed, so the world of literature, extremely confined in comparison to that of only a generation or two later, was clearly and definitely marked off into the fractions which composed it. Political and literary clubs were alike characterised by a single-mindedness of antipathies which the lower orders were not slow to burlesque in the confraternities of the tap-room[1]. Kit-Cat and Calves-head, Beefsteak and October, may have occasionally drowned even their party-feelings in the oblivion ensured by an unflinching devotion to the club-rules. But the Brothers' Club founded by Bolingbroke in 1711 was a kind of backstairs Cabinet of the Tory party; while the literary champions of the latter (including the professedly neutral Pope) met in the Scribblerus Club to pulverise in a common mortar the small fry of their literary adversaries. At all these clubs (and the 'Brothers' occasionally admitted their 'Sisters') a rivalry in abuse was one of the unwritten laws of the fraternity[2]. Our Augustan age was not the most immoral which court and society in England have known (at least it may be said that the profligacy of the Restoration period, arrested by the reaction under William III., was not to revive in its fulness till after the death of Queen Anne); but it was assuredly the most scandalous. And its peculiarity was this, that while evil speaking, even in the age of the Regency, was as a rule left as an unenvied privilege to the lowest hangers-on of literature, or to those members of society whom age and sex or constitutional vacuity include in a licensed category, the practice was assiduously cultivated by the leaders in society and literature of our Augustan age. Horace Walpole lived almost a generation too late. Far happier in this respect was the lot of one with whom an elective affinity at all events connected him, of Lord Hervey, who found a fellow-railer in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and but too willing an adversary in Pope. It was in literature as in politics. If a man avowed himself, or caused himself to be supposed, the opponent of another, or of his coterie, or the supporter of a coterie opposed to the latter, any means of bringing his face to the grindstone was accounted within the limits of legitimate warfare. To blacken his character, to blast his reputation, to defile his grandfather's grave, all these things followed as a matter of course. An aspersion of venom was held a justifiable addition to the point of the foil; and the slightest sign of hostility, an unfavourable criticism, a line in a farce, was pursued with Corsican persistency of vengeance. How unnatural in the eyes of a more self-possessed posterity seems this age: when great poets made war upon women, when no enemy was deemed too weak to be worthy of the most practised steel. What a lack of dignity as well as of good sense, correspond-

[1] [The so-called *mug-houses* were frequented by Whig Societies who in 1715 and 1716 came to frequent blows with Tory mobs. See Wright's *Caric. Hist. of the Georges*, chap. I.]

[2] This subject is treated with his usual incisiveness by M. Ch. de Rémusat in his admirable essay on Bolingbroke.

ing to that with which a House of Commons endeavoured to hunt down a pulpit Xanthippe, and a Secretary of State entered upon a crusade against the pygmies of the press. Statesman and man of letters—there was little as to true generosity of spirit to choose between the two[1]. The comparative smallness of the literary world may help to account for the importance with which its members invested even their most trivial disputes. But few escaped the taint of their age, and nothing in the life of Addison strikes his contemporaries as so remarkable, as the fact that he forgives his enemies before composing himself for an exemplary death. The commonest courtesies of literary life which even Bavius and Mavius would not have permitted themselves to neglect, are defiantly violated by our Augustans. Anonymity, far from serving as a cover against nominal recriminations, is in truth resorted to only as an evasion of an uncertain law; and cowardice too frequently skulks behind a lampoon, as a literary weapon no more fitting than the bludgeons hired by Rochester for his Rose Alley ambuscade. How imperfectly had Dryden's successors learnt to imitate the example of one who truthfully declared that 'he had seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, and,' though 'naturally vindictive, had suffered in silence, and possessed his soul in quiet.'

That a healthy current of life was still flowing in the nation's veins, in despite of the vices which seemed to pervade society, is of course a fact to which our literature alone bears sufficient testimony. From out of the sphere of the middle classes a reaction had been preparing itself. Its direction was towards that close obedience to the divine law as a practical, if possible a literal, fingerpost in all relations of life which is in accordance with the Puritan spirit of the nation, and which was in due time to force itself upon the classes long in their own opinion practically emancipated from its control. De Foe and his lineal literary descendants, the essayists and novelists, succeeded in saving its national character to our literature. But an examination of their influence and the gradual progress of its operation would be out of place here. As the age appears to us in the mirror of the literature which professedly and unhesitatingly attached itself to the world of politics, fashion and learning, it is an unnatural age, because licentious in every direction except that of the form which by its own authority it has chosen as the exponent of its very spirit and essence. All the emotions of the Augustans, except their hatreds, seem shallow and transitory, and most of all so in their literary expression. Men who estimate their neighbours according to a selfish standard, necessarily adjust to it their measures of praise as well as of blame. Queen Anne, whose childish dependence upon others was no secret even to herself, is addressed in strains of uncompromising panegyric before which even the tributes of the Cavaliers to the Rose of

[1] Bolingbroke, as Secretary of State, writes to the Queen in 1711: 'I have discovered the author of another scandalous libel, who will be in custody this afternoon; he will make the 13th I have seized, and the 15th I have found out.' Swift writes in his Journal to Stella of the same year: 'One Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands; the Secretary promises me to swinge him. I must make that rogue an example for warning to others.' See Macknight's *Life of Bolingbroke*.

Bohemia grow pale. Even Prior is recklessly dull when he begins to flatter[1] *ex officio;* even Young's unctuous religiosity adapts itself to the exigencies of a courtly veneration[2]. Nor was it only loyalty which was thus galvanised into a spasmodic existence. Dryden had scattered panegyrics with the profuse vigour belonging to his genial *abandon;* his successors swung their censers in honour of their minor divinities with the measured oscillations of drilled acolytes; and even a Wharton had his poet-in-ordinary. The amatory verse of the age is perhaps the most unnatural that has ever been written; instead of exhausting itself on even ruby lips and dainty feet, it hovers with inquisitive placidity round ladies' fans or lapdogs or paper-knives. The ladies themselves could hardly be natural without falling into downright cynicism; and passed an existence as unreal as their outward selves, made up as they were of powders and patches, and fenced in with hurdles of whalebone. The real epos of society under Queen Anne, though designed as a burlesque, is Pope's *Rape of the Lock.* Under the first two Georges the coating of varnish grew thinner and thinner; but the material remained equally rotten beneath.

Such as these were, if I rightly estimate the characteristics of the age in so far as he was brought into contact with it, the conditions under which Pope entered upon and led his literary life. Its course could not fail to be affected and in some degree determined by them. Yet the chief element in the story of his life, as in the stories of all human lives, remains of course the gradual development of his own individuality, and the unconscious compromise ultimately effected between it and the influences which surrounded him. Of his triumphant struggle against difficulties of no ordinary significance, and of his single-minded devotion to the task which his genius hand marked out for him, his life, however imperfectly told, cannot fail to offer clear and abundant testimony. It intertwines itself almost inseparably with his works; for Pope, as has been well said[3], was a literary man, as Garrick was an actor, pure and simple. And life and works viewed together will, I think, irresistibly lead to the conclusion that Pope belonged to that second order of great writers, who return to their age the seeds which it has sown in them, grown and tended into magnificent fruits; not to that other and assuredly higher order, whose genius is not receptive and reproductive only, but creative, and of whom England was barren in its so-called Augustan age.

[1] See, besides his well-known Ode to the Queen, the Epistle desiring the Queen's picture, characteristically 'left unfinished, by the sudden news of H. M. death.'

[2] See above all the exordium of his *Last Day;* besides his poems on the accession of George I. and II. respectively.

[3] By Dibdin, in his *History of the Stage.* In this sense Warburton might justly write to Garrick: 'Nobody but you and Pope ever knew how to preserve the dignity of your respective employments.' Fitzgerald's *Life of Garrick,* chap. v.

I.

Much that is peculiar in the life and literary career of Pope is accounted for by the circumstances of his birth and education.

Alexander Pope was born on the twenty-first of May of the year 1688, in Lombard Street in the city of London. Of his father and namesake it is known with certainty that he realised in the linen-trade a fortune sufficient to enable him to retire from business at a comparatively early period in life, and at his death to leave behind him an income which has been variously estimated, but which at all events sensibly added to the worldly ease of his son. That the elder Pope was a devoted member of the Church of Rome, is equally undoubted; we find his son in his earlier letters referring to the pious habits prevailing in his family; and passages in the poetry of the son[1] picture the father's life as spent in cheerful resignation to the lot in those days incumbent upon adherents to the persecuted ancient faith. That Pope's father was a convert to the Church in which he lived and brought up his son, is a mere piece of hearsay built upon another piece of hearsay to the effect that the poet's grandfather was a clergyman of the Church of England. Though antiquarian zeal has sought to identify this supposed Anglican clerical grandsire in the person of an Alexander Pope, rector of Thruxton in Hampshire, who died in the year 1645, there is nothing beyond a mere conjecture to justify the application of an intrinsically uninteresting discovery. The poet no doubt claimed kindred with the family bearing his name formerly ennobled as earls of Downe; but as the family in question was entirely extinct in the male line, it is at best possible that the two families had at some former period been more or less closely connected. There is just as much and as little reason to assume that the poet was descended from a Scotch branch of the Popes; the foundation of the claim resting chiefly on the two facts that there have been Catholic Popes in Scotland, and that an enthusiastic Presbyterian namesake of the poet vaguely asserted a kind of kinsmanship with the latter in his lifetime.

The maiden name of Pope's mother was Edith Turner. She was the daughter of William Turner, a Roman Catholic gentleman of good position, and lord of the manor of Towthorpe in Yorkshire. He was the father of no less than seventeen children, of whom Pope's mother survived all the rest. She died at the age of 93, in 1733, affectionately mourned in death as she had been tenderly cherished throughout his life by her son. On a monument which he erected to her he recorded her character as that of the best of mothers and most loving of women[2]. Dr Johnson, in whose large heart the sentiment of piety sat enthroned, generously observes of Pope under this aspect, that 'life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son.' Of William Turner's children some were

[1] *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, vv. 394 ff. *Imit. of Hor.* bk. II. Ep. II. vv. 54 ff.

[2] No attention need be paid to Mrs Piozzi's statement that Pope's mother was 'a poor feebleminded thing, unworthy anyone's care or esteem.' Hayward, *Autobiography and Remains of Mrs Piozzi*, II. 154.

brought up as Protestants and some Catholics; but it cannot be doubted that Pope's mother was among the latter number. Her attachment to the Catholic faith seemed to her son a sufficient argument to outweigh all the inducements to conversion urged upon him, after his father's death, by Atterbury. Thus his attitude towards the church in which he was nurtured invariably remained that of a cheerful outward acquiescence, whatever at times may have been his views in regard to creeds and churches in general[1].

On retiring from business, the elder Pope, after residing for a time at Kensington, finally took up his abode at Binfield, on the border of Windsor Forest, and about nine miles distant from the royal castle and town. Here he remained in modest but comfortable circumstances until the year 1716, when the family removed to Chiswick, little more than a year before his death. Whatever may have been his own earlier history, he was a kind and indulgent parent to his precocious only son, the development of whose tastes and tendencies the father seems at times to have been fain to moderate, but never to check. When the son affected the art of painting, his father placed no obstacles in his way; when he adopted literature as the calling of his life, his father with equal readiness acquiesced in this hazardous choice. He never appears to have intended that his son should engage in trade; and even had the delicate and sickly nature of the latter admitted of his following one of the learned professions, all were closed to him by the circumstance of his creed. With his father Pope shared the love of gardening, which, notwithstanding many absurd excrescences, was one of the healthiest tastes of the times, and in which he was afterwards, after a fashion of his own, to indulge in the fantastic laying-out of his Twickenham villa.

Among the many precocious children of whom we read in literary and artistic biography (and precocity is as frequent here as it is rare in the case of future great statesmen; for talents unfold themselves amidst tranquil surroundings, but to fashion a character are needed the storms of the world[2]), Pope was assuredly one of the most precocious. At five years of age he had already displayed sufficient signs of promise to be chosen by an aunt as the reversionary legatee of all her books, pictures and medals. His education in its beginnings and progress corresponds very closely with its ultimate results. Pope was by necessity rather than choice a self-educated man; and he never became a scholar. Science may number self-taught geniuses among her chief luminaries; of scholarship, as the term implies, discipline is an indispensable element. Pope taught himself writing by copying from printed books, and hence acquired at least one external mark of scholarly habits, the practice of minute calligraphy crowded into nooks and corners of paper—a practice which afterwards in Pope's case almost developed itself into a mania and obtained for him from Swift the epithet of 'paper-sparing' Pope. And as he passed onward from the first rudiments,

[1] The above summary is based on a comparison of Carruthers with various antiquarian tracts on the parentage and family of Pope by J. Hunter and R. Davies.

[2] Goethe's *Tasso*.

his education remained very much a matter of chance. From the family priest (it is very touching to find how few of these Roman Catholic families lacked the ministration of one of the persecuted servants of their Church), whose name was Banister, he learnt the accidence of Latin and Greek, when eight years of age; and afterwards successively attended two small Catholic schools, one at Twyford near Winchester, which he is said to have left in disgrace after fleshing upon its master the youthful weapon of his satire, the other in London, kept by a convert of the name of Deane, whose principle of education seems to have been as far as possible removed from that of unremitting personal superintendence. About this time must be dated the famous incident of the boy Pope's visit to Will's Coffee-house, the sole occasion (according to his account to Spence) on which he ever beheld Dryden.

Quitting Mr Deane's seminary for his father's house at Binfield, Pope, now twelve or thirteen years of age, brought with him little or no accurate learning, but tastes already developed and a literary ambition already active. At about eight years of age he had translated part of Statius, who next to Virgil continued through life his favourite Latin poet; and at twelve he had composed a play founded on the *Iliad*. At Twyford he had prepared himself for this effort by the study of Ogilby's Homer, followed by that of Sandys' Ovid; and now that he was left to follow the bent of his own inclinations, his studies continued to pursue the same direction. 'Considering,' he told Spence, 'how very little I had when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin, as well as French, or Greek; and in all these my chief way of getting them was by translation[1].' Translation without guidance is the ruin of accurate scholarship; but it is not Pope or his father, it is the penal statutes against Catholic teachers which are to be held accountable for his having availed himself of the only method left open to his use.

It is to this period that we must ascribe the first of his preserved juvenile pieces. Though he had no public, the tonic of common sense appears to have been occasionally administered by his father; and the sense of rhythm was a gift which had been bestowed upon him by nature, together with a general correctness of taste in the choice of words and expressions which his preference for poetical over prose reading could not fail to heighten. To these causes must be ascribed the extraordinary and perhaps unparalleled fact that there is little vital difference, so far as form is concerned, between some of the earliest and some of the latest of Pope's productions. His early pieces lack the vigour of wit and the brilliancy of antithesis of his later works; but they have the same felicity of expression, and the same easy flow of versification. It is only in the management of rhymes that Pope's earliest productions are comparatively negligent. We have it on Pope's own authority, as related by Spence, that some of the couplets in an epic poem on the subject of Alcander, prince of Rhodes, which he begun soon after his twelfth birthday, were afterwards inserted by

[1] Even the Latin scholarship of Pope accordingly appears to have been of a somewhat unsound description. See e.g. the strange quotation from Horace among the 'Imitations,' noted by Pope in his *Temple of Fame* (p. 126 of the present edition).

him without alteration not only in the *Essay on Criticism*, but in the *Dunciad*. Alcander, after having progressed to the number of 4000 lines, and though uniting in itself specimens of every style admired by its author—Milton and Cowley and Spenser, Homer and Virgil, Ovid and Claudian and Statius—was left uncompleted and ultimately perished in the flames, to which this juvenile *magnum opus* seems to have been sentenced by the author himself, and not, as has been stated, by Bishop Atterbury[1].

In his fifteenth year Pope went to London to learn French and Italian; but there is no evidence, either in his letters or in his works, that he ever attained to any real familiarity with either of these languages. French he seems to have learnt to read with ease; whether he conversed in it may be doubted, and his invariable habit in his poetry of accentuating French words according to the English rule would seem to lead to a contrary conclusion. As to Italian, he is said to have preferred Ariosto to Tasso; but translations existed of both; and the circumstance that in his *Essay on Criticism* he unjustifiably singles out Vida for an unmerited eminence among the Italian writers of the renaissance proves less than nothing as to Pope's knowledge either of that language or its literature; inasmuch as the work of Vida to which special allusions are made in the *Essay* was written in Latin. After a few months in London we find him once more returned to the retirement of Binfield; and hereupon ensues a period of five or six years' close application to study. As with Pope everything was precocious, so during this early period of his life he is overtaken by that phase of despondency and seemingly uncontrollable melancholy which work engenders in those of sedentary, as it cures in those of active habits of life, but which has tried few at so premature a point of their careers. In Pope's case the friendly advice of a priest named Southcote prescribed the obvious remedy, moderation in study combined with regular bodily exercise, and it is touching to find the poet in the days of his prosperity mindful of the inestimable service rendered him by the good father, and obtaining for the latter, at the hands of the obnoxious Walpole, a comfortable abbacy in France.

It was not till a much later period of his life, that under the influence of minds foreign in their constitution to his own, Pope's studies ever seriously deviated from the narrow course which they had taken in his boyhood. Ancient and English poets nearly monopolised his attention; translation and imitation helping him to familiarise himself by practice with the styles of his favourite authors. He translated that part of Statius which he subsequently published with the corrections of his friend and adviser Walsh; as well as Cicero's *De Senectute*, an isolated juvenile effort in prose which chance has continued to hide from the eyes of posterity. Among English writers he was attracted in a far higher degree by the poets than by the prosaists. Yet he read Locke's *Essay*, though not without effort; and Sir William Temple's *Varia*, though without sympathy. His own prose style can hardly be said to have

[1] See Roscoe's *Life*, pp. 19—20.

suffered from his study of the latter author; and from his earlier letters, as well as from his *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*, it is manifest that as a prose-writer he only lost the art of writing naturally by slow degrees. Of his appreciation of the distinctive styles of several English poets his *Imitations* offer sufficient proofs; that the genius of Chaucer only in part, and that of Spenser hardly at all, revealed itself to him, seems equally clear, if equally natural. His brief apprenticeship was already drawing towards its close; and he became an author before he had found time or opportunity to exchange dilettantism for scholarship.

II.

A kindly remembrance will ever be due to the friendly circle whose encouragement first launched Pope upon his literary life. Yet it required no extraordinary penetration to recognise in the gifted and studious boy the promise of brilliant original workmanship, even when he was most intent upon reproducing in juvenile clay of his own such monuments of past masters as had attracted his attention. Pope's parental home was far enough removed from the busy city to enable him to become one of the wonders of his vicinity; and at East Hamstead near Binfield dwelt an old gentleman well qualified by shrewdness and experience to become the earliest patron of youthful merit. The retirement of diplomatists has frequently been of service to literature; and Sir William Trumball, as his letters prove, well merited the encomium which Pope bestowed upon him in his Epitaph, that he was at once 'fill'd with the sense of age' and 'the fire of youth.' 'Give me leave to tell you,' he wrote to Pope as early as 1705, 'that I know nobody so likely to equal' Milton as the author of his earlier poems 'even at the age he wrote most of them, as yourself.' It was Trumball who introduced his protégé to Wycherley, the veteran of many a literary campaign. 'Manly' Wycherley, though he could look back upon a series of comedies unsurpassed in brutal vigour, was now in his old age collecting and revising the more innocent, if less powerful, efforts of his lyric moments. To Pope, however, he could at first hardly fail to be a literary hero, until at a rather later period familiarity with the old man's poems (submitted by him for the correction of the tiro) bred its inevitable consequence, and a too literal interpretation on Pope's part of a proverbially delicate request caused a coolness which prevented a continuance of friendly intercourse on the old terms. To Trumball in the first instance, and then to Wycherley, Pope had communicated a copy of his first completed effort, the *Pastorals*. Wycherley in his turn sent them to Walsh, who was himself not unknown as a poet, but enjoyed a still higher reputation as a critic. He received the juvenile poems favourably and returned a gratifying verdict upon them: 'It is not flattery at all to say that Vergil had written nothing so good at his age[1].' He then extended

[1] Referring of course to the 'juvenile poems' of Vergil now universally regarded as spurious. The first of his *Eclogues* were certainly written at a later age than the *Pastorals* of Pope.

his personal patronage to the young aspirant after poetic fame, and invited him to his seat of Abberley in Worcestershire. Walsh died in 1708, a year before the *Pastorals* were actually published; but he lived to point out to his young friend the path from which the latter never swerved during his literary career; he bade him be a 'correct poet,' or in other words, desired to limit the excursions of Pope's muse to regions already meted out by trustworthy predecessors, 'prescribed her heights and pruned her tender wing[1].' 'The best of the modern poets in all languages,' wrote Walsh to Pope in 1706, 'are those that have the nearest copied the ancients,' a maxim sufficiently characteristic of his critical standpoints. Another friend with whom Pope at this time became intimate and to whom he addressed many letters (published surreptitiously in 1727 by the mistress of his correspondent) was Henry Cromwell. Of the latter personally little is known; except that he was slovenly in his person and 'rode a hunting in a tye-wig[2];' but his letters to Pope show him to have been an amateur critic as well as student, and he seems to have largely contributed to introduce Pope and his writings to the knowledge of society in town, where Cromwell was a resident.

And thus among these patrons and friends the *Pastorals* during four years or thereabouts passed from hand to hand, and were again shown to other personages prominent in society or letters:—to George Granville afterwards Lord Lansdowne, a poet and patron of poets, modest on the head of his own performances, eager for the success of those of others;—to Lord Halifax who afterwards when first lord of the Treasury was to honour himself by offering a pension to Pope which the latter, equally to *his* honour, declined;—to Lord Somers, a venerated chief of the same party, the Whigs;—and among the acknowledged leaders of literature to the popular Garth, and to Congreve the all-admired, the inimitable, who could afford to beam benignantly upon rising talent, though avowing himself careless of his own literary fame.

Fortified by the approval of such patrons as these, the young poet could have no difficulty in finding an opportunity for ushering into the world his poetic offspring. Its sponsors had been secured beforehand; and the necessary midwife appeared in the person of the famous bookseller Jacob Tonson[3], who expressed his desire to include Pope's *Pastorals* in the forthcoming volume of his Poetic Miscellany. Tonson and his brother-publisher Lintot were the Bacon and Bungay of our Augustan age; enterprising men whose rivalry was of high significance to the literary men of their times. If the one produced a poetic miscellany, the other was sure to outbid it by a miscellany to match; if the one rode down to Oxford to gather in the slowly-ripening fruits of academic leisure, his rival might be safely sought on the way to Cambridge; and thus to those authors whose name was not known enough to ensure a subscription-list, to poets critics and translators they were the best of friends. They

[1] *Essay on Criticism*, v. 736. [2] Johnson.
[3] See the 2d Book of the *Dunciad*, *passim*.

kept their hands free from the lawless audacity of their contemporary Curll; and though the confraternity of authors was too small and weak to enable them to hold their own in a bargain, it cannot be doubted that the enterprise of these publishers helped to transfer much of the public attention from the stage to the bookseller's counter. Lintot soon afterwards became Pope's usual publisher; but the mysterious vagaries in which he loved to indulge in bringing out his works frequently led him to avail himself of other and inferior channels.

In 1709, then, Pope's *Pastorals* saw the light of publicity; and as the same volume of *Miscellanies* (which included a few other of Pope's early pieces) commenced with the Pastorals of Ambrose Phillips (afterwards mercilessly burlesqued by Gay) the young poet found himself on his first appearance before the world unintentionally furnished with that invaluable aid towards a literary success—a foil.

III.

Between the years 1709 and 1715 falls the most varied and active period of Pope's personal life and literary career. It extends from the publication of the *Pastorals* to that of the first volume of his Iliad. As it was the latter work which established him as a Classic in the eyes of his contemporaries, and the proceeds of which furnished him with the means of leading a life congenial to his disposition and suitable to his temperament and health, so its publication marks the conclusion of his brief period of journeymanship in the world of literature. It was during this period too that after a few oscillations he finally determined the circle of his intimacy, and secured for himself the lasting enmity of some amongst his most persevering opponents.

The literary world which Pope entered as the author of poems full of promise, but betraying no special mark such as to range him at once among the adherents of any particular school or coterie, was, as has been already sufficiently indicated, divided into two camps. Parnassus was split from summit to base; and it was upon the Tory half that the sun of Royal and government favour had just begun to shine with concentrated warmth. The Tory wits were accordingly with hardly an exception politicians above all; while the Whig writers ranged with greater freedom through more various walks of literature. Whig patronage has perhaps at other times been distributed among literary men with a less immediate expectation of a *quid pro quo* than that of their opponents. At all events, Pope's early patrons had been chiefly connected with the former party; and, averse by nature from busying himself with political questions[1], he was more likely to be drawn into the wider

[1] Whenever as a boy, in reading Sir Wm. Temple's writings, he found anything political in them he had no manner of feeling for it. (Spence, quoted by Roscoe.) In 1714 he writes to Edward Blount that he is, 'thank God, below all the accidents of state-changes by his circumstances, and above them by his philosophy.' And to this indifference he adhered so consistently through-

circle of which Addison was the centre than among the fiery band where Swift loved to lord it over peers and prelates. Pope was both young enough and sympathetic enough to seek and find friends on either side; but it was with the Whig writers that during his visits to town in 1710 and the following year he appears to have principally associated. When in 1711 he published his *Essay on Criticism*, it was at once commended by Addison in the *Spectator* to the favour of a discerning public; Steele brimmed over with eager requests for contributions to the same paper from so accomplished a hand, and, about the commencement of the year 1712, appears to have introduced the young author to Addison himself.

Unhappily it was not long before a relation thus auspiciously commenced was to be enveloped in a network of petty clouds, until it ended in the most pitiable, though far from the most violent, of Pope's literary quarrels. The quarrel—if a series of unreturned attacks can be called a quarrel—did not actually explode till the time of the publication of the Iliad. Yet its origin dates almost from the commencement of Pope's acquaintance with Addison, and connects itself with that *Essay on Criticism* by which Pope took rank among the most brilliant writers of his age.

In his friendly notice of that poem Addison had taken exception to the attacks which it contains upon Blackmore and Dennis; but the praise bestowed upon the entire work had been too cordial to allow this exception to rankle in Pope's mind. In 1712 appeared in a volume of miscellanies published by Lintot the first edition of the young poet's fresh and sparkling *Rape of the Lock*. Addison's notice of this poem in the *Spectator* had been favourable, but not enthusiastic; while his own avowed followers Tickell and Ambrose Phillips had, as contributors to the same Miscellany, received a measure of eulogy which Pope might justly regard as excessive. When he informed Addison of his design to enlarge the *Rape of the Lock* by introducing the machinery of the Sylphs, Addison pronounced against the proposed addition. According to Warburton, Pope discerned (and as Warburton implies, truly discerned) in this advice the insidious intention of preventing an improvement sure of success. There is no reason for accepting Warburton's insinuation at more than its worth; and at best, therefore, this interpretation on the part of Pope of a very natural and plausible counsel must be viewed as an afterthought. For in April 1713 we find Pope furnishing Addison's tragedy of *Cato* with a prologue, which was duly printed with an encomium by Steele in Addison's new paper, the *Guardian*, to which Pope was himself an occasional contributor[1]. Dennis in his character of devil's advocate made a furious, though not wholly inept, onslaught upon the popular tragedy; and Pope took upon himself to stand forth as its defender.

but life that Ruffhead (*Life of Pope*, p. 45) declares himself warranted by the best authorities in stating that Pope never wrote a single political paper. In his writings he can hardly be said to have ever manifested any political opinions genuinely his own; he took his party preferences and dislikes at second hand, and was at heart about as fervent a Jacobite as Oliver Goldsmith, who also at times affected to coquet with extreme views.

[1] He wrote eight papers in it.

In 1713 was published a pamphlet entitled *The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris on the Frenzy of J. D.* It contained an imaginary report pretending to be written by a notorious quack mad-doctor of the day; and was anonymous. It cannot be assumed with certainty that Addison was at first aware of the identity of its real author. In any case he directed Steele to write a note to its publisher, expressing Mr. Addison's disapproval of the treatment to which Dennis had been subjected. Thus to his inexpressible mortification, Pope found himself placed in the intolerable position of a disavowed champion, reprimanded for his officiousness by the very individual whom he had put himself forward to serve.

The pamphlet itself is, in my opinion at least, quite unworthy of Pope. It is a palpable imitation of Swift's immortal hoax upon Partridge the prophet; but the extravagance of its supposition falls far short of that in the latter, and the commonplace character of the joke is unredeemed by any genuine humour in its execution. In any case Addison was fully justified in disavowing a proceeding otherwise certain to be attributed in some degree to his own inspiration, abhorrent though it was from every principle observed by him in the conduct of his literary life. On the other hand, if he was aware that Pope was the author, Addison showed at once timidity and discourtesy in the indirect method of blame adopted by him. But whether he was so aware, remains very uncertain[1]. A painful soreness was naturally enough created in Pope's mind. But before Addison's conduct in the transaction is stigmatised as it has been, it should be shown that an interpretation which leaves it unimpeachable deserves to be rejected.

This episode produced a twofold result. Although Pope continued to remain on friendly terms with Addison (his Epistle to the latter, occasioned by his *Dialogues on Medals*, was written in 1715), yet an angry feeling had been aroused against the latter in Pope's mind which, if charged with the sense of any additional energy, could not fail to explode. He was thus naturally rendered more amenable to the attractions of another coterie to which Addison gave no laws, and where his satellites were treated with open scorn. And, in the second place, it established Dennis in the position of a foe with a grievance quite sufficient in his case to lead to permanent hostility.

John Dennis was one of those old campaigners who can boast more scars than laurels; but with whom a long experience in the wars goes to supply the want of regular training or native capacity. As an original author, he occupied a place among the rank and file of his contemporaries. He wrote or altered nine dramatic pieces, among which two comedies are said by an indefatigable and conscientious searcher of such wares[2] to display considerable merit. As a critic, he undoubtedly possessed certain characteristics which would have ensured him the prominence he coveted even in our own times. He was free from that sentiment which with the generality

[1] Dennis made two statements on the subject, thoroughly contradictory to one another. See Carruthers' *Life of Pope*, where an opposite conclusion is suggested to that preferred above

[2] Geneste.

of critics so fatally interferes with a due exercise of the judicial faculty—a respect for success. Indeed he avowed it as his guiding principle in the choice of his victims, to select leading instances of unmerited popularity. His *Remarks on Cato* had not failed to exemplify his ability of occasionally hitting the nail on the head amidst a series of random blows. Pope's burlesque of his characteristics had failed to crush him by its exaggerated ridicule. In 1716 Dennis retorted by his *Character of Mr Pope*, in which the latter was abused for an imitation of Horace which he had never published; and in 1720 he saluted the completion of Pope's *Iliad* by a discharge of minute cavils, of which as usual a certain proportion were by no means defective in point. Finally (for it is necessary to omit the subsidiary passes in this prolonged duel) Dennis found his place in the *Dunciad*, and lived to receive from Pope the sneeringly-bestowed alms of a prologue written for his benefit in his blind old age. He died shortly afterwards in 1734, secure of a certain kind of immortality.

Pope's first acquaintance with Swift, destined to ripen into an intimacy of paramount influence upon the younger of the pair, connects itself with the publication of *Windsor Forest* early in 1713. In the summer of the same year Swift returned to Ireland, after performing services of inestimable value to the Tory party, but disappointed in his just hopes of episcopal preferment. Later in the year he paid another visit to England, in order to heal if he could the breach widening from day to day between the Tory chiefs Oxford and Bolingbroke. In the succeeding winter commenced a correspondence between him and Pope which was continued for a quarter of a century, until Swift's mind was at last overwhelmed by the dark cloud of which it had long foreseen and dreaded the approach. In 1713 Swift was at the height of his influence among the party to whose side personal resentment had originally driven him over. But if the subtle flattery conveyed in the courtesy, frequently descending even to obsequiousness, of his lordly friends had helped to attach him to their service, yet when they fell it was his own proud nature which caused him to adhere with equal stedfastness to a hopeless cause. Swift gradually introduced Pope to the entire clique of politicians and writers who were deluding themselves by the intricacies of their own devices. Thus Pope became acquainted with Robert Harley Earl of Oxford, the lord treasurer, an arch-intriguer who had only attained to power in order to prove his incapacity for its exercise, and whose supporters had begun to doubt the political sagacity with which they had credited his artful manipulation of national difficulties. Thus too he was made known to one whom he was afterwards to venerate as his guide and philosopher,—to Henry St John Viscount Bolingbroke. Pope's literary conscience prevented him from accepting Bolingbroke as a brother poet; in every other capacity he was willing to offer homage to this dazzling and unsafe leader. Connected with both Dean and Secretary, though by a courageous consistency of character elevated above either, was Atterbury bishop of Rochester, the representative scholar of Oxford University; the one Jacobite who was found ready for action at the critical moment of Queen

Anne's death; and afterwards (in 1722) the principal conspirator in a desperate plot. Among the literary notabilities of the same circle were, besides their leader Swift, Thomas Parnell, an apostate from the Whigs and a lyrical poet of genuine merit, whom intemperate habits were believed to have hurried into a premature grave (in 1718[1]), and Matthew Prior; but the latter was at this time absent as ambassador at Paris from the meetings of his friends and boon-companions. A higher esteem was justly enjoyed by Arbuthnot, a man of principle as well as wit, a physician who in Swift's phrase 'knew his art but not his trade,' and a satirist who could work with Swift and Pope on their own ground, and be acknowledged as their equal by both. With Gay, who cheerfully oscillated between political camps as to whose tenets he was indifferent, while his vivacious satire was of inestimable advantage to those at whose service it was placed, Pope had already become intimate in 1711; and their friendship continued unabated[2] till Gay's death in 1732, which was mourned by Pope with a depth of feeling such as he rarely cared to manifest[3].

Most of these men, both politicians and authors, had long associated together in clubs where the political element predominated—above all in the October Club; but as the party became disorganised by the rivalry of Oxford and Bolingbroke, the harmony of these meetings suffered, and the establishment of a pre-eminently literary club seemed to offer the means of easier converse. The Scribblerus Club was so named in honour of Swift, for whose name *Martin* had been substituted as a humorous synonym by Lord Oxford, whence the appellation of *Martinus Scribblerus*[4]. The burlesque writings with which this club amused itself were subordinated to a very felicitous design, that of parodying all the vagaries of literature in the form of the memoirs of a representative Dunce. Swift (the original notion of whose Gulliver is contained in the *Memoirs of Scribblerus*), Arbuthuot and others contributed with Pope to the execution of the scheme, which afterwards suggested to Pope his *Treatise on the Bathos* (1727), and thus connects itself with the great satire of the Dunciad itself.

But the indulgencies of club life as it was then conducted were ill-suited to the delicate constitution of Pope, and threatened at one time seriously to interfere with the project of a literary *magnum opus* with which he had already familiarised himself. For his experiment of becoming a painter, under the tuition of Jervas, had been soon abandoned after its commencement in 1713; and he had returned with renewed energy to his proper studies. It was Swift who encouraged him to persevere in the arduous undertaking of translating the Iliad, and who, before the hopeless collapse of the Tory party in 1714, had by his personal exertions obtained for him a subscription-list of

[1] This is Pope's own account: Johnson had heard Parnell's death attributed to grief for the loss of his son, or of his wife.

[2] On the strength of a caricature it has been supposed that Pope was jealous of the success of the *Beggar's Opera!* See Wright's *Caric. Hist. of the Georges*, Chap. III.

[3] *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, vv. 255 ff.

[4] Carruthers.

unprecedented length and splendour. Yet Pope had never sufficiently identified himself with the Tory party to forfeit the encouragement of the Opposition magnates as well. When the Tories had fallen, when Bolingbroke after his ephemeral tenure of supreme power had fled in disgrace, when Oxford was under arrest, and Swift had retreated with dignified slowness into his Irish deanery, Pope was courteously entreated by one of the Whig ministers of the new sovereign, Lord Halifax, to accept a pension at his hands. This offer, as we have seen, Pope declined; and the brilliant success of his *Iliad*, of which the first four books appeared in the summer of 1715, rendered him for the future absolutely independent of patronage.

IV.

The publication of Pope's Homer constitutes one of the most noteworthy episodes of his entire career. It thoroughly established him in the foremost rank among the writers of his age, it brought him a competent fortune, it secured him a circle of friends which he could henceforth widen at his own choice, it involved him in the bitterest and most lamentable dispute of his life. Anticipating, therefore, in some points the regular order of this sketch, place together at once such circumstances as it seems desirable to recal in connexion with the various stages of the publication. Gay, in a charming occasional poem *Alexander Pope his safe return from Troy* (which will be found in nearly all the biographies of Pope and to which frequent reference is made in the notes of the present edition) congratulated his friend upon the completion of the Iliad in the name of a host of sympathising associates and admirers; but even then the Homer was only half complete, and a second equally prosperous voyage awaited the poet, though on this his vessel was to be partly worked by hired mariners.

In 1714 Pope had published specimen passages from the Odyssey in one of Lintot's *Miscellanies*; and soon afterwards, and during the greater part of the following year, he was engaged upon the translation of the Iliad. In the autumn of 1714 he visited Oxford in order to benefit by her libraries, and in 1715 the subscribers received their copies of the first four books. The volumes completing the Iliad were published in 1717, '18 and '20; and the stamp of completeness set upon the whole by the wellknown dedication to Congreve. The translation of the Odyssey occupied Pope and his conductors from 1723 to '5, by which latter year the whole work (including the *Batrachomyomachia* by Parnell) had been absolved. The proceeds of the Iliad brought to Pope a sum exceeding £5000, even after deducting the payments for the assistance which he had received in the notes. The *Odyssey* produced between £3000 and £4000 in addition, in which are not comprehended the sums

paid to Fenton and Broome, who had contributed half the work. Pope's dealings with his coadjutors, like most of the pecuniary transactions of his life, have been exposed to much angry comment, and even later writers have echoed the exaggeration according to which Fenton was requited only by a small gratuity and a stolen epitaph. These squabbles concerning literary *honoraria* rarely admit, and are still more rarely deserving, of being decided by posterity. Whether Fenton and Broome were sufficiently paid or not, their names may be without danger forgotten in connexion with Pope's Homer. To their employer they were absolutely indebted for manner and style; and Fenton's verse is in reality as much Pope's as Pope's own. For (as will be suggested below) Pope was imitable; and herein he offers a salient contrast to Dryden, whose own touches in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* in every case are distinctly discernible as they diversify a dead level of Tate.

Such was the gradual progress towards completion of Pope's famous work. But the publication of its first instalment was attended by an event for ever memorable in our literary history. At the same time as the version by Pope of the first four books of the Iliad, appeared another of the first book by Tickell.

Thomas Tickell was known as an Oxonian and man of letters who had after a youth of very unripe Toryism developed into a full-blown Whig. In former days he had ventured to produce a rival play to Addison's *Cato;* but the success and virtue of the great Whig author had in the end made a complete conquest of the honest man. Though it is inadmissible on the strength of Pope's unproved insinuations to describe him as Addison's dummy, he shared with Ambrose Phillips the distinction of being universally regarded as one of the *âmes damnées* of the dictator at Button's. It might fairly be supposed that nothing which he now undertook was undertaken without the sanction of his acknowledged leader. Otherwise his venture might have been regarded as nothing more than an ordinary instance of the competition common among the publishers of the day (particularly as it only consisted of a single book, to which Tickell never added any more, though his workmanship is not without decided merit of its own). But Pope, who professed to have undertaken his own translation at the instigation of Addison's most intimate friend, Steele, and whose mind was only too ready to admit any apparent confirmation of the suspicion which it harboured against Addison himself, was enraged beyond all bounds. His wrath increased when he was told that Addison had declared Tickell's translation to be the best ever put forth in any language. His indignation, accountable indeed, but wholly inexcusable in the wilfulness of its conclusions and the licence of its expression, first found vent in a letter to Secretary Craggs, a common friend of Addison and himself. In this he declared Tickell to be the 'humblest slave' among Addison's followers at Button's. And then his fury found a wider outlet in the famous lines which were afterwards,

with revisions and omissions, inserted in the *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*[1]. It was the first, as it was the most brilliant, of those satiric sketches of character upon which Pope's genius was to expend its most consummate efforts; so that from hatred, that most powerful passion of the age, was born a species of composition in which its representative poet has excelled all other writers.

In the earlier version of these immortal lines occurs a passage showing clearly enough the source of the taunts which Pope allowed himself to launch against one to whom he was yet[2], happily for his reputation, to live to make partial amends:

> 'Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
> Approves of both, but likes the worst the best.'

His resentment further blinded him into charging Addison with the real authorship of Tickell's Homer; but this charge was soon dropped. Meanwhile Addison remained serenely imperturbable, replying to Pope's satire by a more than complimentary reference to his Homer in the *Freeholder*, where he ranked it on a level with Dryden's Vergil. And thus, the quarrel, like all quarrels conducted on one side only, could proceed no further. Yet (as the republication, so late as 1735, of the verses upon Addison proves) the offence, whether real or imaginary, long continued to rankle in Pope's breast. Was it real, or was it imaginary? Allowing Addison to have been fully responsible for Tickell's proceeding, we are not obliged as a necessary consequence to condemn him for having permitted it. Nor can he as a critic who, like few in his age, was anxious to discover beauties rather than detect flaws, be blamed for having praised both Tickell's and Pope's translations in accordance with his high opinion of either. In neither case, as modern critics are fain to agree, was that high opinion wholly undeserved, though in either it was exaggerated. On the other hand there is much significance in the observations on this subject of one of the most penetrating students of literary men and manners. 'It was natural,' writes Thackeray[3], 'that Pope and Pope's friends should believe that this counter-translation, suddenly advertised and so long written,—though Tickell's college-friends had never heard of it, though when Pope first wrote to Addison regarding his scheme Addison knew nothing of the similar projects of Tickell's,—it was natural that Pope and his friends, having interests, passions, and prejudices of their own, should believe that Tickell's translation was but an act of opposition against Pope, and that they should call Tickell's emulation Addison's envy,'—'if envy,' adds the same writer, 'it were.' The solution of the last query must be found in our estimate of the character of Addison; a character the whiteness of which, after annoying generation after generation of sceptics, rests as unstained as if it had never been subjected to examination at their pains-taking

[1] vv. 193—214. (vv. 215—220), published in 1737.
[2] In the *Imitation of Horace*, Bk. 1. Ep. 11. [3] In his *Lectures on the English Humourists.*

hands. But whatever the character of Addison, Pope and his age at all events preferred to judge it according to their own standard.

V.

We turn for a moment from the progress of Pope's literary career to the circumstances of his personal life, though indeed it would be a futile attempt to endeavour to dissociate the two. Soon after the publication of the first volume of Pope's Homer, he removed with his parents from Binfield to Chiswick, where they settled in the spring of 1716, for a sojourn which was not to extend over more than a couple of years. By this time Pope had already become a welcome guest in the fashionable circles of the metropolis and its vicinity; nor could it be otherwise than that the influence of female fascination should be brought to bear upon his susceptible nature. It was very well for Walsh to have admonished him, as an author of sixteen, to take occasion (in his Fourth Pastoral) 'to shew the difference between Poets' mistresses and other men's[1];' but such problems require, even in the case of poets, to be worked out by experience; and Pope was not anxious to avoid the opportunities with which he met.

Before his admission into the fashionable life of the Town, his personal acquaintances had been chiefly restricted to the Catholic gentry of the counties around Windsor. Among these were the Carylls of Sussex, of whom John Caryll (formerly secretary to the Consort of James II.) became one of Pope's most favoured correspondents. Among the members of this family who in Gay's congratulatory poem 'come by dozens' to grace the Translator's triumph, was the 'Unhappy Lady,' whose melancholy story has been mingled up with that of the 'Unfortunate Lady' whose case gave rise to Pope's beautiful elegy. Another of these Families was that of the Fermors of Tusmore in Oxfordshire, of whom Miss Arabella Fermor was immortalised as Belinda in the *Rape of the Lock*. But a closer interest attached Pope to a third Catholic family, the Blounts of Mapledurham in Oxfordshire, near Reading. The head of this family, Mr Lister Blount, had two daughters named Teresa and Martha, born respectively in the years 1688 and 1690. Both these ladies had received part of their education at Paris, where the natural vivacity of their dispositions had been heightened, and the charm of their manners had received an additional piquancy. Scandal afterwards busied itself with the progress of the relations between Pope and these ladies, in which however there seems nothing either unnatural or unparalleled[2]. It seems clear that as Pope's acquaintance with the Miss Blounts ripened into intimacy, he came to admire them both; that his attentions, poetic and other, were at first chiefly addressed to the elder sister, but that in the end the younger Martha became the object of a

[1] See Walsh's letter to Pope, dated Sept. 9th, 1706.

[2] The well known instance of Schiller's relations towards the sisters of whom one became his wife, may be cited in illustration of part of a very easy psychological problem.

lifelong sentiment, oscillating between friendship and a deeper feeling, but tinged to the last with the warm hues of an unselfish devotion. Whether Pope was ever in love with Martha Blount is a question of terms rather than of facts. The report that, when almost at the point of death he offered her marriage, seems nothing more than a baseless invention. The feeling which he entertained towards her might have operated differently in the case of a different man. It is certain that his regard, both for herself and for her sister, involved him in a desperate broil with a volatile fopling (James Moore Smythe) who had ventured upon a pastoral flirtation with the lively sisters. It is more than probable that for Martha's sake he descended to an action which cast the worst of stains upon his literary honour[1]. And to Martha Blount, on his decease, Pope bequeathed 'out of a sincere regard and long friendship for her' the largest share of his personal property.

It was hardly however to be expected that Pope's affection towards the Miss Blounts should preclude him from offering the incense of his adoration from time to time to other beauties. Scandal alone (or hyperconscientious biography) has contrived to pervert the character of his relations towards the ladies of Mapledurham[2]; but scandal itself must allow the innocence of his admiration for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. To this celebrated personage he was introduced through the medium of Mrs Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, a lady to whose influence over the Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.) no bounds existed, until they were imposed by his political sagacity. With Lady Mary love of admiration had been a passion ever since the day when her father had introduced her as a child to the boisterous attentions of the Kit-Cat Club[3]; and she devoted herself to literary pursuits and studies with an energy unusual among ladies of rank since the days of Queen Elizabeth. It was therefore not wonderful that she should be gently attracted by the pronounced homage of an already fashionable author. Nor was there anything in the nature of the attentions she received and permitted, to arouse the suspicions of her even-minded husband, or to offer materials sufficient at a later date to exercise the malice with which Horace Walpole endeavoured to colour all her actions. During her absence with her husband in the East (from 1716 to '18) Lady Mary allowed Pope to address her in the strains of a masquerade lover, but her replies are characterised by a cool irony which even her correspondent cannot have deluded himself into interpreting as self-restraint. After her return, when she became his near neighbour at Twickenham, his vanity seems to have beeen ultimately wounded by some instance of the equanimity to which she had from the first done her best to accustom him. For there is no reason to believe that a fancied jealousy had

[1] By consenting, in order to obtain the capital for an investment for her benefit, to accept a large sum from the Duchess of Marlborough in return for the suppression of a satirical attack upon her character.

[2] It is difficult, notwithstanding the indignant *Reply* of Bowles (printed in Vol. xvii. of the *Pamphleteer*) to acquit him of the attempt, in his biography of Pope, to charge the 'licentiousness of the man' with an offence imputable to the 'grossness of the times.'

[3] See the well known story in Lord Wharncliffe's *Introductory Anecdotes* to the *Letters of Lady M. W. M.*

anything to do with the offence. Gradually they became bitter enemies; and, together with her favourite associate Lord Hervey, Lady Mary came to be included in the category of the best-abused victims of Pope's vindictive satire. His specific charges against her have been satisfactorily disproved; but such was Pope's satirical genius that Sappho is no more than any of his other characters of women or men a mere caricature. Lady Mary was unwise enough to venture upon retorts which have by no means added to her literary fame. As she ceased to reside in England from the summer of 1739, the most ignoble warfare of Pope's literary life then came to a natural end.

No other similar relation added its perturbation to the agitations of Pope's life. The bevy of beautiful maids of honour who adorned the court of the Princess of Wales (where he was a frequent visitor at the time of his residence at Chiswick) were delighted by the flatteries of his versatile wit. And rather later, from 1722 to '3, a passing attachment seems to have occupied his imagination towards Miss Judith Cowper, which appropriately came to an end with her marriage towards the close of the latter year[1].

Nor were brilliant friendships of another kind formed by Pope during the period of his residence at Chiswick, able to detach him from the serious business of his life. The heroes of fashion, such as Lord Peterborough, the hero of Barcelona, and the dictators of taste, such as Lord Burlington, made him welcome in town and country; and he followed the fashion of his day by summer excursions to the Bath. Yet it was far from an idle period of his literary life. For besides carrying on his translation of the Iliad, he found time to produce some of his most finished poetic efforts, among them the *Epistle of Eloïsa to Abelard* (of which the address appears in the course of composition to have been transferred from Martha Blount to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu) and the exquisite *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.*

As no period of Pope's life was without its quarrels, so that of his residence at Chiswick was disturbed by two at least which may not be passed over in a narrative of his career. In 1716 he first came into the hostile contact which it was, indeed, difficult for any author of note to avoid, with the notorious pirate-publisher Edmund Curll. It was the invariable practice of this individual to publish any piece popularly attributed to an eminent name, in an unauthorised edition with that name attached to it. He had adopted this course with a series of very common-place burlesque poems called the *Town-Eclogues*, of which only one had been actually written by Pope himself. The latter, as usual irretentive of his dignity, wrote several pamphlets against Curll, of which the first is the *Account of the Poisoning of Edmund Curll;* a coarse burlesque narrative of the effects produced upon the bookseller by

[1] She was the daughter of Judge Spencer Cowper, and the niece of the great Chancellor; she married Colonel Madan; and to their daughter Frances Maria, afterwards wife of Major Cowper and the friend and correspondent of her cousin the poet, she transmitted her own poetical and devout spirit. See Hayley's *Life of William Cowper.*

a half-pint of wine drunk by him in Pope's company, effects actually attributed by the sufferer to the malice of the poet. It was to guard themselves against the indefatigable activity of Curll that Pope and Swift afterwards published their Miscellanies in an authorised form; and the same publisher afterwards put forth the surreptitiously obtained correspondence of Pope with Cromwell, and at a later date engaged in the publication of his letters to various friends, abstracted, as Pope declared, by equally nefarious means[1].

Early in the following year (1717) the production of the farce of *Three Hours after Marriage*, in which Gay had been assisted by Arbuthnot and Pope, occasioned the outbreak of a quarrel between the latter and Colley Cibber. The farce itself (Pope's co-operation in which constituted his solitary dramatic effort) is beneath contempt. Pope, as Gay afterwards admitted, 'never heartily approved of' the piece. Nor can the wit of those parts in which the hand of Pope is clearly discernible, and where Dennis is caricatured as Sir Tremendous, and literary ladies of the day under other names, be fairly said to rise above the level of the remainder. The play was however damned on account of the extravagant nonsense of its last act, in which two lovers insert themselves respectively into the skins of a mummy and a crocodile. The *Rehearsal*, a play always used (like its successor the *Critic*) as an opportunity for introducing gag on popular topics of the day, happened to be performed shortly afterwards. Colley Cibber on this occasion introduced an allusion to the unhappy mummy and crocodile. Pope, whose presence in the theatre may have added to the effect of the allusion, sharply inveighed against the actor behind the scenes; and the latter not unnaturally swore to repeat the joke on every future occasion. To this episode Cibber in his *Apology* attributes the origin of Pope's animosity against him. There can be little doubt that the production towards the close of the year of Cibber's *Non-Juror* (so successful an attack upon Jacobites and concealed Papists that a patriotic pamphlet of the day desired to see it as common in every house as a Prayer-book or *Whole Duty of Man*) added a worthier cause of anger in Pope's mind against the future laureate of King George II.

Thus, amidst studies and diversions Pope's life continued until the death of his father, which took place at Chiswick in October 1717. The blow was keenly felt by the son whom he left to mourn his loss. To his father, as we have seen, Pope owed much beyond the discreet liberality which had allowed him to choose his own path in life, and enabled him in his early years to pursue his favourite studies. For to his father he was indebted for the example of a moral uprightness which in the main he endeavoured faithfully to follow; and for the noble lesson of adherence to a persecuted creed. After his father's death Pope might have abandoned the profession of the Catholic faith; and exchanged a Church with whose tenets he can hardly be supposed to have entertained an intellectual sympathy, for one towards which he was urged by the representations of venerated friends. But in answer to Atterbury's

[1] See below, p. xl.

arguments he simply appealed to his consideration for his remaining parent; and honoured himself by maintaining a consistant attitude of respectful submission to the Church of his father and mother, in which there was perhaps more true philosophy than in the indignation expressed by Bolingbroke when immediately after his friend's death he learnt that the latter had accepted the ministrations of a priest. 'I am,' Pope writes to Swift in 1729, 'of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr Hutchenson in heaven.' No fuller exposition seems required, after this, of his religious views.

Very soon after his father's death Pope, whose means were now ample for one who had to provide only for the maintenance of himself and his mother, removed with her from Chiswick to Twickenham. In the latter place, whose name will ever be associated with his own, he passed the remainder of his life.

VI.

Pope took up his residence at Twickenham early in 1718, after purchasing the lease of a house and five acres of land on the banks of the Thames. The house itself he left very much the simple habitation he had found it; but the garden and grounds he laid out with enthusiastic care. Landscape gardening was one of the passions of the age; and for horticulture in general Pope had conceived a taste from the days of his childhood on the borders of Windsor Forest. But Le Nôtre or Capability Brown himself would have found their genius cramped by the dimensions of Pope's estate; and the dream of his youth for 'woods, gardens, rookeries, fish-ponds, arbours' had to be satisfied with the fulfilment of its more modest items. Yet he contrived, according to the enumeration of one of his biographers[1], to introduce into his five acres 'a shell temple, a large mount, a vineyard, two small mounts, a bowling-green, a wilderness, a grove, an orangery, a garden-house, and kitchen-garden.' The favourite object of his efforts however was the famous 'grotto,' in reality a tunnel beneath the turnpike road which divided the two parts of the garden. It contained a spring and could accordingly be credited with a nymph; and in its diminutive recesses were distributed a variety of eccentric ornaments such as are in our own day reserved for the admiration of children in seaside lodging-houses: shells and spars and what Dr Johnson calls 'fossil bodies,' and a hundred natural curiosities with which the master of the grotto was gratified by his friends and admirers.

The Twickenham grotto and gardens became one of the delights of Pope's life; here he received the visits of his friends and dispensed his temperate hospitality. The convenient situation of Twickenham made it unnecessary for him to vary the even tenour of his outward life by more than occasional visits to his friends in town and country; he was at no great distance from Mapledurham, the Wortley Montagus

[1] Carruthers.

took up their residence at Twickenham itself; Lord Peterborough was resting from his labours at Fulham, Lord Burlington owned a box at Chiswick, and after a time Bolingbroke was to settle at Dawley near Uxbridge. That in his rural retreat Pope was not out of the world, he proved in 1720, the year of the South Sea bubble. There seems every reason to conclude that he withdrew his investments in time to save part of his gains. He could not, indeed, rest doubly content, like Sir Robert Walpole, at having condemned the scheme from the outset and afterwards sold out at the highest price[1]. But he had no reason to lament for himself the effects of a catastrophe which brought ruin to some among his friends, and dishonour to others.

At Twickenham the Iliad was completed; and henceforth Pope's name was eagerly sought by the book-sellers. Before he had commenced the translation of the Odyssey, he was induced to undertake an edition of Shakspere which was published by Tonson in 1725. Its failure was perhaps more decided than it deserved; but its defects were sufficient to warrant many of the cavils advanced against it in a haste by Lewis Theobald, who thereby established himself as one of Pope's adversaries, and brought down upon himself the most signal vengeance ever inflicted upon an unfriendly critic. He was soon afterwards made the hero of the *Dunciad*.

For the number of Pope's assailants had increased with his fame; and it only needed encouragement from without to induce him to give vent to the wrath which had long been accumulating in his sensitive mind. He entertained a genuine hatred of the petty scribblers who infested the literary atmosphere; no less than a personal feeling of vengefulness against many of their number. In 1726 Swift spent four months with Pope at Twickenham, and repeated his visit in 1727. Swift's genius was at this time at its height. His mind was already oppressed by the presentiment of its coming overthrow; and his heart torn by the constant ill health of Stella, which early in 1728 was to terminate in her death. Yet in the midst of his gloom and of the bitterness arising from the certainty that no hopes existed for his preferment in England, he was elated by the triumphant results of his self-sustained campaign against the oppressors of Ireland, and strong in the sense of a power more real than that which he had possessed when he believed himself to be dictating the policy of the Oxford ministry. Gloom, anger and pride combined to inspire the greatest of Swift's—the greatest of modern,—satires; and in the late autumn of 1726 *Gulliver's Travels* took the world by storm. In the same year and in the following Swift and Pope brought out three volumes of their Miscellanies; and during his converse with his friends the former suggested the idea of the *Beggar's Opera* to Gay, and encouraged Pope to proceed with the *Dunciad*[2].

The Miscellanies contained, among many of Pope's pieces which he had better

[1] See Lord Stanhope's *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht*, chap. xi.

[2] Swift, who was entirely above literary envy, writes to Gay (Nov. 23, 1727): 'The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.'

have left in the obscurity of unauthorised publications, his *Treatise on the Bathos* or *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, which was founded on the old idea of the Scribblerus club. It is in my opinion by far the most successful of Pope's prose satires, and evinces the extraordinary facility with which he was able to develop ideas originally suggested to him by other minds. It pilloried the whole tribe of poetasters whose names the Dunciad was afterwards to preserve, nailed to the post by quotations from their own works. The chief, or at all events, the tenderest victim was Ambrose Phillips, who resorted to the cautious revenge of hanging up a rod in the Whig sanctum at Button's for the chastisement of the offender, should he ever make his appearance there. The *Treatise on the Bathos* would be more frequently read and enjoyed than it is, had not its victims soon afterwards been subjected to another, and yet more classical castigation. The *Dunciad* seems to have been first published in May 1728; and the enlarged edition which followed a few months later was dedicated to the true foster-father of the work, to Swift[1].

There is no necessity for entering at length into the effect which this unparalleled satire created, and the endless warfare into which by its publication Pope had with full consciousness plunged. He had proposed to himself to lash unmercifully all the bad writers of the day, and among their number he included all his personal enemies or those whom he accounted as such. The wasps whose nests he had thus heroically stirred were around his head at once; Theobald more like a humble-bee than a wasp, with a heavy but honest protest; Dennis and his peers with an avowed intention to infuse into their stings all the venom which their natures could spare. Inferior but equally irrepressible combatants each contributed his buzz to the general sabbath of the Dunces. And Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by this time unhappily included in the ever extending canon of Pope's adversaries, was believed to have contributed the feeblest retort of all, a silly squib entitled a *Pop upon Pope*, containing an account of an imaginary whipping administered to the poet at Twickenham, with the feminine adjunct of a sneer at his friendship with Martha Blount.

The conflict which Pope had provoked, it was in accordance with his nature almost indefinitely to prolong. The Dunciad, instead of remaining his last word against the Dunces, was supplemented by a series of lighter attacks in the *Grubstreet Journal*, which for eight years (1730—7) made war upon the enemies of true literature and Pope. Many of the epigrams which he furnished to this weekly periodical will be found among the *Miscellanies* at the close of the present volume; several other pieces are with much probability, though not with absolute certainty, attributed to him. At all events he directed the judgments of the 'Knights of the Bathos,' as the critics of this journal called themselves, who turned their more or less righteous indignation against the victims of the *Dunciad*, down to Henley the butchers' lecturer and Ward the quack. In one case only, that of Aaron Hill, the

[1] See Introductory Remarks to the *Dunciad*.

dramatist whom Pope had correctly attacked in the *Dunciad*, was a reconciliation brought about by the determination of the former, and an instance afforded of the timidity occasionally displayed by Pope when driven home by a resolute opponent.

VII.

But while these petty combats still continued to occupy a share of the poet's time and attention, he was already passing under the new influence of an old acquaintance, into what may be termed the third phase of his literary life. In the school of Addison Pope had learnt to cultivate that correctness of form which accorded with the leanings of his own mind and the influences of his boyish studies; and gracefully to mingle the reminiscences of a classical education with a careful observation of the characteristics of existing society. In the school of Swift, again assimilating the influences which he admitted to the tendencies of his own individuality, he had imbibed that bitter hatred of the petty and trivial, and adopted that principle of conducting every personal dispute as if its end must be the extinction of his adversary, which had substituted for the elegant refinements of the *Essay on Criticism* and the suave irony of the *Rape of the Lock* the scathing invectives of the *Dunciad*. From Bolingbroke he believed that he learnt the secrets of a philosophy of which he had long been a half-conscious adherent; what he really gained, was a habit of closer and more accurately classified observation, a nearer acquaintance with the machinery rather than the principles of political life, and a fuller insight into the characters of public men.

Pope had seen little personally of Bolingbroke before the flight of the latter into France, in 1715. On the exile's first return in 1723 the only members of the old literary circle whom he found in England, were Pope, Congreve, Arbuthnot and Gay[1]. This short stay sufficed to disabuse Bolingbroke of his hopes of immediate political rehabilitation; and he accordingly writes to Swift from London to assure him that 'his philosophy grew confirmed by habit,' and that he considers himself a hermit in comparison with Pope. Upon the latter this lofty resignation, with which Bolingbroke at times imposed upon himself as well as his friends, must have made a deep impression. In 1725 Bolingbroke was again in England, this time (according to his own expression) 'two-thirds restored[2].' As his father still persisted in remaining alive, he purchased a house for himself at Dawley near Uxbridge in Middlesex. Thus it came to pass that Swift on his visit to England in 1726 found the most brilliant members of his ancient clique once more in familiar union, and Bolingbroke and Pope, with Gay and Arbuthnot, passing to and fro between Dawley and Twickenham.

[1] Swift was in Ireland; Atterbury was exiled in this year; 'it is sure my ill fate,' writes Pope to Swift in announcing Bolingbroke's return, 'that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished.' Of lesser men, Prior had died in 1721 and Parnell in 1718.

[2] He was enabled to hold his estates, but not freed from the consequences of the Act of Attainder which prevented his taking public office or his seat in the House of Lords. His father, an old roué of the Restoration, lived to the age of ninety.

To us the delusiveness of Bolingbroke's repeated observations, that he had now become a retired philosopher, are transparent enough. '*Satis beatus ruris honoribus*' was the inscription over the porch of the house in which he dispensed his rural hospitality. But we know that Bolingbroke had only applied himself to philosophical studies as alternatives to the tedium of his enforced leisure in France. In the more stirring atmosphere of his native country he soon re-assumed a more familiar character, and began to contribute partisan papers to the *Craftsman* and to intrigue for the overthrow of Walpole. But in Pope's eyes an indescribable charm attached to the society and personality of this unrepentant Alcibiades. As Bolingbroke discoursed to him on his system of natural theology, clear and shallow as the streamlet in the grotto where they sat, and communicated to him those Essays which he never had the courage to publish, the mind of his friend became imbued with enough of the facile lesson to make him in his own belief the disciple of an exhaustive system, while he was in reality only the acolyte of a sophist and a man of the world. Thus Bolingbroke devised for Pope, or Pope devised with Bolingbroke's direct aid, the scheme of his *Essay on Man*. It was published in instalments of four epistles during the years 1732—4; and already, under the same influence, Pope was contemplating the developement of the plan of which the *Essay* formed part, and into which Warburton was ultimately to help him to fit in his other epistles, partly subsequent in date, but partly also antecedent, to the Essay. The dates of these Epistles are given in their place; among the personages to whom they were addressed are most of the noblemen and gentlemen with whom Pope, at his own house or in visits to their seats, enjoyed the pleasure of friendly intercourse: Lords Burlington, Bathurst and Cobham, all in politics opposed to the existing administration, and rising lawyers like Fortescue and Murray.

He had now at last found the species of composition best adapted to his literary genius. The satire of characters, not the direct inculcation of philosophical principles, continued to employ his pen, when, in consequence of a suggestion of Bolingbroke's he began his *Imitations of Horace*, in which the brilliancy of his *Moral Essays* was equalled and their pungency sustained. In all these productions he was once more able to range his friends and foes opposite to one another like the children of light and the children of darkness; but his attacks were no longer directed against Grubstreet and Newport-market, but boldly ranged to the highest in the land. Personal enemies such as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey were tortured in the presence of their peers; and where his own political indifference might have left him silent, the disappointments of Swift and Bolingbroke, and the traditional hatreds of a party with which he had unconsciously identified himself, inspired him to Alcæic invective. The old Duchess of Marlborough, it can hardly be doubted, had to buy off his attacks upon the memory of her husband, if not upon her own character and antecedents. The omnipotent minister himself was only spared after he had rendered a personal service to the poet. As his shafts flew higher and higher, they ventured to touch the sacred

personages of royalty itself. With the court of King George II. or Queen Caroline, Pope (though no hopes of his own had ever been disappointed by them) had long ceased to be on friendly terms; and now he dared to deride the one as a mock Augustus, and pursue the other with his sneers even to her deathbed[1]. At last he contrived to bring upon himself the danger, or at all events the menace, of a prosecution. Possibly the timidity which he sometimes exhibited in the face of extreme measures may have been judiciously worked upon; at all events he abandoned all further exploration of this vein with the year 1738; and the fragment called '1740,' supposing it to have been his own, was hardly destined for other than private or posthumous circulation. Being in disfavour with the Court of St James', Pope was of course in favour with that of Leicester House, where Frederick Prince of Wales cast around him dubious shadows of a future golden age. But the latter relation exercised no influence upon the remaining phases of his poetic productivity. Prince Frederick sent busts for the Twickenham library, and urns for the Twickenham grounds; and his suite were civil to the writer who had known how to annoy their master's father; and this, said Pope, 'is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them.'

In noting some of the circumstances connected with Pope's activity as a satirist of men and women in exalted spheres, we have, however, anticipated the few events which interfered with the even tenour of his private life between the years 1730 and '40. This life was neither that of a man of fashion nor that of a recluse. Visits to the friends already mentioned, and to Lord Peterborough at Bevis Mount, and to the worthy Ralph Allen at Widcombe near Bath, merely diversified the tranquillity of his life at home, where till 1733 he tended the old age of his mother. In a postscript to one of Bolingbroke's letters to Swift, written in 1731, Pope speaks in touching terms of her gradual decline, and of his gratitude to Heaven for having preserved her to him so long. She died in 1733, in the ninety-third year of her age. In the following year Pope had to mourn the loss of his dearly-loved friend Arbuthnot, to whom he had only shortly before addressed the *Epistle* which, published after Arbuthnot's death, bore public record to the friendship which united them. The generation of the Augustans was rapidly passing away; and Pope, whose literary career had commenced at so precocious a date in his life, might feel himself old before his time. With the younger poets he showed much kindly sympathy; upon Thomson he bestowed a friendly patronage[2]; Young whose earlier poems had displayed many characteristics common to his own genius had commended himself by two Epistles published in 1730 against the assailants of the Dunciad; and to a very different poet, the unhappy Savage, Pope at a somewhat later date (1742) proved himself a generous benefactor. But his old friendships were being fast extinguished in death; and his last letter to Swift was written early in 1740.

[1] *Epil. to Satires Dial.* I. v. 79—81.
[2] On the occasion of the production of Thomson's tragedy of *Agamemnon* in 1738.

Even before that time the mind of the latter had been so darkened as to make a regular continuance of the correspondence impossible. In his great friend's unhappy mind the stronger demon had at last laid the weaker; and Pope was no longer to be invigorated by the intellectual embrace of the greatest of his associates. Swift remained a hopeless lunatic till his death in 1745.

As Pope gradually saw the last of those who had encouraged his juvenile efforts and welcomed the triumphs of his early manhood, passing away before him, it is not strange that he should have thought of collecting the memorials of a brilliant past, in the shape of such of his correspondence as he had preserved, or could contrive to recover. His letters to Cromwell, as we have seen, had already been published without his consent by the unscrupulous Curll in 1726. They had not, we may rest assured, been intended by Pope for publication; and as this proceeding had been effected without his consent, no opportunity had been afforded him for controlling the arrangement of the letters. But in 1735, when Pope had collected a large number of letters of himself and his friends and deposited them in his friend Lord Oxford's library, the literary world was startled by the publication, again through Curll's agency, of a collection of Pope's correspondence with various personages, including several of noble rank. These letters Curll declared to have been delivered to him by an unknown personage, attired half as a clergyman half as a lawyer, who had without stating his authority offered them for sale, and had after receiving the price, departed without further parley. Great indignation was manifested by several of Pope's noble correspondents at the announcement of this publication; and the printer and publisher were summoned before the House of Lords and examined before a committee. Pope offered a trifling reward (£20) for the discovery of any person engaged in the transaction, and published in the *London Gazette* of July 15th, 1735, a statement to the effect that he found himself driven in self-defence to publish on his own account such of the letters as were genuine. The authorised edition accordingly made its appearance in 1737. In its preface and in the 'True Narrative of the method by which Pope's letters have been published' (a paper doubtless drawn up by Pope at the same time) it was stated that he had recalled from his several correspondents the letters formerly written to them and caused MS. copies of these to be drawn up and deposited in Lord Oxford's library. (According to the *True Narrative* these copies were interspersed with some of the originals themselves.)

But since, on a comparison of Curll's with the authorised edition, it becomes evident that both were made from the same original, both presenting in certain cases the same variations from the letters as originally addressed to Pope's correspondents, a choice between two alternatives is left to us. Either Curll's mysterious purveyor had obtained access to Lord Oxford's library and transcribed the letters *en masse*; or, Pope himself had supplied Curll with copies. On the latter supposition, the entire proceeding was one of his intricate manœuvres in order to obtain notoriety for his letters, and by the spurious publication to benefit the sale of the intended genuine

one. The former alternative involves an obvious improbability; the latter is supported by the circumstance since ascertained[1], that Pope had withdrawn the letters from Lord Oxford's library in the spring of 1735. This discovery seems at first sight to tend towards the conclusion that Pope had entertained the idea of publishing the letters *before* Curll's venture saw the light. In this case Pope's edition of his letters cannot have been brought out in sheer self-defence.

The question (which continues to constitute one of the *cruces* of which the life of Pope is so prolific) remains in its original difficulty. It is certain that Pope had allowed himself to alter the letters in every possible way from the form in which they were originally written, by additions and omissions and variations. Yet this is insufficient to prove his intention of publishing them. He could not at any time keep any printed or written thing by him without revising it and altering it for the better or the worse; whether it was his own (as in the case of the *Rape of the Lock* and the *Dunciad*, and numerous passages afterwards incorporated in his Satires), or whether it was another man's, (as in the notable case, to be mentioned below, of Bolingbroke's letters *On the Spirit of Patriotism* &c.). A grave suspicion rests however upon the straightforward character of his conduct in this transaction; unhappily not the only case connected with the publication of his works which continues obscure and doubtful.

As Pope's letters remain to us, they are not, with the exception of those to Cromwell and of those which have been preserved in MS., spontaneous effusions. His letters to Lady Mary at the same time prove that even as he wrote at the time, he wrote with affectation. But in editing his correspondence, he succeeded in depriving it of every vestige of natural freshness. A letter which is written with one eye to the person addressed, and the other to the public beyond, possesses no charm apart from all other literary compositions. Yet it may be doubted whether Pope could ever have excelled in a branch of writing where genius can claim no monopoly of excellence. His pen could have never strayed into the 'little language' of Swift; or rushed along with the reckless vigour of Byron; still less could it have matched in sweet simplicity the epistolary style of Cowper; but he was even without Horace Walpole's ability for telling a story. Yet his prose in itself is unaffected and clear; and though far from approaching that of Swift in strength or that of Addison in beauty, is free from an undue affectation of classicisms, and from other peculiarities of an impotent grandiloquence.

[1] See Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, Cunningham's edition, Vol. III. p. 13, cited by Carruthers.

VIII.

In 1739 Bolingbroke sold Dawley; and though he continued in frequent connexion with the Marcellus of his hopes at Leicester House, and with Pope at Twickenham, he was frequently absent in France. It was not till 1742 that the death of Bolingbroke's father established him in his paternal domain at Battersea; while the overthrow of Walpole in the same year caused him for the last time to hope for an after-summer of political power. It was perhaps the bitterest drop in the full cup of the ambitious intriguer's disappointments, to find that his own party treated him with respectful neglect, and that he was politely set aside as an interesting but useless specimen of 'narrative old age.'

Although after Bolingbroke's removal from Dawley his friendship with Pope continued unbroken, the latter was gradually passing under the influence of another mind. Warburton, the presiding genius of the closing period of Pope's life, had approached him in the humble attitude of an interpreter offering his services to a misunderstood philosopher. The career of Warburton offers a cheering instance of the success of a man determined from the first to succeed. He had marked out the English Church and English literature as the avenues likely to lead to eminence and emolument; and both were opened to him in accordance with his speculations. By asserting himself as one of the pillars of orthodoxy, and coming forward as an aid to faith just at the close of the struggle between the Church and her deistical opponents, he ultimately obtained the bishopric of Gloucester as his temporal reward. In literature he knew how to claim saints as well as to expose sinners; and thus he had, at an early point of his career, recommended himself to Pope's notice by a volunteer attempt to bring the author of the *Essay on Man* and pupil of Bolingbroke into harmony with orthodox Anglicanism, and to defend him against the arguments of a French professor (de Crousaz) who had maintained Spinozism to be the logical outcome of the poet's system. Pope gratefully accepted the service; and his slight personal acquaintance with Warburton soon developed into a close intimacy. Warburton played a far more important part in connexion with Pope than that which men of genius in their decline have frequently permitted to assiduous admirers. He not only proclaimed, but interpreted, the utterances of his oracle. By him all Pope's later works were arranged under a neat and comprehensive system; and so well was the poet contented with this re-arrangement of himself, that he entrusted to one who understood him almost better than himself the collected edition of his works commenced towards the close of his life. And in his will he left to Warburton the property of all such of his works as the former had furnished, or *should furnish*, with commentaries.

Yet even a righteous victory is not always gained at once. Pope seems to have oscillated between the influence exerted over him by Warburton and the still unexhausted fascination of Bolingbroke. The indefatigable activity of Warburton, and the nervous weakness of Pope's declining health, were in favour of the former.

An attempt on the part of Murray (in the style of the late Mr Rogers) to reconcile the two conflicting influences by inviting Warburton and Bolingbroke to meet at his table, led to no result except agitating Pope, who was of the party. 'He was obliged,' he exclaimed, after listening to an animated contest between the two, 'to be of the opinion of both the antagonists, since the one was his teacher and the other his apologist; since the one thought, and the other answered for him[1].'

But this incident occurred only a few months before the death of Pope. However much he may have fallen under the influence of Warburton (and such was the value which he set upon his friend that he refused an honorary degree offered to him by the University of Oxford, because it was not offered to Warburton, who accompanied him on his visit to the University, at the same time), upon the literary activity of Pope's closing years it acted as a stimulant. The fourth book of the *Dunciad*, which Pope published in 1741, would, as he expressly declared, never have been written but for the suggestive influence of his friend. It betrayed no falling off in power of expression; but to Warburton's influence must be ascribed the direction which Pope's invective, unhappily for his reputation for moral justice, took in this his last important production. The adaptation, which followed, of the entire *Dunciad* to a new hero was, as will be observed elsewhere, an unfortunate attempt to gratify personal spleen at the expense of poetic consistency. Colley Cibber, finding himself suddenly re-introduced to public ridicule in the new edition of the *Dunciad*, had very naturally raised his arm in self-defence; and had published a letter to Pope endeavouring to account for the genesis and growth of the enmity of the latter against the writer. Pope intended a revenge, as crushing as it was unexpected, by the bold step of dethroning Theobald as hero of the poem in favour of Cibber. Cibber was not slow with a retort; although Warburton had as usual evolved the fitness of an adventitious personality out of the entire scheme of the poem. But the ill-directed shaft of the revised *Dunciad* had fallen harmless; and thus Pope's last literary effort unfortunately produced no effect beyond that of marring one of his most brilliant poems.

But towards the close of his life Pope had lost most of his literary enemies, as he had been deprived of most of his intimate associates and friends. On the other hand, popular fame surrounded him with a halo to which his general absence from public haunts lent something mysterious. When curiosity drew him to the theatre to witness one of the first performances of Garrick, the knowledge of his presence filled the confident actor with an anxiety approaching to awe[2]. The veneration with which his name for some time continued to inspire rising poets of a school which could have little sympathy with his own, is evinced by such expressions as those in Mason's juvenile monody of *Musæus*. But gradually the end was

[1] The anecdote is told by M. Ch. de Rémusat, *u. s.*

[2] The incident is mentioned in Mr Fitzgerald's recent *Life of Garrick*. For instances of the reverential awe with which Pope was towards the close of his life regarded by such men as Johnson and Reynolds, see Forster's *Life and Times of Goldsmith*, 1. 373, note.

approaching, when nothing but the society of old friends could cheer the decline of health and spirits, until even affections such as these should lose their power. The last months of Pope's life were passed chiefly in the society of Warburton, though he was still occasionally able to visit his older friends, Lords Bolingbroke and Marchmont, at Battersea: while Martha Blount, towards whom his affection remained unabated, solaced him by her occasional presence in his own home. At last came that sense of the insufficiency of all human affections which to all except vulgar minds heralds the near approach of death. Pope died after an open and free acknowledgment of the faith from the profession of which he had never swerved, and in a calm tranquillity offering a consoling contrast to the turbulence of his intellectual life. The date of his death was the 30th of May, 1744. He was buried, according to the directions of his will, in Twickenham church, near the monument which his filial piety had erected to his parents. He desired no inscription on his tomb; but the officious devotion of Warburton, seventeen years later, placarded a tasteless monument with an epigram written by Pope himself, but never, we may be sure, designed by him to degrade his resting-place[1]. His will is only interesting in so far as ample provision was made in it for Martha Blount, to whom the principal part of the poet's property was bequeathed for her life. To his literary friends he made many bequests of books and statues. The legacy to Warburton has been already mentioned; but as literary executor he named Lord Bolingbroke, or (in case he should not survive the testator,) Lord Marchmont. To Bolingbroke's hands were to be committed all MS. and unprinted papers; and thus it came to pass that even after his death Pope's name and fame were involved in two of those literary imbroglios to which he had too frequently exposed them in his lifetime.

Bolingbroke made the discovery that shortly before his death Pope had caused to be printed off, in readiness for publication in his Epistle *on the Characters of Women*, that satiric sketch of the Duchess of Marlborough, under the name of Atossa, which he had formerly been induced to suppress. It has already been stated that there is too little room for doubt that Pope, in order to secure an independence for Martha Blount, had accepted from the Duchess the sum of £1000; but the extent of the undertaking which he had made in return must ever remain unknown. The existence both of the problem and of the certainty, casts an unwelcome shadow on Pope's character. Another grievance, which stung Bolingbroke to allow the bitterest reproaches to be uttered in writing, and virtually in his name, against Pope, was intrinsically of less moment. It concerned the unwarranted printing by Pope's directions, five years before his death, of Bolingbroke's Letters *on the Spirit of Patriotism*, *on the Idea of a Patriot King*, and *on the State of Parties*, with alterations in the arrangement and omissions never sanctioned by their author. Pope seems in this instance to have been guilty of an inexcusable offence against his

[1] See the *Epitaph*, No. xv.

friend; but as, the letters being kept private, no evil result had followed, Bolingbroke would have shown no more than ordinary generosity in remaining silent as to the practically harmless affront. But there was no generosity in his nature, and instead of contenting himself with burning the offensive copies, he ordered his editor, Mallet, to revile Pope for his breach of trust in terms which reflect even less credit upon the offended than upon the offender.

'There is nothing easier,' it has been remarked by the most generous, as he is the most refined, of living critics[1], 'than to make a caricature of Pope.' Hogarth and his public contemporaries never lighted upon a more facile task; and it needs no genius for description to reproduce with telling elaboration the familiar outlines. But little is gained by intermingling personalities from which Dennis might have shrunk with an estimate of intellectual characteristics; and a very few facts suffice to change into infinite pity the curiosity with which his bodily and mental sufferings have been exhibited, like the contortions of a marionette.

From the day of his birth Pope was weak and sickly in body; and the extreme sensibility of his nerves, the feebleness of his digestive organs, and the general fragility of his constitution, made his life, in Dr Johnson's phrase, a long disease. In boyhood he nearly sank under the influence of an uncontrollable hypochondria; such indulgences of town life as he afterwards permitted himself had speedily to be relinquished; in middle age he was dependent for ordinary comfort on the constant care of women. He was bald and deformed and almost a dwarf; his wearing-apparel had to be stiffened here and padded there; and his bodily wants were in consequence those of a child, and his habits those of a valetudinarian. If his treatment of his maladies was sometimes petulant and sometimes unwise, his friends might have spared posterity their anecdotes of these inevitable failings; nor need Dr Johnson, of all men, have gravely recorded the fact that Pope 'loved too well to eat.'

'It might well be expected,' observes a brilliant critic, whose cruelty in dwelling upon Pope's physical infirmities has rarely been surpassed[2], that such a man would be 'capricious and susceptible.' Upon Pope's sensitive nature every spoken or written word, and every event in which he was interested, operated with thrilling effect. Martha Blount often saw him weep, in reading very tender and melancholy passages; he told Spence that he could never peruse Priam's lament for Hector without tears. This would not have astonished the generation of Sterne and Mackenzie; but Pope's age was not given to sensibility. On the other hand, Pope had, like a child, no judgment of the relative importance of injuries; his anger was uncontrollable, and with the passionate petulance of childhood he combined the resentfulness of a mind unable to forgive till it forgets. In his vanity I see nothing superlative. For him, wholly wrapped up in the progress of his literary career,

[1] M. Ste. Beuve, in his *Nouveaux Lundis* (T. VIII.).

[2] M. Taine.

every incident apparently advancing or retarding its progress, assumed an exceptional importance; and in order to keep himself before the public he frequently condescended to doubtful stratagems. But it was restlessness rather than a false estimate of his own value which prompted him to these steps. He never exalted himself above those whom his literary consciousness had taught him to venerate. He never courted the great for other than an equal friendship, or sought favours which he was unable to return.

He has been frequently charged with an inordinate love of money; a supposed weakness on which Lady Mary, in the days of her enmity with Pope, was especially glad to descant. Johnson noted his extreme talkativeness on this subject; but there is little in his actual proceedings to warrant the main accusation. Swift (who resigned to Pope the profits of their *Miscellanies*) would not have objected to be paid in *place* for the services for which he scornfully spurned any other return. But Pope was a literary man—a name which Swift would have despised—and on his literary earnings built up his literary independence. His parsimony in small matters savours rather of a habit than a vice; nor is there reason to disbelieve his statement that of his modest income he expended one-eighth in alms.

In compensation for his bodily infirmities, nature had bestowed upon him a brilliant eye and a melodious voice. To counteract the debilitating effects of his miserable health, he had been gifted with an indefatigable activity of mind, aided by an extraordinary memory. But he also possessed an affectionate heart, to whose promptings he listened in all the dearest relations of life. He was the best of sons to both his parents, a kind brother, and to those who had once engaged his affections, a faithful and devoted friend. No suspicion perverted the attachment which united him to the associates of his youth, to the Carylls and Cromwells and Blounts, and to the friends of his manhood, to Swift and Arbuthnot and Gay, and to Bolingbroke, whom he thought 'superior to anything he had seen in human nature.' Nor was he a friend in sunshine only; the exile of many was cheered by his sympathy; and Swift predicted that among all his friends Pope would grieve longest for his death. His relations to women were those of tender friendship or affected gallantry, but they exercised no momentous influence upon his life. Had he not occasionally allowed his pen to pander to the profligacy of the age, we might regard with unmixed pity the fate which condemned him to an unmarried life. Lastly, a true generosity of spirit held him fast to his father's faith; and as he became the tool of no political faction, so he permitted no arguments of self-interest to weigh against the dictates of an unaffected piety.

Yet there remains the fact that Pope's real life lay in his literary labours. He quitted them indeed from time to time, but they never quitted him. His social gifts were small; and in conversation he never shone[1]. 'As much company as I have

[1] On this point *Spence's Anecdotes* must remain the chief evidence. It is true that Pope's conversation could have gained nothing in Spence's hands, whose note-book is without a spark of dra-

kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading than in the most agreeable conversation.' From reading he passed to writing, without the interval of experience of the world which might have saved him many false steps and many empty griefs. But nothing that arose out of the circumstances of his literary life was empty to him. As a boy he had determined to devote himself to literature. Neither the cruel law which deprived him of the opportunity of a regular education, nor the weakness of his health, nor the knowledge that his success must depend upon himself alone, could stop his prosecution of this resolve. He had faith in himself; and this faith, justified by his achievements, stamps him a great man. No self-delusion diverted him from the path which he had chosen. Brought up under the influences of a narrow taste, and in an age when literature was used rather than honoured, he devoted himself to her service as an end, and not as a mean. His age welcomed him as one of its children; but by what he achieved in and for the national literature his true fame must endure.

The time has gone by for Pope to be ranked among the master-geniuses of our literature. In the last of his uncompromising devotees, Lord Byron, we already recognise the note of half-conscious exaggeration usual in the defenders of a no longer tenable cause. "Neither time, nor distance, nor age," writes Lord Byron in 1821, "can ever diminish my veneration for him who is the great moral poet of all "times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The delight of "my boyhood, the study of my manhood, perhaps (if allowed to me to attain to it) "he may be the consolation of my age. His poetry is the book of life. Without "canting and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and "great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty. "Sir Wm. Temple observes, 'That of all the members of mankind that live within "the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is capable of making a *great* "*poet*, there may be a *thousand* born capable of making as great generals or minis-"ters of state as any in story.' Here is a statesman's opinion of poetry; it is "honourable to him and to the art. Such a 'poet of a thousand years' was Pope. "A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our "literature. But it can *want* them. He is himself a literature."

Such an avalanche of enthusiasm in Lord Byron can sometimes be traced to provocation; and the cause of the above extravagant burst was the edition of Pope by Bowles, which had for the first time brought under active debate Pope's claims to a place among the greatest names of English literature. For Johnson had cavilled rather than protested; and Warton's doubts had, in the opinion of the public, met with a satisfactory reply. Bowles's edition is not without its faults, it is indeed not

matic vitality. (Joseph Spence first became acquainted with Pope in 1725, by publishing a criticism on the translation of the *Odyssey*. Afterwards, through the influence of Pope's friends, he was appointed a prebend of Durham and Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.)

without its vices; for it displays an *animus* against Pope which makes the editor unfair in his judgment of biographical details, as well as ungenerous in the picture which he draws of his author as a man. Yet Bowles has been justly termed the most poetical editor of Pope; and it was he who, under the influences of a new current in English literature with which Byron had more in common than he cared to know, first succeeded in establishing those defects in his author which no candid criticism can since pretend to overlook.

Pope is the foremost of our classical poets, if the term be correctly applied to a school which sought in the masterpieces of ancient times the starting-point of their own literary developement. But a national literature cannot engraft itself upon a foreign trunk; and England already possessed a national literature. Moreover, the classical taste which prevailed in Pope's youth was not the result of another *Renaissance*, of another movement towards intellectual freedom through genuine culture. English society and its handmaid, English literature, had in the days of the Restoration, recklessly seized upon what seemed most attractive in the social and literary activity of our nearest and most influential neighbours—the French. Foreign literary models had thus been thoughtlessly adopted by our own writers, and by one great genius, Dryden, amongst their number. French classicism, a bastard birth, had been transplanted to our soil, and though it could not be acclimatised without undergoing many modifications in accordance with our national peculiarity, yet it remained an exotic and unnatural growth. Already Dryden, when in the hot haste of his literary life his better genius had found time to take counsel with itself, had recognised the truth that the French classical school was merely a French adaptation of classical rules—and supposed classical rules—into a code which was French rather than classical. He had turned from the French to the ancients themselves, but he could not shake off the influence to which he had allowed himself to be subjected. Pope was less immediately under the influence of French models than Dryden; but, on the other hand, the influence of the latter exerted itself in its turn upon his successor. Hence it was impossible that Pope should approach such a classic as Homer with the freshness of original appreciation; and hence, in his own original poetry, he naturally formed his taste among the moderns, upon those in whom he found the so-called classical element in predominance, and among the ancients in those most capable of assimilation to the conception of classical poetry which the age of his predecessors had derived at second-hand. But the models which he consistently followed were recommended to him by more than an ordinary acceptance of the prevailing canons of taste. He was even as a boy too quick-witted not to perceive many of the characteristic features of such writers as Chaucer and Spenser; yet we seek in vain for any influence of these upon the writings either of his youth or of his maturity. He thought Statius the best of all the Latin poets after Vergil; and perhaps even the exception of the latter was merely conventional. Among the Italians he preferred Tasso to Ariosto; and the preference is equally significant.

Pope had been told by Walsh to be a correct poet, and such he became. Including his very first publications, everything he wrote in verse was invariably, to use a homely but expressive phrase, excellent as far as it went. The *Pastorals*, the *Messiah*, *Windsor Forest*, continue to give the pleasure which finished copies of verse can never fail to afford to an educated ear. *Eloisa to Abelard* is an equally felicitous imitation of a long-accepted style. *The Rape of the Lock* was a novelty in English, but not in general, literature; in execution, though made up out of two sets of materials, it nearly approaches perfection. In all these efforts he had shown mastery of form, but no original power marking out any species of poetic composition as signally his own.

He was not to find it in lyric, or dramatic, or epic poetry. The first two of these he barely attempted; his *Ode on St Cecilia's Day* is only a feeble duplicate of Dryden, his share in Gay's farce is not to be included in any summary of his serious performances. For epic poetry he lacked the historic sense; had he ever ventured upon an attempt in this direction it would have been, like his juvenile *Alcander*, a slavish imitation of the ancients, such as they appeared to his eyes. A plan for an epic on *Brutus*, the mythical grandson of Æneas, was found among his papers ofter his death.

There remains didactic poetry in both its direct and indirect form; the poetry which has for its express object the inculcation of principles, and which must be primarily judged according to its success in teaching the lessons which it intends to convey. The *Essay on Criticism* is a series of detached precepts, not the developement of a complete system. Apart from its marvellous finish as a juvenile effort, it succeeds in enforcing many truths in a form of which the incisiveness has rarely been surpassed. For the developement of a philosophical system, such as that propounded in the *Essay on Man*, Pope was imperfectly qualified, because, in Lessing's simple words, he was no philosopher. But here again he succeeds, by his mastery of form, in impressing upon the mind many of the precepts incidental to his system; and produces a string of poetic proverbs which will serve for many a future text. Pope's satirical poetry is also didactic in its aim. It has a positive purpose; it contrasts excellence and virtue with dulness and vice; and its examples are illustrations of its precepts. Here Pope is master; his ability in representing types of character is unsurpassed. Personal spleen may have generally suggested their selection, but this fact fails to interfere with the triumphant success of the result. The men and women of his Satires and Epistles, his Atticus and Atossa, and Sappho and Sporus, are real types, whether they be more or less faithful portraits of Addison and the old Duchess, of Lady Mary and Lord Hervey. His Dunces are the Dunces of all times; his orator Henley the mob-orator, and his awful Aristarch the don, of all epochs; though there may have been some merit in Theobald, some use even in Henley, and though in Bentley there was undoubted greatness. But in Pope's hands individuals become types; and his creative power in this respect surpasses that of the Roman satirists, and leaves Dryden himself behind.

Pope's fame as a translator was ranked by Addison on a level with that of Dryden, but even Addison can in this case be hardly admitted as a competent judge. If the art of translation consists not in carrying into an author the characteristics of the translator and his age, but in reproducing at all events the leading characteristics of that author himself, Pope's Homer must be accounted a failure. It is a noble achievement as an English poem; but it resembles those efforts in landscape-gardening which require to be surveyed from particular points of view, unless their artificiality is to betray itself at once. Pope has not caught,—he could not catch,—the manner of Homer. Had he succeeded in this, he might be forgiven a thousand inaccuracies more glaring than those which he has actually committed. A scholar's hand might make Dryden's Juvenal Juvenal, but to be made Homer Pope's translations need not to be revised, but recast. This is not a mere question of metre. Garrick wore a wig in *Macbeth*, but he moved the passions of his audience by the spirit of Shakspere. Pope had not caught that Homeric spirit which has communicated itself to at least one later translator, even when imprisoned by his own wilfulness in the machinery of a modern stanza.

As a writer of prose Pope had no ambition to achieve eminence. The majority of his prose satires are mere lampoons; the conception of the *Treatise on the Bathos* is that of an excursus from the leading idea of the *Dunciad*. His edition of Shakspere was undertaken as booksellers' work; it is in many respects a careless performance; but his ingenuity is apparent in his abundant emendations, many of which have since met with universal acceptance. Had he carried out the scheme which he entertained towards the close of his life, of writing a history of English poetry, he could hardly have produced more than an interesting, but radically imperfect performance[1].

Of his poetic form Pope was master. He perfected an English metre, the heroic couplet, which for the purposes of didactic and satirical poetry has since remained the chosen vehicle of expression in our language. To his command over this metre he had attained rapidly, though not at once. His earlier poems are not free from false rhymes, and display that free introduction of an Alexandrine line which Cowley had first among English poets permitted himself, but which Pope afterwards abandoned. Whether Pope could have attained to equal mastery over other metres, seems an idle question; for none could have equally suited the peculiarity of his genius. Lady Mary was of opinion that Pope must have failed in blank verse, just as Dryden declared that Milton would have written *Paradise Lost* in rhymed couplets if he *could*. But the heroic couplet, and no other form of verse, was that adapted to the genius of Pope. He once observed that one of the great conditions of writing well is 'to know thoroughly what one writes about.' The clear conception of a thought was in each case his first step; next came the inde-

[1] So I judge from the scheme itself, which was first published by Ruffhead, and is given at length in Roscoe, Vol. I.

fatigable labour of condensing and compressing it into the form in which its expression, most finished in form, is at the same time most convenient to the memory. Thus he, as it were, engraved ideas; and his poems are full of those couplets which can cleanly and without damage to themselves be taken out of their setting[1]. In versification Pope was, as he often said, a pupil of Dryden; but he far surpassed his master. Dryden's verse is often slovenly, and abounds in weak lines. In Pope there is never a syllable, hardly ever a line, too much. On the other hand, Pope might, with advantage to the effect of his poems as a whole, have departed more frequently from the ordinary rule as to the position of the *cæsura* in the verse. The ear is delighted after listening to a page of Pope; an entire poem is apt to weary by the regularity of the cadence, resembling the march-past of column after column of perfectly-drilled troops. It would be difficult to point out any other defect in Pope's versification. To this day, except in a few instances where the pronunciation of a diphthong or the accentuation of a word has changed, it remains a classic model. And Johnson was guilty of no Byronic extravagance when he told Boswell that 'a thousand years may elapse before there shall appear another man with a power of versification equal to that of Pope.'

Such were, as far as I can judge, the principal achievements of Pope during his life of devotion to literature. But English literature owes him more than these—she owes him the effects of that devotion itself. It was not only that he made war upon those who degraded an art into a trade, and into the vilest of trades. The infirmity of his temper, which charity will judge with gentleness in consideration of the miserable frailty of his bodily health, led him into many self-degradations. But the master passion in his breast was not his vanity; it was his veneration for what is great and noble in intellectual life, and his loathing for what is small and mean and noxious. He could not exterminate Grub-street; but as long as he lived and battled against it, it felt that it was only Grub-street, and the world around was conscious of the fact. He served literature neither for power, like Swift; nor, like nearly all his contemporaries, for place and pay; not even for fame chiefly; but for her own sake. And the acknowledgment due to a noble and lifelong self-devotion should not be grudged to Pope, even by those who perceive his shortcomings and lament his faults.

[1] The late Lord Carlisle, in a *Lecture on Pope*, gave a long but not exhaustive list of these familiar gems.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

1688. (MAY 21.) Birth of Pope.

1700. (CIRC.) Pope takes up his residence with his father at Binfield.

1704. Commencement of intimacy with Sir Wm. Trumball,

1705. and Walsh.

1707. First acquaintance with the Blount family.

1709. *Pastorals* published.

1711. *Essay on Criticism* p. Pope introduced to Gay,

1712. and Addison. *Rape of the Lock* (original edition) p. *The Messiah* p.

1713. (APRIL.) Addison's *Cato* first acted. *Prologue to Cato* p.

Pope's attack on Dennis reproved by Addison.

Windsor Forest p. Pope introduced to Swift. *Ode on St Cecilia's Day* p.

Pope studies painting under Jervas.

(NOVEMBER.) Subscription for *Translation of Iliad* opened.

1713—4. Meetings of the Scriblerus Club.

1714. Death of Queen Anne. *Rape of the Lock* (enlarged). *Temple of Fame* p.

1715. *Iliad* (Vol. I.) p.

1715—6. Quarrel with Addison.

1716. (APRIL.) Pope settles with his parents at Chiswick.

Departure for the East of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

1717. *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady* p. *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard* p. *Three Hours after Marriage* produced. First quarrel with Cibber.

(OCTOBER.) Death of Pope's father.

1718. Pope settles with his mother at Twickenham.

Return from the East of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

1720. South-Sea Year. *Iliad* (last volume) p.

1722. Correspondence with Judith Cowper.

1723. First return of Bolingbroke. Banishment of Atterbury.

1725. Edition of *Shakspere* p. Pope attacked by Theobald.

Odyssey (Vols. I.—III.) p. Second return of Bolingbroke, who settles at Dawley.

1726. *Letters to Cromwell* (Curll) p. Swift pays a long visit to Twickenham.

1727. (JUNE.) Death of George I. *Miscellanies* (Vols. I. and II.) p.; containing, among other pieces by Pope, the *Treatise on the Bathos.*

1728. *The Dunciad* (Books I.—III.) p.

1730. *Grub-street Journal* (continued by Pope and others till 1737). Quarrels with Aaron Hill and others.

1731. *Epistle on Taste* p. The remaining *Moral Essays* up to 1735.

1732. *Essay on Man* (Ep. I.) p. The remaining Epistles up to 1734.

(DECEMBER.) Death of Gay.

1733. Quarrel with Lord Hervey.

(JUNE.) Death of Pope's mother.

1735. *Epistle to Arbuthnot* p. Death of Arbuthnot.

Pope's *Correspondence.* (Curll.)

1736. Pope's *Correspondence* (authorised edition).

1737. *Imitations of Horace* p.

1738. *Epilogue to Satires* p.

1740. (MARCH.) Close of correspondence with Swift.

First meeting with Warburton.

1742. *The New Dunciad* (in four books) p.

1743. *The Dunciad* (with Cibber as hero) p.

1744. (MAY 30.) Death of Pope.

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point[1]: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgements.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be

[1] [Cf. *Essay on Criticism*, 265.]

mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world, and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent Women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of

a Wit is a warfare upon earth[1]; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, byassed by recommendations, dazled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly apply'd themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Tho' if we took the same care, we should still lie under a farther misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtain'd by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

[1] [Cf. *Essay on Criticism*, 494, ff.]

I fairly confess that I have serv'd myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be inform'd of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live: One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and *vice versa* a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardon'd; but for what I have burn'd, I deserve to be prais'd. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must farther acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be consider'd that 'tis what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my Remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may

then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection, which were not written under the age of five and twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *Memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

P.

Nov. 10, 1716.

JUVENILE POEMS.

PASTORALS,

WITH A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!—VIRG.

[IF the pastoral poetry with which English literature is overloaded may with propriety be divided into real and sham, there is little doubt but that the following juvenile productions of Pope, written by him in 1704 at the age of sixteen, must be included in the latter and larger category. The two main objections which have been raised against Pope's *Pastorals*, viz. the barrenness of invention and the mixture of modern and antique ideas and associations displayed in them, apply with more or less force to all efforts in this branch of poetical composition which are purely and avowedly artificial and imitative. In an ironical criticism of his Pastorals sent anonymously by Pope to the *Guardian*, he avows both characteristics; and takes credit for having abstained from the rustic nomenclature adopted by Phillips, who had in this respect followed the precedent of Spenser, and was accordingly ridiculed in the burlesque *Shepherd's Week*, by Gay. Dr. Johnson has said all that needs to be said as to the absolute and relative value belonging to these poetic exercises in English literature generally, and among the works of Pope in particular, when he observes that 'to charge these Pastorals with want of invention, is to require what never was intended. The imitations are so ambitiously frequent, that the writer evidently means rather to shew his literature than his wit. It is surely sufficient for an author of sixteen not only to be able to copy the poems of antiquity with judicious selection, but to have obtained sufficient power of language, and skill in metre, to exhibit a series of versification, which had in English poetry no precedent, nor has since had an imitation.' It may, however, be remarked that these poems contain a number of doubtful rhymes—an objection which is not to be made to the author's maturer pieces.

The arrangement of the four Pastorals under the names of the four seasons of the year, while scarcely meriting praise due to an exceptionally bold originality, is more convenient than that of Spenser's *Shepherd's Kalendar*, in which, as has been pointed out, it was impossible to sustain in each case the character attaching or supposed to attach to each particular month. Such as it is, Pope's arrangement was stated by Thomson to have given him the first hint and idea of writing his *Seasons*.

The scenery of the Pastorals is in the main that of Windsor Forest, where (at Binfield) the poet had from the age of twelve resided with his father; but, in accordance with the nature of these compositions, there is no attempt to keep up a very distinct local colouring.

These productions obtained for the young poet immediate and cordial recognition from many eminent men. By Sir William Trumball they were shown to Wycherley, and by the latter to Walsh, and subsequently communicated to Lord Lansdowne, Dr. Garth, Lords Halifax and Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others.]

A DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY[1].

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses, than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Criticks have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral*[2]. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both[3]; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity[4], brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To

[1] Written at sixteen years of age. P.
[2] Fontenelle's *Disc. on Pastorals.* P.
[3] Hensius in Theocr. P.
[4] Rapin, *de Carm. Past.* p. 2. P.

carry this resemblance yet farther, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short[1], and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discovered[2]. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries[3]. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety[4]. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil, (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Criticks have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in Nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers[5] and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to[6]. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

[1] Rapin, *Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist.* p. 2. Refl. xxvii. P.
[2] Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg. P.
[3] Fontenelle's *Disc. of Pastorals.* P.
[4] See the forementioned Preface. P.
[5] ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ Idyl. xxi. P.
[6] Rapin, *Refl. on Arist.*, part II. refl. xxvii. Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. P.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his Aminta has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has out-done the Epic Poets of his country. But as this Piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any Nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil[1]. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; tho', notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three Months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass, that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Criticks upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observ'd, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

[1] Dedication to Virg. Ecl. P.

SPRING[1].

THE FIRST PASTORAL,

OR

DAMON.

To Sir William Trumbal[2].

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
YOU, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,

[1] These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr Walsh, Mr Wycherley, G. Granville afterwards Lord Landsdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr Garth, Lord Hallifax, Lord Somers, Mr Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr Walsh (whom Mr Dryden, in his postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age). "The author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age. His preface is very judicious and learned." Letter to Mr Wycherley, Ap. 1705. The Lord Lansdown about the same time, mentioning the youth of our poet, says (in a printed letter of the character of Mr Wycherley) "that if he goes on as he has begun in the pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English poetry vie with the Roman," etc. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr Walsh about this time we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709. P.

[2] *Sir William Trumbal*.] Our author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under sixteen, but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William. P. [Sir William Trumball, whom Macaulay (chap. xxi) characterises as 'a learned civilian and an experienced diplomatist, of moderate opinions and of temper cautious to timidity,' was appointed Secretary of State in 1691 and resigned in 1697 to make way for a more zealous partisan. He died at his native place of East Hamstead near Binfield, and Pope honoured his memory by an epitaph (II). Trumball was the first to recognise the merits of the *Essay on Criticism*, and to induce its author to publish it; he also eulogised the *Rape of the Lock* and encouraged the translation of the *Iliad*. Of Trumball it is related that being in 1687 appointed ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, he performed the journey on foot, thus outdoing by anticipation the German poet's *Promenade to Syracuse*.]

And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades[1] you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
With joyous musick wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish nature paints the purple Year[2]?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd Plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton Ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair Signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground,
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

[1] *In your native shades.*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windsor-Forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III. P.

[2] *purple year?*] Purple here used in the Latin sense, of the brightest, most vivid colouring in general, not of that peculiar tint so called. *Warburton.* [Ver purpureum. Verg. *Ecl.* ix. 40.]

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise
With Waller's[1] strains, or Granville's[2] moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po[3];
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the Skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

[1] [Edmund Waller born 1605, died, 1687.]

[2] *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Landsdown, known for his poems, most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model. P.

[Born about 1667 and connected by descent with the Stuart cause, George Granville remained in retirement during the reign of William III.; but entered Parliament in the reign of Queen Anne, and on the accession to power of the Tories in 1710 took office as secretary at war. In 1711 he was created lord Lansdowne of Bideford; and after undergoing temporary imprisonment for supposed connection with the Scottish insurrection of 1715, died in 1735. His poems, of which he says that they 'seem to begin where Mr Waller left off, though far unequal and short of so unimitable an original,' contain little or nothing deserving to be read; but though his *Myra* is forgotten, his own modest estimate of his poetic merits deserves to be remembered by the side of Pope's praises in the Dedication to *Windsor Forest*.]

[3] [See Ov. *Metam.* II. 364—6.]

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears[1]:
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields[2]:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs,
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

[1] *A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears.*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester. P.

[2] *The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields,*] alludes to the device of the Scots monarchs, the thistle worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the fleur de lys. P. [In the early part of Queen Anne's reign the royal arms were the same as those of her father. The union with Scotland occasioned a change of armorial bearings; and they then appeared, England and Scotland impaled in the first and fourth quarter; France in the second; and Ireland in the third. On the great seal prepared in the year of the union (1706) we have England and Scotland only, and a new badge, the rose and thistle conjoined. The Scottish order of the Thistle was re-established Dec. 31, 1703. *Annals of England*, III. 173-4, and 182.]

SUMMER.

THE SECOND PASTORAL,

OR

ALEXIS.

To Dr. Garth.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame[1],
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd[2],
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.
Accept, O Garth[3], the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring[4].
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?

[1] [*Thame.* Spenser repeatedly uses this form.]

[2] The scene of this pastoral by the river's side; suitable to the heat of the season; the time noon. P.

[3] Dr Samuel Garth, author of *The Dispensary*, was one of the first friends of the author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. P. [Dr afterwards Sir Samuel Garth, the author of the above-mentioned mock-heroic poem and a distinguished physician, died in 1718. Pope, who in his *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*, speaks of 'well-natured' Garth as one who 'inflam'd him with early praise,' bestows a similar epithet upon him in a letter regretting his death, where he also pays him the singular compliment that 'if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr Garth.']

[4] *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring*] is a line out of Spenser's *Epithalamion*. P. [It is the refrain of that poem.]

In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides[1]?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairest flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's[2] tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death;
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives, enjoy.
And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.
See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bow'rs
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.

[1] [The Cam, as well as many other rivers whose names are formed from the same Celtic root, derives his appellation from the tortuousness of his course. See Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places*, p. 217.]

[2] *Colin.*] The name taken by Spenser in his *Eclogues*, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda. P. [Colin in the *Shepherd's Kalendar* generally, but not always, appears to stand for Spenser. The ingenious author of the life prefixed to Church's edition of Spenser has invented a Kentish lady, Miss Rose Lynde, for the original of Rosalind.]

Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes[1].
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove[2],
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above,
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
But see, the shepherds shun the noonday heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends.
On me love's fierger flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN[3].

THE THIRD PASTORAL,

OR

HYLAS and ÆGON.

To Mr. Wycherley.

BENEATH the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays,
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.

1 Very much like some lines in *Hudibras*, but certainly no resemblance was intended.

2 Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.
So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which *Spenser* himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. P. [e. g. in *Sheph. Kal.* July.]

Where'er you tread, your feet shall set
The primrose and the violet;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you.
Bowles.
[The familiar original of the familiar idea is of course in *Persius* II. 38.]

3 This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil: the Scene, a Hill; the Time, at Sun-set. P.

Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine[1] with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire[2];
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear, the tender notes convey.
As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from *Delia,* to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lillies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence, death to those who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,

[1] *Thou, whom the Nine*] Mr Wycherley, a famous author of comedies; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain-dealer* and *Country-Wife.* He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However he was followed in the same way by Mr Congreve; though with a little more correctness. P.

[William Wycherley (born 1640, died 1715) was in the 64th year of his age at the time when he was thus addressed by Pope. In the following year Wycherley submitted his poems to the correction of his youthful friend; but the 'honest freedom' with which the latter exercised his office of censor, produced a coolness between the pair which prevented a renewal of friendly intercourse. The judgments of Pope's and Wycherley's biographers as to the amount of blame to be respectively attached to their heroes, vary considerably.]

[2] *The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;*] This line evidently alludes to that famous character given of Terence, by Cæsar,

Tu quoque, tu in summis, *ô dimidiate Menander,*
Pomeris, et merito, puri sermonis amator;
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret *vis Comica.*

So that the judicious critic sees he should have said—*with Menander's fire.* For what the poet meant, in this line, was, that his friend had joined to Terence's art what Cæsar thought wanting in Terence, namely the *vis comica* of Menander. Besides,—*and Menander's fire* is making that the characteristic of Menander which was not. His character was the having art and *comic spirit* in perfect conjunction, of which Terence having only the first, he is called the *half of Menander. Warburton.*

The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, e'er[1] I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, nor sun-shine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains less'ning as they rise
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon[1] poplar oft we past the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters[2] swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep.
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.—

[1] [Pope's spelling of *e'er*, which Warton and subsequent editors have altered into *ere*, was probably due to a reminiscence of the phrase *or e'er*, incorrectly spelt by Shakspere *or ere*, made up of *or*, a corruption of *ere* (=*ær*, before) and *e'er*, an abbreviation of *ever*.]

[2] *And grateful clusters etc.* The scene is in Windsor-forest. So this image is not so exact. *Warburton.*

[The grapes are doubtful; but Mr Jesse mentions, in his *Summer's Day at Windsor*, that what are now called the *Slopes*, extending into the Home Park, are in Norden's Map (1607) described as 'the Deanes Orcharde' &c.]

From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign Mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage Tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods! adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light[1],
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

WINTER[2].

THE FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST[3].

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring,
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

[1] There is a little inaccuracy here; the first line makes the time after sunset; the second, before. *Warburton.*

[2] This was the poet's favourite pastoral. *Warburton.*

[3] *Mrs Tempest.*] This lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the author's friend Mr Walsh, who, having celebrated her in a pastoral elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706: 'Your last eclogue being on the same subject with mine on Mrs Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn as if it were to the memory of the same lady.' Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. P. [Walsh's elegy is that entitled '*Delia*;' an insignificant piece.]

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said; "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn."

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
Nor thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood.
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo[1] silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath[2];
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

[1] 'This expression of *sweet Echo* is taken from *Comus;* as is another expression, *loose traces,* Third Past. v. 62.' *Warton.*

[2] 'I wish that his fondness had not overlooked a line in which the zephyrs are made to lament in silence.' *Johnson.*

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmur shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky[1]!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews,
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
Adieu, ye shepherd's rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
Daphne, farewell, and all the world adieu[2]!

[1] [Warton naturally compares the 'same beautiful change of circumstances' in Spenser's *November* (*S. K.*) and Milton's *Lycidas*, from line 165.]

[2] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each. P.

IMITATIONS.

SPRING.

Ver. 1.

'Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.'

This is the general exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the 6th of Virgil, which some have therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly those which now stand first of the three chief poets in this kind, Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus.

'A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)'—
'Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,'—
'Thyrsis, the musick of that murm'ring spring,'—

are manifestly imitations of

—'A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)'
—'Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi'
—'Ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἁ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τήνα.' P.

Ver. 35, 36,

'Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,
Diffusos hedera vestit pallente corymbos.' *Virg.* P.

Ver. 38. *The various seasons.*] The subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac, imitates that in Virgil.

'Et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?' P.

Ver. 41. *Then sing by turns.*] Literally from Virgil,

'Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camænæ:
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.'
P.

Ver 47. *A milk-white bull.*] *Virg.*

'Pascite taurum,
'Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.'

Ver. 58. *She runs, but hopes.*] Imitation of Virgil,

'Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.' P.

Ver. 69. *All nature mourns.*] *Virg.*

'Aret ager, vitio moriens sitit aeris herba, &c.
Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit.' P.

Ver. 90. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. *Ecl.* iii.

'Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
Nascantur flores, et Phillida solus habeto.' P.

SUMMER.

Ver. 8. *And Jove consented.*]

'Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri.' *Virg.* P.

Ver. 15. *Nor to the deaf I sing.*]

'Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ.'
Virg. P.

Ver. 23. *Where stray ye Muses, etc.*]

'Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ
Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.'
Virg. out of Theocr. P.

Ver. 27. Virgil again from the *Cyclops* of Theocritus,

'nuper me in littore vidi
Cum placidum ventis staret mare, non ego Daphnim,
Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.' P.

Ver. 40. *bequeath'd in death; etc.*] Virg. *Ecl.* ii.

'Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
Fistula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, te nunc habet ista secundum.' P.

Ver. 60. *Descending gods have found Elysium here.*]

——'Habitarunt di quoque sylvas'—— *Virg.*
'Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis.'
Idem. P.

Ver. 80. *And winds shall waft, etc.*]

'Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures!' *Virg.* P.

Ver. 88. *Ye gods! etc.*]

'Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amori?' *Idem.* P.

AUTUMN.

Ver. 37. 'Aurea duræ
Mala ferant quercus, narcisso floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ.'
Virg. *Ecl.* viii. P.

Ver. 43, *etc.*]

'Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.'
Ecl. v. P.

Ver. 52. 'An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?' Virg. *Ecl.* v. P.

Ver. 82. *Or what ill eyes.*]

'Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.' P.

Ver. 89. 'Nunc scio quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus illum,' etc. P. This from Virgil is much inferior to the passage in Theocritus, whence it is taken. *Warton.*

WINTER.

Ver. 1. *Thyrsis, the music, etc.*]
'Αδύ τι, *etc.* Theocr. *Id.* i.

Ver. 13. *Thames heard, etc.*]
'Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros.'
Virg. P.

Ver. 23, 24, 25.
'Inducite fontibus umbras—
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.'
P.

Ver. 69, 70. 'miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque vidit nubes et sydera Daphnis.'
Virg. P.

Ver. 81. 'illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.'
Virg. P.

Ver. 86. 'solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,
Juniperi gravis umbra.' *Virg.* P.

Ver. 88. *Time conquers all, etc.*]
'Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.'
Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spenser's Calendar.
Warburton.

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but made use of such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation. P.

[Dr Johnson, who translated this poem into Latin verse as a college exercise, in his *Life of Pope* observes, 'That the *Messiah* excels the *Pollio* is no great praise, if it be considered from what original the improvements are derived.' Many may, however, be indisposed to agree with the assumption for which so triumphant an explanation is found in the above remark. Whilst it is by no means improbable (see Merivale's *Romans under the Empire*, ch. XXVII, referred to by Conington) that 'Virgil was acquainted with the prophetic portions of the Jewish Scriptures, if not directly, at least through the medium of the so-called Sibylline oracles,' these references are in the Roman poet after all only ornaments of an offering distinctly intended to celebrate by anticipation the birth of a Roman child. In Pope these ornaments become the subject-matter of the poem, which is thus merely the paraphrase of an authoritative prophecy on the same subject.]

YE Nymphs of Solyma[1]! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's[2] root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye Heav'ns[3]! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick[4] and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud[5] shall fail;
Returning Justice[6] lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the World her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty[7] Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way[8]! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,
With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him[9], ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray[10],
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine[11] chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

[1] [Hierosolyma, Jerusalem.]
[2] Isa. xi. 1. [3] ch. xlv. 8.
[4] ch. xxv. 4.
[5] *ancient fraud*] i.e. the fraud of the Serpent *Warburton.*
[6] ch. ix. 7.
[7] ch. xxxv. 2. [8] ch. xl. 3, 4.
[9] ch. xlii. 18; xxxv. 5, 6.
[10] *He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,*] The sense and language shew, that, by *visual ray*, the poet meant the *sight*, or, as Milton calls it, *the visual nerve. Warburton.*
[11] ch. xxv. 8.

As the good shepherd[1] tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father[2] of the future age.
No more shall nation[3] against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriours meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son[4]
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts[5] with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys[6], once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs[7] with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents[8] lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem[9], rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race[10] thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations[11] at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan[12] springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

[1] ch. xl. 11. [2] ch. ix. 6. [3] ch. ii. 4. [4] ch. lxv. 21, 22.
[5] ch. xxxv. 1, 7. [6] ch. xli. 19; lv. 13. [7] ch. xi. 6, 7, 1.
[8] ch. lxv. 25. [9] ch. lx. 1. [10] ch. lx. 4. [11] ch. lx. 3. [12] ch. lx. 6.

See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun[1] shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas[2] shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

[1] ch. lx. 19, 20. [2] ch. li. 6; liv. 10.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. *A virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, etc.*]

Virg. *E.* iv. 6.

'Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.'

'Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.'

Isaiah, ch. vii. 14.—'Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son.' Ch. ix. v. 6, 7.—'Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.' P.

Ver. 23. *See Nature hastes, etc.*]

Virg. *E.* iv. 18.

'At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.'

'For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with Baccar, and Colocasia with smiling Acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. 1.—'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desart shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' Ch. lx. 13.—'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.' P.

Ver. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, etc.*]

Virg. *E.* iv. v. 46.

'Aggredere o magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!'

E. v. v. 62.

'Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the gods, O great encrease of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A god, a god!'

Isaiah, ch. xl. 3, 4.—'The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make strait in the desart a high way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made strait, and the rough places plain.' Ch. xliv. 23.—'Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.' P.

Ver. 67. *The swain in barren deserts, etc.*]

Virg. *E.* iv. v. 28.

'Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.'

'The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distill honey like dew.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. 7.—'The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: In the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes.' Ch. lv. 13.—'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.' P.

Ver. 77. *The lambs with wolves, etc.*] Virg. *E.* iv. v. 21.

'Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.'—

'The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.'

Isaiah, ch. xi. 6, etc.—'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and a little child shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.' P.

Ver. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!*] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

'Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!
—toto surget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menses!
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo!' etc.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited. P. [Cited at bottom of text.]

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable GEORGE, Lord LANSDOWN[1].

Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* præscripsit pagina nomen. VIRG. [*Ecl.* VI. 10—12.]

[The design of this poem is universally allowed to have been derived from Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, the first specimen in English literature of what Johnson denominates 'local poetry.' As a descriptive poem, *Windsor Forest* has the merits both of dignity and of variety; though the sense of the picturesque is a discovery which had dawned neither upon the age nor upon the individual genius of Pope. Perhaps the most ambitious passage, in which the river Thames is introduced and personified, is only a weak imitation of greater models. As proceeding from an inhabitant of the immediate neighbourhood of Windsor Castle, the treatment of the historical associations connected with it is remarkably loose and incomplete. Otway's *Windsor Castle*, though in execution infinitely inferior to Pope's, is superior to the latter in the unity of its conception, which is that of a threnody on the recent death of Charles II., naturally suggested by the royal abode.]

This poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published. P. [The division is at line 289.]

[1] [See note to p. 15.]

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing?
The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the blueish[1] hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus[2] yields a nobler sight,
Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground[3],
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws[4] a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;

[1] *blueish.* [The word has the authority of both Shakspere and Dryden.]

[2] *Not proud Olympus, etc.*] Sir J. Denham, in his *Cooper's Hill* had said,
'Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.'
The comparison is childish, for the story of Atlas being fabulous, leaves no room for a compliment. *Warburton.*

[3] [A tautology.]

[4] [The Forest Laws. 'Amabat rex,' says the Saxon chronicle quoted by Thierry, 'ferus feras tanquam esset pater earum.']
[The allusion, after a compliment to the Stuarts, to laws which a Stuart attempted in part to revive, is unintentionally infelicitous.]

Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves:)
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd[1] from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave[2]!
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope[3] survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the Forest[4] like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.

[1] *The fields are ravish'd, etc.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William I. P. [Warton and Bowles have sufficiently pointed out the exaggerated character of this description.]

[2] *himself deny'd a grave!*] The place of his interment at Caen in Normandy was claimed by a gentleman as his inheritance, the moment his servants were going to put him in his tomb: so that they were obliged to compound with the owner before they could perform the king's obsequies. *Warburton.*

[The gentleman's name was Asselin; and the story, with additional details, is told from Ordericus Vitalis by Thierry.]

[3] [Richard duke of Bernay, said to have been killed by a stag in the New Forest.]

[4] The oak under which Rufus was shot was standing till within a few years. *Bowles.* (1806.)

Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies[1].
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd[2] beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo).
With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,

[1] [The allusion may be to the capture of Gibraltar, easily effected by Rooke with his sailors and marines in the year (1704) in which the earlier part of this poem was written.]

[2] [i. e. well-exercised, cf. 'breathed stags.' Shaksp. *Taming of the Shrew*, Intr.]

And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye.
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen[1];
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.
Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade:
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;

[1] Queen Anne.
[A statue of this sovereign still standing at Windsor has an inscription conveying the same measured compliment:
Annæ vis similem sculpere? Sculpe *Deam.*]

As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
"Ah, Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name[1] the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass[2] the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green,
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below,
Where Jove, subdued by mortal Passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:

[1] *Still bears the name*] The river Loddon. *Warburton.*

[2] *Oft in her glass, etc.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem. P.

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd:—
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd[1].
Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens:
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like Poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung[2];
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue[3].
Oh early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.
Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings[4]?
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,

[1] [The parallel between Scipio and Sir William Trumball is complete; for the retirement of neither was voluntary.]

[2] [Sir John Denham was born in 1615 and died in 1688; and was buried by the side of Cowley.]

[3] *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*] Mr Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the Forest, and was from thence conveyed to Westminster. P.
[Born 1618, died 1667.]

[4] [See note to p. 3.]

To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star[1]!
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage;
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre[2];
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now[3].
Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts[4] adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall[5];
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn[6],
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps[7]:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium[8] to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress!
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known[9]
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone);

[1] *Her silver star*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these,

My humble muse in unambitious strains, &c. P.

[2] *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourished in the time of Henry VIII. P.

[Born in 1517; died 1547. In the famous sonnet in 'Description and Praise of his love Geraldine' he sings that 'Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.' All the conjectures concerning the lady are based upon this sonnet.]

[3] The Mira of Granville was the countess of Newburgh. Towards the end of her life Dr King, of Oxford, wrote a very severe satire against her, in three books, 4to., called '*The Toast*.' *Warton.*

[4] *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here. P. [In the year 1312. It was in 1340 that he first quartered the arms of France with his own.] I have sometimes wondered that Pope did not mention the building of Windsor Castle by Edward III. His architect was William of Wykeham. *Warton.*

[5] [Verrio's ceilings, enumerated at length in Jesse's *Eton and Windsor*, pp. 51, 2, are severely criticised by Horace Walpole. See Bowles *ad loc.* They were painted temp. Carol. II.]

[6] *Henry mourn*] Henry VI. P.

[7] *once fear'd Edward sleeps*:] Edward IV. P. [Both are buried in St George's chapel.]

[8] *Belerium.* [The Land's End.]

[9] [The grave of Charles I., of which, owing to the confusion which had attended his interment, the locality was unknown at the Restoration, though one of the witnesses, Mr Herbert, declared himself certain as to its precise situation, was discovered in the locality indicated in 1813. See Sir Henry Halford's account, quoted by Jesse *u.s.*]

Oh fact accurst! what tears has Albion shed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said, "Let Discord cease!"
She said! the world obey'd, and all was Peace!
In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head.
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood;
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name[1],
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood[2];
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood[3].
High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind),
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.
Hail, sacred peace! hail, long-expected days[4],
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Tho' Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itself though sev'nfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;

[1] He has copied, and equalled, the Rivers of Spenser, Drayton and Milton. *Warton.* [viz. in the *Faërie Queen* bk. iv. canto xi, the *Polyolbion*, and the *Vacation exercise annoætatis xix.*]

[2] The Mole sinks through its sands, in dry summers, into an invisible channel under ground at Mickleham, near Dorking, Surrey. *Bowles.*

[3] [Not Danish, but Saxon. The Britons under Vortimer the son of Vortigern are said to have repulsed the Saxon invaders on the Darent.]

[4] [The allusions are of course to the expected peace, for which the conferences were opened in January 1711 at Utrecht; to the previous campaigns in Spain and Germany; to the war between Peter the Great and Charles XII.; and to the early difficulties of our East India settlements.]

Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending Villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And Temples rise[1], the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend[2]!
There mighty Nations shall inquire their doom,
The World's great Oracle in times to come;
There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.
Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole:
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames[3] shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
O stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barbarous Discord dwell;

[1] *And temples rise,*] The fifty new churches. P.
[2] [Designs for a new palace of Whitehall had been commenced by Inigo Jones.]
[3] *Unbounded Thames, etc.*] A wish that London may be made a free port. P.

Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.
Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dovelike wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 6. 'neget quis carmina Gallo?' *Virg. Warburton.*

Ver. 65. The fields were ravish'd from th' industrious swains, From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:]

Translated from,

'Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,' an old monkish writer, I forget who. P.

Ver. 89. 'Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.' *Virg. Warburton.*

Ver. 134. 'Præcipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt.' *Virg. Warburton.*

Ver. 151. *Th' impatient courser, etc.*] Translated from Statius,

'Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.'

These lines Mr Dryden, in his preface to his translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, calls *wonderfully fine*, and says *they would cost him an hour, if he had the leisure to translate them, there is so much of beauty in the original;* which was the reason, I suppose, why Mr P. tried his strength with them. *Warburton.*

Ver. 158. *and earth rolls back*] He has improved his original,

'terræque urbesque recedunt.'
Virg. Warburton.

Ver. 183, 186.

'Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbæ,
Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas.'
Ovid. Warburton.

Ver. 191, 194.

'Sol erat a tergo: vidi præcedere longam
Ante pedes umbram: nisi si timor illa videbat.
Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens
Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris.'

Most of the circumstances in this tale are taken from Ovid. *Warton.*

Ver. 249, 50. 'Servare modum finemque tenere.
Naturamque sequi.' *Luc.*

Ver. 259. 'O qui me gelidis, etc.'
Virg. Warburton.

Ver. 421.

'Quo, Musa, tendis? desine pervicax
Referre sermones Deorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.'
Hor. Warburton.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day.

[This famous Ode, written by Pope in the year 1708 at Steele's desire, in praise of an art 'of the principles of which he was ignorant, while to its effects he was insensible,' has been naturally compared by successive generations of critics to Dryden's masterpiece on the same subject. A superiority which few will be disposed to deny has been generally claimed for *Alexander's Feast;* but it may be questioned whether in this class of poetry either the choice of historical instead of mythological illustrations, or the unity of the action represented, is to be regarded as an absolute merit. A more tenable objection to Pope's Ode is the circumstance that in his endeavour to vary expressively the versification, he has in Stanza IV. and in the second part of Stanza V. permitted himself the use of metres which mar the dignity of the poem.

This Ode was set to music as an exercise for his degree of *doct. mus.* by Maurice Greene, and performed at the Public Commencement at Cambridge, on July 6th, 1730. The text of the Ode as sung on this occasion contains in the first four stanzas many variations introduced by Pope; and the following stanza is inserted as the third of the Ode:

Amphion thus bade wild dissension cease,
And softened mortals learn'd the Arts of Peace—
Amphion taught contending Kings
From various discords to create
The Musick of a well tun'd State,
Nor slack nor strain the tender Strings;
Those useful touches to impart
That strike the Subject's answ'ring heart;
And the soft silent Harmony, that springs
From sacred union and consent of Things.]

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round[1],
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still[2],
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her[3],
Yet music and love were victorious.

[1] Few images in any poet, ancient or modern, are more striking than that in Apollonius, where he says, that when the Argo was sailing near the coast where the Centaur Chiron dwelt, he came down to the very margin of the sea, bringing his wife with the young Achilles in her arms, that he might shew the child to his father Peleus, who was on his voyage with the other Argonauts. Apollon. Rhod. v. 553. *Warton.*

[2] This line is taken from an ode of Cobb. *Warton.*

[3] [Warton justly observes that these numbers are of so burlesque, so low, and ridiculous a kind, and have so much the air of a vulgar drinking song, that one is amazed and concerned to find them in a serious ode.]

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows;
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear,
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

TWO CHORUS'S

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS[1].

[*Julius Cæsar*, after undergoing a previous process of emasculation, was converted by the Duke of Buckinghamshire into two five act tragedies, entitled respectively *Julius Cæsar* and *Marcus Brutus*, each being supplied with a Prologue and choruses between the acts. They were published in 1722. Pope's choruses occur after the Ist and the IInd Act of *Brutus* respectively. The best excuse for Buckinghamshire's attempt lies in what is really a fault in Shakspere's work—its duality of heroes; but the manner in which he executed this task speaks ill for the judgment of one who himself avers that the hope of mending Shakspere is 'such a jest would make a stoic smile.' The concluding lines of his *Cæsar* may be quoted as a specimen of his additions:

'Ambition, when unbounded, brings a curse,
But an assassinate deserves a worse.'

As to John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire see note to *Essay on Crit.* v. 724.]

[1] Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Chorus's were composed to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house. P.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS[1].

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught;
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd[2]!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will you bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore,
See Arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
'Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS[3].

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! hast thou possest
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire[4],
Which Nature has imprest?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.

[1] [In the play this chorus is composed 'of Athenian Philosophers,' and succeeds a scene at Athens between Brutus and Cassius, founded in part on Shaksp.=Act. IV. Sc. 3.]

[2] *Where heavenly visions Plato fired, And Epicurus lay inspired!*] The propriety of these lines arises from hence, that *Brutus*, one of the heroes of this play was of the old Academy; and *Cassius*, the other, was an Epicurean; but, this had not been enough to justify the poet's choice, had not Plato's system of *Divinity*, and Epicurus's system of *Morals*, been the most rational amongst the various sects of Greek philosophy. *Warburton.*

I cannot be persuaded that Pope thought of Brutus and Cassius as being followers of different sects of philosophy. *Warton.*

[In the play we read 'godlike Zeno,' instead of 'Epicurus.']

[3] [This chorus follows a scene in which Varius, a young Roman bred at Athens, has confessed to Brutus his hopeless passion for the sister of the latter, Junia, the wife of Cassius.]

[4] *Why, Virtue, etc.*] In allusion to that famous conceit of Guarini,

"Se il peccare è si dolce, etc."—*Warburton.*

What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire,
But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE[1].

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And Innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

[1] This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old. P. Though this Ode .... is said to be his earliest production, yet Dodsley, who was honoured with his intimacy, had seen several pieces of a still earlier date. *Roscoe.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

[WRITTEN 1712.]

THIS Ode was written, we find, at the desire of Steele; and our Poet, in a letter to him on that occasion, says,—'You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain; it came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you'll see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head, not only the verses of Hadrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho.' It is possible, however, that our Author might have had another composition in his head, besides those he here refers to: for there is a close and surprising resemblance between this Ode of Pope, and one of an obscure and forgotten rhymer of the age of Charles the Second, Thomas Flatman. *Warton.* [The following was Pope's first 'notion of the last words to Adrian,' sent to Steele for insertion in the *Spectator*:

Ah fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire
No more a pleasing, cheerful guest?
Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiscover'd shore?
Thou see'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!]

Prior also translated this little Ode, but with manifest inferiority to Pope. *Bowles.* [Mrs Piozzi, in a letter to Sir James Fellowes (Hayward's *Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of* Mrs Piozzi, II. 287) declares it odd that her correspondent should prefer *her* version of Hadrian's lines to those of better poets.]

ODE[1].

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

[1] This ode was written in imitation of the famous sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul; but as much superior in sense and sublimity to his original, as the Christian religion is to the Pagan. *Warburton.* [For Pope's very sensible criticism of the Emperor Hadrian's lines, see his letter to Steele dated November 7th 1712.]

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DCC.IX.

[CONSIDERED solely as a phenomenon in literary history, the *Essay on Criticism* is doubtless one of the most remarkable instances of precocious genius which the annals of English or of any other literature afford. Pope was in his twentieth year when he produced this work, one of the masterpieces of a class of poetry associated rather with the ripeness of experience than with the eager productivity of youth. The *Ars Poetica* of Horace with which it is naturally common to compare Pope's Essay, was, if not the last, at all events one of the last works of the Roman poet; and even the *Art Poëtique* of Boileau was at least composed in manhood, being published in the writer's 33rd year (1674). But in the case of Pope, nothing beyond imitative attempts (among which we are justified in including the *Pastorals*) and a few trifling original pieces, had preceded a production which was at once hailed by the most judicious and cool-headed of contemporary critics, by Addison (in the *Spectator*, No. 253), as a masterpiece of its kind, and worthy to rank as an equal with its few distinguished predecessors in the same department, predecessors whose reputation has long been obscured by the fame of their panegyrist and rival. Of this phenomenon the secondary causes are no doubt to be sought in the facts that from his earliest days the studies of Pope had by preference as well as circumstance been directed to the best classical models; that his chief delights when a mere boy had been Homer and Ovid; and that among the English poets whom he read Spenser and Dryden and Waller were at once the earliest and the most favoured. Thus a correct and discriminating taste was from the first formed in a youth whose mind, moreover, was not distracted by the influences of any particular calling or profession; and the singleness of purpose with which he devoted himself to the cultivation of an art which even as a boy he had already made the business of his life, enabled him to be a critic in that art at an age when few men are enabled to class themselves even as its professed votaries.

The *Essay on Criticism*, written in 1709, was first advertised for publication in 1711. In the concluding lines of the poem in which Pope sums up the claims of his predecessors to the 'critic's ivy,' we have if not a complete and satisfactory view of what before him had been actually done for poetic criticism, at all events a summary of what *in his opinion* had been accomplished, in other words, a survey of the authors and works to whom he thought it right to make his acknowledgments. He justly connects the revival of criticism with that second revival of learning which is known as the *Renaissance*, and which though originally fostered by Popes, soon intimately united itself with, and powerfully invigorated itself by, the movement of the Reformation. Vida is perhaps scarcely entitled to be selected as the representative at once of the critical and the literary Renaissance and to be coupled with Raphael. As the movement passed the Alps and spread from Italy into France and Germany and England, the fashion of so-called critical discourses accompanied it. English literature abounds in well-meant attempts, from Puttenham downwards through Sidney and Spenser and King James I, himself, to discuss the *rationale* as well as to exemplify the particular forms of the poetic art. Little valuable criticism was, however, to be expected in a strongly creative age. 'In the England of Shakspere,' as Mr Matthew Arnold has observed, 'the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating

and nourishing to the creative power; society was, in the fullest measure, permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and active; and this state of things is the true basis for the *creative* power's exercise; in this it finds its data, its materials, truly ready for its hand; all the books and reading in the world are only valuable as they are helps to this.' Bacon recognised the existence of this current when he wrote in the second Book of his *Advancement of Learning:* 'In this part of learning, which is poesy, I can report no deficiency. For being as a plant that cometh of the lust of the earth, without a formal seed, it hath sprung up and spread abroad more than any kind.' English literature ran its vigorous course through the reign of Elizabeth and the first part of that of James, accompanying and illustrating the national development. But then, as the great separation of the nation into two camps became more and more broadly marked, literature too ceased to be a common possession of the whole nation; and as the Court party after its final victory in the Restoration sold England to an anti-national policy and system of government, so literature swerved aside from its onward course to coquet with foreign developments and to neglect its own. The elevation to which Milton had carried English poetry was obscured by the clouds of prejudice and fashion; and instead of progressing from the point at which it had arrived it deviated into paths whence it was not to return for a century in order to resume its onward course. It is at such a period, when a nation has lost its true creative enthusiasm, that uncertain of itself it turns its eyes to foreign developments or supposed developments. The influence of French upon English literature in the 18th century is accounted for by our weakness rather than our neighbours' strength. It was not that French rules prevailed over English love for the 'liberties of wit;' but that in the absence of creative genius our writers naturally and necessarily resorted to imitation of models rather than adoption of rules. Boileau was as little as Pope an apostle of the pseudo-classicism of the co-called Augustan age of French literature; he as well as Pope knew that nothing will make a man a poet 'si son astre en naissant ne l'a formé poète;' and the classical simplicity which he preached was not in his opinion attained by the sham revival of stock subjects of ancient poetry, Hectors and Andromaches and Iliums, in which as he says the actors unfortunately drop the antique mask while the fiddle plays the chorus. In England, amidst the chaos of imitations of foreign models, among the reckless or helpless follies to which even a Dryden prostituted his muse in her many weaker hours, criticism would have been best employed in recalling what English poetry had already achieved and shewing to what extent even in the midst of its present deviations it still held to the pursuit of a legitimate onward movement. The Earl of Roscommon, in his *Essay on Translated Verse*, at all events did good service in dwelling upon the merits of Milton, an endeavour in which he was afterwards more elaborately seconded by Addison himself. No such merit however attaches to the efforts of Walsh and the Duke of Buckinghamshire; and the praise which Pope thinks fit to bestow upon them must be attributed in the one case to the influence of grateful friendship, and in the other to that of courtly obsequiousness. Such being Pope's modern predecessors in poetic criticism, it is easy to perceive that his chief obligations lie to the ancients whom he enumerates in this Essay, rather than to the moderns, to whom at the most he owes particular felicitous thoughts and expressions.

The *Essay on Criticism* is beyond a doubt constructed on a fixed plan, of which the main features are clearly enough marked by the author, while we are by no means obliged to accept its evolution as stated by Warburton in his lengthy Commentary. The latter effort is indeed rather a monument of piety than a marvel of ingenuity. Pope's Essay is not an Art of Poetry, but, what it professes to be, a connected discourse on Criticism, in which, however, it was neither intended nor

necessary to avoid the incidental introduction of precepts concerning the subject-matter as well as the manner of poetic criticism. It divides itself into three parts naturally and easily following one another: the foundation of true criticism; the causes preventing it; and the causes producing it and exemplified in its most eminent professors. But, as should always be the case in a readable essay whether in prose or verse, abruptness is avoided in the transitions, and the successive precepts are easily and happily linked together by examples which render this didactic work as entertaining as it is instructive. The errors of manner in composition, and particularly in versification, on which the Essay incidentally touches, are illustrated without effort in the verse itself; the open vowels, the monosyllables, the lagging Alexandrine, the regulation rhyme,—all these are not discussed at length, but each is instanced in passing with a single and effective touch.]

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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel[1],
And censure freely who have written well[2].
Authors are partial to their wit[3], 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind[4]:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd[5]:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools[6],
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.

[1] *Let such teach others*] 'Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit.' Cic. *ad Herenn.* lib. IV. 'De pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest.' *Pliny.* P.

[2] [Warton, who quotes Dryden's remark that none but a poet is qualified to judge of a poet, has an excellent illustrative note, too long for insertion, on the amount of truth contained in the observation. The relations between the creative and the critical power have perhaps rarely been more clearly pointed out than in Mr Matthew Arnold's *Essay on the Function of Criticism at the present Time.*]

[3] [The word 'wit' is said to be used in Pope's Essay on Criticism in seven different senses. Bain's *Eng. Comp. and Rhetoric*, p. 57. Here it seems tantamount to 'creative power' or 'genius.']

[4] *Most have the seeds*] 'Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta et prava dijudicant.' Cic. *de Orat.* lib. III. P.

[5] *So by false learning*] 'Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina.' *Quint.* P.

[6] *Some are bewilder'd*, &c.] This thought is taken from Lord Rochester, but more decently expressed:

'God never made a coxcomb worth a groat,
We owe that name to industry and arts.'

Warburton.

If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite[1],
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more;
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse[2],
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

1 [Verg. *Buc.* III. 90. Hor. *Epod.* X. 2.]

2 (Variation:)
There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those RULES of old discovered, not devis'd[1],
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n[2],
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muses handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries[3], taught the art
By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey[4],
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away[5].
You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;

Study of Nature

[1] *Those Rules of old*, &c.] Cicero has, best of any one I know, explained what that is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*.—'Nihil est quod ad artem redigi posset, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem instituere vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit.—Omnia fere, quæ sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt, ut in musicis, etc. Adhibita est igitur ars quædam extrinsecus ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum PHILOSOPHI assumunt, quæ rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutinaret, et ratione quadam constringeret.' *De Orat.* lib. I. c. 41, 2. *Warburton.*

[2] *Just precepts*] 'Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præciperentur; mox ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt.' *Quintil.* P.

[3] [This familiar abbreviation is sanctioned in poetry by early dramatic usage. The Poticary is one of the 'Four P's' of John Heywood's Interlude.]

[4] *Some on the leaves—Some drily plain.*] The first, the *apes* of those Italian critics, who at the restoration of letters having found the classic writers miserably mangled by the hands of monkish librarians, very commendably employed their pains and talents in restoring them to their native purity. The second, the *plagiaries* from the French, who had made some admirable commentaries on the ancient critics. *Warburton.*

[5] [A forward Critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *Peri Hupsous*;
And if we have not read *Longinus*,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with *Greek* he overrun ye,
Procure the Book for Love or Money
Translated from Boileau's Translation,
And quote *Quotation* on *Quotation*.
Swift *On Poetry*.]

His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize[1].
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind[2]
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line[3].
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles Poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach[4],
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend[5],
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licence answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

[1] *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

'Zoilus*, had these been known without a name,
Had died, and Perault† ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd,
And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind. P.

*[Zoilus, called *Homeromastix* from his petty criticisms of Homer.]

†[Perault, a Dominican writer of the 13th century.]

[2] *When first young Maro*, &c.] Virg. *Eclog.* VI.
'Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit.'

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry. P.

[3] [Dr Aikin, quoted by Warton, justly points out the inconsistency between this line and v. 272.]

[4] *Non ratione aliquâ, sed motu nescio an inerrabili judicatur. Neque hoc ab ullo satis explicari puto licet multi tentaverint.* Quintil. lib. VI. *Warton.*

[5] *If, where the rules*, &c.] Neque enim rogationibus plebisve scitis sancta sunt ista Præcepta, sed hoc, quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque: verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur.' *Quintil.* lib. II. cap. 13. P.

In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend[1],
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display[2]
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array.
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream[3].
Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage[4],
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)

[1] Dryden's *Aurungzebe:*
'Mean soul, and dar'st not gloriously offend!'
Stevens.

[2] *A prudent chief,* &c.] Οἷόν τι ποιοῦσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι στρατηλάται κατὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων. Dion. Hal. *De struct. orat. Warburton.*

[3] *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] 'Modeste, ac circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne quod (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere maluerim.' *Quint.* P.

[4] *Secure from* flames, *from* envy's *fiercer rage, Destructive* war, *and all-involving* age.] The poet here alludes to the four great causes of the ravage amongst ancient writings. The destruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libraries by *fire;* the fiercer rage of Zoilus and Mævius and their followers against wit; the irruption of the barbarians into the empire; and the long reign of ignorance and superstition in the cloisters. *Warburton.*

To teach vain Wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

OF all the Causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing voice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits[1] of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain[2],
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospects tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit[3]
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with Wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed——but we may sleep.

[1] *recruits*] [i.e. supplies.]

[2] *There shallow draughts*, &c.] The thought was taken from Lord Verulam, who applies it to more serious inquiries. *Warburton.* [See *Advancement of L.* bk. I. (*ad fin.*). See also Whately's annotation to Bacon's Essay *Of Studies;* 'But the poet's remedies for the dangers of a little learning are both of them impossible. None can "drink deep" enough to be, in truth, anything more than very superficial; and every human being, that is not a downright idiot, must *taste.*']

[3] *A perfect judge*, &c.] 'Diligenter legendum est, ac pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex integro resumendus.' *Quintil. Warburton.*

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder[1], and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spight of trivial faults, is due;
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight[2], they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis[3] of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so by Heav'n" (he answers in a rage),
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short Ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

[1] The Pantheon, I would suppose: perhaps St Peter's: no matter which; the observation is true of both. *Warburton.*

[2] The incident is taken from the Second Part of Don Quixote, first written by Don Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada, and afterwards translated, or rather imitated and new-modelled, by no less an author than the celebrated Le Sage. *Warton.*

[3] *Dennis*], see *Introductory Memoir.*

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art[1].
True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd[2];
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.
Others for *Language* all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for Dress:
Their praise is still,—the Style is excellent:
The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found,
False Eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence[3],
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play[4],
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;

[1] [This class of poets and style of poetry have probably never been so well illustrated and exposed, as, in the case of the English Fantastic school, by Dr Johnson in his life of Cowley.]

[2] [Warburton commends, while Johnson with much success impugns, this definition. The term *wit*, as observed above, is very loosely and variously applied in this poem.]

['Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.'
Buckingham's *Essay on Poetry*.]

[3] *Some by old words*, &c.] 'Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentiæ cujusdam est, et frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ.' *Quintil.* lib. 1. cap. 6. P.

'Opus est ut verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova.' *Idem.* P.

[4] *Unlucky as Fungoso*, &c.] See Ben Jonson's

And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song[1];
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire[2];
While expletives their feeble aid do join[3];
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where-e'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song[4]
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join[5].
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an Echo to the sense[6]:

Every Man in his Humour. P. [But the reference is really to *Every Man out of his Humour*, where Fungoso endeavours to translate himself into the likeness of Fastidious Brisk.]

[1] *But most by Numbers*, &c.]

'Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos
Effundat junctura ungues: scit tendere versum
Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.'
Pers. *Sat*, 1. P.

[2] *Though oft the ear*, &c.] 'Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt. Cic. *ad Heren.* lib. iv. *Vide etiam*, Quintil. lib. ix. c. 4. P.

[3] *While expletives their feeble aid do join,*
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.] From Dryden. "He *creeps* along with *ten* little *words* in every *line*, and helps out his numbers with [for] [to] and [unto] and all the pretty *expletives* he can find, while the sense is left half tired behind it." *Essay on Dramatic Poetry. Warburton.*

[The beauty of Waller's versification, as Dr Johnson has pointed out, is impaired by the very frequent use of the expletive *do*.]

[4] [It has been pointed out that Pope's *Messiah* is open to the objection of the introduction of Alexandrines, at the close of the poem and elsewhere. His later poems contain very few Alexandrines. Dr Johnson believes that 'Cowley was the first poet that mingled Alexandrines at pleasure with the common heroic of ten syllables; and from him Dryden borrowed the practice, whether ornamental or licentious.']

[5] [The master-pieces of these two poets are similarly linked in Buckingham's *Essay on Poetry*:

'But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,
No *Panegyrick*, nor a *Cooper's Hill*.']

[6] *The sound must seem an Echo to the sense,*]

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows[1],
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore[2],
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw[3],
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain[4],
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprize[5],
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!
The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now[6].

Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire[7], but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize.
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,

Lord Roscommon says,

The sound is still a comment *to the sense,*

They are both well expressed: only *this* supposes the sense to be assisted by the sound; *that*, the sound assisted by the sense. *Warburton.*

[1] *Soft is the strain*, &c.]
'Tum si læta canunt,' &c.
Vida *Poet.* lib. III. v. 403.

[2] *But when loud surges*, &c.]
'Tum longe sale saxa sonant,' &c. Vida *ib.* 838.

[3] *When Ajax strives*, &c.]
'Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno,' &c.
Vida *ib.* 417.

[4] *Not so, when swift Camilla*, &c.]
'At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo,' &c.
Vida *ib.* 420.

[Pope's lines are slightly altered from Dryden's version of the *Æneid*, VII. 808 ff.]

[5] *Hear how Timotheus*, &c.] See *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music;* an Ode by Mr Dryden. P. ['What Timotheus was' Pope had hardly ascertained from a study of his Fragments. Timotheus the dithyrambic poet of Miletus really died three years before the birth of Alexander, in 359.]

[6] [Pope was from his earliest youth a constant reader and ardent admirer of Dryden. He used to say, that Dryden had improved the art of versification beyond any of the preceding poets, and that he would have been perfect in it, had he not been so often obliged to write with precipitation. Pope was introduced to Dryden, but the latter died before any intimacy could take place between them. See Ruffhead's *Life of Pope*, 22, 3. Johnson, commenting on Voltaire's comparison between Dryden and Pope, said, that 'they both drive coaches and six; but Dryden's horses are either galloping or stumbling: Pope's go at a steady even trot.' Boswell *ad ann.* 1766.]

[7] [It need hardly be pointed out that the 'nil admirari' desiderated by Horace includes moral self-restraint as well as intellectual equanimity.]

Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the Town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with Quality.
A constant Critic at the great man's board.
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The Vulgar thus through Imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong;
So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once School-divines this zealous isle o'er-spread;
Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read[1];
Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain[2],

[1] *Sentences*] [i.e. passages from the Fathers. Peter Lombard who made a collection of these which was to settle all disputed doctrines, hence received the name of 'the Master of the Sentences.']

[2] ['The greatest of the schoolmen were the Dominican Thomas Aquinas, and the Franciscan Duns Scotus. They were founders of rival sects which wrangled with each other for two or three centuries. But the authority of their writings, which were incredibly voluminous, impeded in some measure the growth of new men.' *Hallam*, whose account of the schoolmen (so severely judged by Bacon in the Novum Organon) will be found in the first chapter of his *Introd. to the Liter. of Eur.*

Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane[1].
If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?
Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus[2];
But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores[3] and new Milbourns[4] must arise:
Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true;
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own,
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way.
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays, till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

John Duns Scotus taught at Oxford and Paris, and died at Cologne in 1308; Thomas Aquinas was born at Rocca Sicca 1227, died 1274, and was canonized 1323.]

[1] *Duck-lane*]. A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield. P.

[2] The parson alluded to was Jeremy Collier [the author of *A Short View* &c. *of the English Stage*]; the critic [and beau] was the Duke of Buckingham [the author of the *Rehearsal*]. *Warton.*

[3] [Sir Richard Blackmore (born about 1652, died 1729) the author of a philosophical poem called *The Creation*, attacked the dramatic authors generally in the preface to his poem of *Prince Arthur*, and Dryden individually in *A Satire on Wit*. He is the Quack Maurus of Dryden's Prologue to *The Secular Masque;* and is referred to by Swift as one of the few who 'have reach'd the *low sublime*.' But he 'beat his painful way' in spite of critics great and small; and lived to be saluted by Dennis as the author of a poem equal to that of Lucretius in poetical beauty and superior to it in argumentative strength.]

[4] *Milbourn*]. The Rev. Mr Luke Milbourn. See Pope's note to *Dunciad*, bk. I. ver. 349.

So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright Idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not Learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost.
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile Obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But Dulness with Obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as Impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure wealth and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:

When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit[1]:
The Fair sate panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a Mask went unimprov'd away[2]:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a Foreign reign[3]
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
[4]Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation[5],
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a Critic on the last.
'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falshoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

[1] [The principal 'wits to be found 'mongst noblemen' and men of fashion in the reign of Charles II. were, besides the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Rochester, the earl of Roscommon, the earl of Dorset, the marquis of Halifax, Lord Godolphin and Sir Charles Sedley. Though Dryden was laureate under Charles II., he was long left in indigence by the king, and, in laying his case before the government, bitterly exclaimed 'Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr Cowley, and starved Mr Butler.' See R. Bell's *Life of John Dryden* in *Poetical Works*, I. 53, ff.]

[2] Alluding to the custom in that age of ladies going in masks to the play. *Bowles.*

[3] [Of William III., Tutchin's 'Foreigner.'] Pope, *for obvious reasons*, seems to forget there was such a King as James II. *Bowles.*

[4] The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *national reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever. P.

[5] [viz. the 'Latitudinarian' divines of the Low Church party, of whom bishop Burnet was the most prominent.]

Without Good Breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye[1],
Like some fierce Tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are Poets when they please,
As without learning they can take Degrees[2].
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,
And flattery to fulsome Dedicators[3],
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence.
Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad abandon'd Critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.

[1] *And stares, tremendous,* &c.] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: for, as to the mention made of him in v. 270, he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this *abuse* of his *person*. P. [Dennis is alluded to by the name of Appius in consequence of his tragedy of *Appius and Virginia* which was damned in 1709. The thunder employed in it being both good and expensive was to the author's indignation 'stolen' for the representation of *Macbeth*. See Dibdin's *History of the Stage*, IV. 357. He is the 'Sir Tremendous' of Pope and Gay's farce, *Three Hours after Marriage*.]

[2] *As without learning they can take Degrees.*] [Referring to a barbarous privilege of which the relics still remain at our ancient Universities.]

[3] [See on this subject Bacon's maxims (contradicted by his practice) in the first book of the *Advancement of L.*]

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales[1].
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary[2].
Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard[3]:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead:
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread[4].
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere,
Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind:
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were Critics; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,

[1] [Durfey or D'Urfey; a writer in whom the art of versification probably reached its nadir; one of those poets who in Pope's times usually attached themselves to the chariot-wheels of some noble patron, and in our own are occasionally provided for out of the Royal Bounty Fund. Durfey's Mæcenas was that Wharton to whom according to Pope the attachment of women and fools was a condition of existence. Besides a sequel in 5 acts to the *Rehearsal* and some 'original' dramas, elegies and panegyrical pieces, D. wrote the *Tales* on which his literary infamy chiefly rests. These versified stories, partly 'comick' and partly 'moral,' abound in every description of offence against the laws of taste, grammar, and rhyme, but are otherwise comparatively harmless.]

[2] *Garth did not write*, &c.] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten. P.

[So Johnson was publicly reported to be the author of a considerable part of Goldsmith's *Traveller*, of which he wrote exactly nine lines, and Goethe of a considerable part of Schiller's *Camp of Wallenstein*, of which he wrote two lines. But the crowning discovery of this class, that Shakspere did not write his own plays, has been reserved for the present generation.]

[3] [Before the Fire of London, St Paul's Churchyard was the headquarters of the booksellers, who have never wholly deserted it.]

[4] [Compare the noble passage in the *Dunciad* III. 213 ff. Johnson's famous line about the female atheist seems to have been suggested by the lines in the *Essay*.]

As to Garth v. *ante*, note to p. 17.

Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit[1],
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with fle'me:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine[2],
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please[3],
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find[4]
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus[5]! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome[6].
With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.
At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name[7],
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

[1] [In his *Natural History* and in his *Poetics* respectively.]

[2] *See Dionysius*] Of Halicarnassus. P. [B. C. 30 *circ.*, author of treatise *de compositione verborum* and *Ars Rhetorica*.]

[3] [T. Petronius Arbiter, the reputed author of the *Satiricon*, lived in the time of Nero, at whose court he was revered as *elegantiæ arbiter*.]

[4] [M. Fabius Quintilianus, author of the *Institutiones Oratoriæ*, born 42 A. D.]

[5] [Cassius Longinus, author of the *Treatise on the Sublime*, born 210, put to death 273 A. D.]

[6] *Rome.*] [Shakspere used both pronunciations of this word.]

[7] [Born at Rotterdam 1467; died at Basle 1536.]

But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days[1],
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung[2];
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung[3].
Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame[4]!
But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd[5],
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways[6].
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell[7],
"Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."

[1] [The papacy of Leo X. lasted from 1513 to 1521. The rebuilding of St Peter's was commenced under his predecessor Julius II.; for whom also some of Raphael's greatest works were executed.]

[2] 'I have the best authority, that of the learned, accurate, and ingenious Dr Burney, for observing that, in the age of Leo X., music did not keep pace with poetry in advancing towards perfection. Costantio Festa was the best Italian composer during the time of Leo, and Pietro Aaron the best theorist. Palestrina was not born till eight years after the death of Leo.'
Warton.

[3] [Vida is as a critical writer chiefly known by his *Art of Poetry*, subsequently, and probably in consequence of Pope's encomium, translated into English by Christopher Pitt. This *Art of Poetry*, written about 1520, is chiefly directed to a consideration of the rules of Epic Poetry; and was the first of many similar discourses by Italian poets, Torquato Tasso among the number.]

[4] *As next in place to Mantua,*] Alluding to 'Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.'
Virg.
This application is made in Kennet's edition of Vida. *Warton.*

[5] [Referring to the sack of Rome by the duke of Bourbon in 1527.]

[6] [Boileau's (1636—1711) *Art Poétique*, in four cantos, like Pope's essay itself, heralds no new literary era; it is rather a summary by an independent critic of precepts which apply to poetic literature in general, though they are frequently pointed by special and even personal application. Nicolas Despréaux Boileau was born in 1636 and lived till 1711. Besides the *A. P.* his *Epistles* and *Lutrin* are his most noteworthy productions; as a satirist he is of the school of Horace rather than of Juvenal; as a critic he is distinguished by incisiveness rather than breadth. His *Odes* have no exceptional merit.]

[7] *Such was the Muse*]—*Essay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham. Our poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *Essay*, and its noble author. Mr Dryden had done it very largely in the dedication to his translation of the Æneid; and Dr Garth in the first edition of his *Dispensary* says,

'The Tiber now no courtly Gallus sees,
But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys.'

Though afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church-of-England party, yet an enemy to the extravagant measures of the court in the reign of Charles II. On which account after having strongly patronized Mr Dryden, a cool-

Such was Roscommon[1], not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walsh[2]—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame,
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend[3].

ness succeeded between them on that poet's absolute attachment to the court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr Dryden before,

'the Muse's friend,
Himself a Muse. In Sanadrin's debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state.'

Abs. and Achit.

Our Author was more happy, he was honour'd very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem. P.

[1] An Essay on Translated Verse, seems, at first sight, to be a barren subject; yet Roscommon has decorated it with many precepts of utility and taste, and enlivened it with a tale in imitation of Boileau. It is indisputably better written, in a closer and more vigorous style, than the last-mentioned essay. Roscommon was more learned than Buckingham. He was bred under Bochart, at Caen in Normandy. He had laid a design of forming a society for the refining and fixing the standard of our language; in which project his intimate friend Dryden was a principal assistant. *Warton.*

[Wentworth Dillon earl of Roscommon, nephew of the great earl of Strafford, was born about 1632 and died in 1684. His muse was chaste at a dissolute court; but in his habits of life he participated in one at least of the vices of the age. As to his design of founding an English Academy, it was revived by De Foe and probably plagiarised from the latter by Swift, and also found favour with Prior and Tickell. It has been again advanced, upon a broader basis, by a brilliant critic of our own days. See Matthew Arnold's essay on *The Literary Influence of Academies.*]

[John Sheffield earl of Mulgrave and marquis of Normanby by creation of William and Mary, and duke of Buckinghamshire by creation of Queen Anne, was born in 1649 and died in 1722. His *Essay on Poetry*, to which Pope has given an undeserved immortality, is a short and tolerably meagre performance, in which a variety of disjointed rules are applied to the principal species of poetic composition. It contains however some vigorous lines and some sensible observations of individual criticism. Compare note to p. 51.]

[2] If Pope has here given too magnificent an eulogy to Walsh, it must be attributed to friendship, rather than to judgment. Walsh was, in general, a flimsy and frigid writer. The *Rambler* calls his works pages of inanity. His three letters to Pope, however, are well written..... Pope owed much to Walsh; it was he who gave him a very important piece of advice, in his early youth; for he used to tell our author, that there was one way still left open for him by which he might excel any of his predecessors, which was, by correctness; that though, indeed, we had several great poets, we as yet could boast of none that were perfectly correct; and that therefore he advised him to make this quality his particular study. *Warton.*

[As to Walsh's suggestion with reference to the Fourth Pastoral, see Pope's note to p. 11. William Walsh was born in 1663 and died about 1709; his poems and imitations shew him to have been an elegant and pleasing writer, who, however, in Dr Johnson's words, 'is known more by his familiarity with greater men, than by anything done or written by himself.']

[3] These concluding lines bear a great resemblance to Boileau's conclusion of his *Art of Poetry*, but are perhaps superior:

'Censeur un peu facheux, mais souvent nécessaire,
Plus enclin à blâmer, que savant à bien faire.'

Warton.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

[1] Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART. [*Epigr.* XII. 84.]

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR[2].

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in

[1] It appears, by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellanies) originally proposed the subject to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble Families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch, (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Canto's only, and it was so printed; first, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received so well that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Canto's. P.

This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his *skill* and *art* as a Poet. *Warburton.*

[2] [Warton quotes a poem addressed to the same lady by Parnell, on her leaving London, commencing: 'From town fair Arabella flies.' Miss Arabella Fermor's niece, Prioress of the English Austin Nuns at the Fossée at Paris, told Mrs Piozzi 'that she believed there was but little comfort to be found in a house that harboured *poets;* for that she remembered Mr Pope's praise made her aunt very troublesome and conceited, while his numberless caprices would have employed ten servants to wait on him.' *Life and Writings of Mrs Piozzi*, I. 329. Miss Arabella Fermor was, in 1714, married to Francis Perkins, Esq. of Ufton Court, Berks. Though her own and her father's family are both extinct, her portrait is still preserved at his earlier seat, Tusmore. See Carruthers, *Life of Pope*, 107.]

mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best-condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence). The Human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now manag'd, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the world half so Uncensur'd as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, MADAM,

Your most obedient, Humble Servant,
A. POPE.

[The original idea of this delightful poem—*merum sal*, as Addison called it—was confessedly due to Pope's friend Caryll; and the characters which carry on its action all belong to the circle of Catholic families in which Pope at the time moved. The heroine and her assailant are identified by him in his note; Thalestris was Mrs Morley, and Sir Plume her brother Sir George Brown, who not unnaturally resented the use to which his individuality was put in the poem. In its original form it was published in 1712, in its present complete form, containing the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs[1], in 1714. The *Key to the Lock*, put forth in the following year by 'Esdras Barnevelt Apoth.', which gravely explained the whole poem as a covert satire upon Queen Anne and the Barrier Treaty, was only one of those exegetical mystifications to which Pope was in the habit of treating his public —apparently at his own expense, in reality in order to attract an adventitious interest to his own productions.

The *Rape of the Lock* is correctly termed by its author a heroicomical poem, and belongs distinctly to that class of composition which we call *burlesque*. In other words, it applies a peculiar kind of treatment to a subject palpably and therefore ludicrously undeserving of it. It differs from poems which are mere parodies on other poems, inasmuch as it burlesques or mocks an entire *class* of poetry; and herein lies its superiority to a mere travesty, such as the *Batrachomyomachia*. As its true predecessors Warton notes the *Rape of the Bucket* (1612) by Alessandro Tassoni, and two other similar Italian works. With Boileau's *Lutrin* (translated into English by Rowe in 1708) the *Rape of the Lock* has in common both nature of subject and method of treatment—a trivial quarrel humorously dignified with epical importance. But while the French poem almost rises to the level of a national satire, the English is rather, to adopt Roscoe's expression, a social 'pleasantry.' The surly cavil of Dennis, that Pope's poem wants a moral and is on that account inferior to the *Lutrin*, scarcely required to be refuted with mock gravity by Dr Johnson, who declares that 'the freaks, and humours, and spleen, and vanity of women, as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more to obstruct the happiness of life in a year than the ambition of the clergy in many centuries.'

Strange to say, the opposite objection has recently been made to a work of which the execution has in general been allowed to possess in a rare degree the double charm which pervades the irony of polite conversation. Mr Taine would

[1] [Mr Kingsley, in his essay on *Alexander Smith and Alexander Pope*, has pointed out how Pope, in employing the Sylphs as poetic machinery, viewed them, after the precedent of Spenser and Ariosto, solely in their fancied connexion with man; while the relation of such mythological beings to nature (an aspect under which they were equally regarded by the Greeks) was only restored to them in literature by the moderns, Schiller and Goethe and Keats.]

insist that even the *Rape of the Lock* is in its entire scheme nothing more than a practical joke in the fashionable style, and persuade his readers that, like all his English contemporaries, Pope, in representing the life of the world, retained and revealed the contempt which he had for it in his heart. Pope, even here, is according to this consistent critic in reality far from polite, and sins against the good manners of which he affects the varnish. This criticism is perhaps the most striking instance in Mr Taine's admirable work of his tendency towards straining a special instance in order to make it fit into a general view. It is quite true that the spirit of the age to which Pope belonged was devoid of true delicacy in the appreciation of the nobler relations between the sexes; quite true that Pope individually showed in many of his poems a want of that genuine tenderness which may display itself in satire as well as in erotic verse. But the *Rape of the Lock* being intended as a piece of raillery, can only be condemned if in it raillery passes the bounds of what is pleasing; and though doubtless much might have been put into the poem which is not there, yet what there is in it (if due allowance be made for certain approaches to a coarseness by no means confined to the contemporary literature of any one particular country), is both light and charming; and if a moral be conveyed, it is (except in a single passage towards the beginning of the last Canto) implied with well-bred ease and good humour, and not sourly obtruded upon an unprepared audience.

The *Rape of the Lock* enjoyed the honour of translation by a distinguished French writer. Marmontel's *Boucle de Cheveux enlevée* is upon the whole a spirited and successful effort, not more inaccurate than is usually the case with French translations, and felicitous in some of the more salient passages, as *e.g.* the description of the game at Ombre. But the antithetical brilliancy of Pope's lines, nowhere more observable than in this poem, is all but lost in the easy flow of the French version, which is of course in Alexandrines. If dramatic pieces be left out of the question, the *Rape of the Lock* is probably one of the longest occasional poems in any literature; and yet French literature itself may be challenged to match the sparkling vivacity of its execution no less than the airy grace of its plot and underplot.]

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL[1], Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?

[1] [John Caryll, a gentleman of an ancient Catholic family in Sussex, and till his death in 1736 a most intimate friend of Pope's. See *Introductory Memoir.*]

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head;
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.
Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky:
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in Air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old[1],
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive[2].
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their Souls retire:

[1] *As now your own, etc.*] He here forsakes the Rosicrucian system; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for poetry; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic Theology of the continuance of the passions in *another state*, when the mind, before its leaving *this*, has not been purged and purified by philosophy; which furnishes an occasion for much useful satire. *Warburton.*

[2] [Chatto, in his *History of Playing-Cards*, disproves the statement of Barrington, that Ombre was probably introduced by Catherine of Portugal, the queen of Charles II. (since Waller has a poem 'On a card torn at Ombre by the Queen,')

The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.
Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below[1].
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face[2],
For life predestin'd to the Gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.
Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

by reference to a political pamphlet entitled *The Royal game of Ombre*, published at London in 1660, two years before the Queen's arrival in England. In the reign of Queen Anne, according to Chatto, Ombre was the favourite game of the ladies, as Piquet of the gentlemen. The name of the former game is of course derived from the Spanish word for *a man;* and 'there is reason to believe that it was one of the oldest games at cards played in Europe.']

[1] *Tho' honour is the word with men below.*] Parody of Homer. *Warburton.*

[2] *too conscious of their face,*] i. e. too sensible of their beauty. *Warburton.*

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror[1] of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!
He said; when Shock[2], who thought she slept too long.
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs[3].
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess[4], at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care[5],
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

[1] *In the clear mirror*] The language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of spirits, etc. P.

[2] [Shock=shough (*Macbeth*) i. e. shaggy.]

[3] [Cosmetics formed a separate branch of ancient medicine; and works on the subject were dedicated to Cleopatra and to Plotina the consort of Trajan by their body-physicians. Of Ovid's *Medicamina Faciei* only the first hundred lines remain. See note to chap. I. of Böttiger's *Sabina*, where the description of the Roman beauty's toilet should be compared with Pope's slighter and graceful touches.]

[4] *Th' inferior Priestess,*] There is a small inaccuracy in these lines. He first makes his heroine the chief priestess, and then the goddess herself. *Warburton.*

[5] *The busy Sylphs, etc.*] Ancient traditions of

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget 'em all.
This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.

the Rabbis relate, that several of the fallen angels became amorous of women, and particularize some; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the women's toilets. Bereshi Rabbi in Genes. vi. 2.

P.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear[1], and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear[2]!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the British Throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;

[1] Virg. *Æn.* XI. vv. 794—5. P.
[2] [The invocation as in Satan's address to the 'Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,' in *Paradise Lost.*]

To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair,
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat[1]:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

[1] It is impossible here not to recollect that portant part of female dress. *Warton.* of Addison, in the 127th *Spectator*, on this immatchless piece of raillery and exquisite humour,

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*
Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine[1];
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore[2],
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

[1] From Congreve. *Warton.*

[2] From the terms used in the game of Ombre—Spadillo, Basto, Matador, Punto, &c.—there can scarcely be a doubt that the other nations of Western Europe derived their knowledge of it from the Spaniards. *Chatto.*

Now move to war her sable Matadores[1],
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio[2] first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio[3] forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto[4] follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew[5]
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu[6],
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarch's, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;

[1] *Now move to war, etc.*] The whole idea of this description of a game at Ombre, is taken from Vida's description of a game at chess, in his poem intit. *Scacchia Ludus. Warburton.*

[2] [*Spadillio:* the ace of spades, the first trump at Ombre.]

[3] [*Manillio:* the deuce of trumps when trumps are black, the seven when they are red. The second trump at Ombre.]

[4] [*Basto:* the ace of clubs, third trump at Ombre. These three principal trumps are called *Matadores.*]

[5] At certain games the Knave of Clubs is called *Pam. Chatto.*

[6] [*Lu*, the game of Loo, in which *Pam* is the highest card.]

She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille[1].
And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He springs to Vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)[2]
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate[3]!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.

[1] [*Codille*, a term in Ombre and Quadrille. When those who defend the pool make more tricks than those who defend the game, they are said to 'win the codille.']

[2] [Pope, like Voltaire, was inordinately addicted to the drinking of coffee.]

[3] *and think of Scylla's fate!*] Vide Ovid. *Metam.* VIII. P.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again[1])
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read[2],
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel,
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

[1] *But airy substance*] See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan cut asunder by the Angel Michael. P.

[2] *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman: full of Court, and Party-scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better Vulgar. *Warburton.* [By Mrs. Manley, a lady of doubtful reputation, for whose play of *Lucius* Prior wrote a most impudent Epilogue. As a political journalist she cooperated with Swift and his Tory friends; and both Swift and Smollett were as novelists under real obligations to her *New Atalantis*. She died in 1724.]

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head[1].

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.

[1] [Megrim (migraine) from ἡμικρανία.]

Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pie talks[1];
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand[2].
Then thus address'd the pow'r: "Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame[3],
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" reply'd)

[1] Alludes to a real fact, a lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition. P.

[2] [Spleenwort (*asplenion*), miltwaste. *Johnson.*]

[3] [As to this fashionable indulgence cf. *Moral Ess. Ep.* II. v. 64.]

"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs[1],
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
"Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
"It grieves me much" (reply'd the Peer again)
"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.

[1] *Sir Plume repairs,*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing seriously. He was angry, that the Poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense; and, in truth, one could not well blame him.
Warburton.

['If you wanted to have him act so,' Kestner wrote to Goethe concerning his own portraiture as Albert in *Werther*, 'need you have made him such a blockhead?']

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.
"For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
Oh had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain[1].
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.
"Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaux,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows;

[1] [Virg. *Æn.* IV. v. 330.]

How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace:
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass, and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage[1],
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.

[1] *So when bold Homer*] Homer, *Il.* xx. P.

Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
"Boast not my fall" (he cry'd) "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Restore the Lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there[1].

[1] *Since all things lost*] Vid. Ariosto. Canto xxxiv. P.

There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.
This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey[1],
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies[2],
When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die:
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

[1] [The evening was the time for walking in the Mall, on the north side of St James' Park.]

[2] *This Partridge soon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never fail'd to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English. P. [Partridge was the butt of the entire côterie of Swift's friends, since the publication of Swift's immortal prediction of the prophet's own death, put forth under the name of Bickerstaff in 1707.]

IMITATIONS.

Canto I.

Ver. 54, 55. 'Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.'
Virg. *Æn.* vi. P. [vv. 653—5.]

Ver. 101.
'Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Ense minax ensis, pede pes et cuspide cuspis,'
etc. *Stat. Warburton.*

Canto II.

Ver. 28. *With a single hair.*] In allusion to those lines of *Hudibras*, applied to the same purpose,

'And tho' it be a two-foot Trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.'
Warburton.

Ver. 45. *The pow'rs gave ear.*] Virg. *Æn* xi. P. [vv. 794—5.]

Ver. 119.
—'clypei dominus *septemplicis* Ajax.' *Ovid. Warburton* [*Metam.* lib. xiii. v. 2.]

Ver. 121. *About the silver bound.*] In allusion to the shield of Achilles,
'Thus the broad shield complete the Artist crown'd,
With his last band, and pour'd the Ocean round:
In living *Silver* seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the Buckler's *verge, and bound the whole.*' *Warburton.* [*Iliad* bk. xviii.]

Canto III.

Ver. 101.
'Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit.' *Virg. Warburton.* [*Æn.* x. 501—5.]

Ver. 163, 170.
'Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.' *Virg. Warburton* [*Ecl.* v. 76, 8.]

Ver. 177.
'Ille quoque aversus mons est, etc.
Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?'
Catull. de com. Berenices.

Canto IV.

Ver. 1. Virg. *Æn.* iv. [v. 1.]
'At regina gravi,' etc. P.

Ver. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks;*] See Hom. *Iliad* xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods. *Warburton.*

Ver. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, *Il.* i. P.

Canto V.

Ver. 35. *So spoke the Dame.*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech,
'So spoke—and all the Heroes applauded.' P.

Ver. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in *Odyss.* perches on a beam of the roof to behold it. P.

Ver. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing.*] The words of a Song in the Opera of *Camilla.* P.

Ver. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]
'Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.'
Ov. *Ep.* P. [*Heroid.* Ep. vii. v. 2.]

Ver. 72. Vid. Homer *Il.* viii. and Virg. *Æn.* xii. P.

Ver. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] These two lines added for the above reason. P.

Ver. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck,*] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, *Il.* ii. P.

Ver. 128.
'Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
Stella micat.' *Ovid.* P. [*Metam.* lib. xv. vv. 849—50.]

VARIATIONS.

Canto II.

Ver. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom.*] From hence the poem continues, in the first edition, to v. 46,
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air;
all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional. P.

Canto III.

Ver. 24. *And the long labours of the Toilet cease.*] All that follows of the same at *Ombre*, was added since the first Edition, till v. 105, which connected thus: Sudden the board, &c. P.

Ver. 135—147, 150—3. Added afterwards, P. [And so to the end, wherever the Sylphs are introduced or referred to.]

Canto V.

Ver 7. *Then grave Clarissa, etc.*] A new Character introduced in the subsequent Editions, to open more clearly the Moral of the Poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer. P. [*Iliad.* bk. xii.]

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY[1].

[This Elegy was first published in 1717, but doubtless written earlier. After endless enquiries and conjectures as to the 'Unfortunate Lady' had failed in fixing her identity, it was pointed out that in certain letters of Pope, described by him in the table of contents as relating to an 'Unfortunate Lady,' we are introduced to a Mrs W. who had endured a series of hardships and misfortunes. This Mrs W. has been proved to have been a Mrs Weston (by birth a Miss Gage, the sister of the first Viscount Gage and of the 'modest Gage' of *Moral Essays*, Ep. III. v. 128), who was soon after her marriage separated from her husband. Her case was warmly taken up by Pope, by whose aid the quarrel was adjusted, though with small thanks to him for interposing. 'Buckingham's lines,' says Carruthers, who discusses the question at length in his *Life of Pope*, Ch. II., 'suggested the outline of the picture, Mrs Weston's misfortunes and the poet's admiration of her gave it life and warmth, *and imagination did the rest.*' But even if the situation upon which the poem is based were real instead of fictitious, Dr Johnson's accusation against it as attempting a defence of suicide would remain unwarranted. In execution this elegy ranks with Pope's most consummate efforts, in pathetic power it stands almost alone among his works.]

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,—
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:

[1] See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery compared with Mr Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p. 206. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem. P. If this note was written by Pope (of which we have strong doubts), it must have been written purely for mystification and deception. The Duke's verses were first published in Tonson's *Miscellany* for 1709, when he was in his sixtieth year and married to his third wife! They were, most likely, a much earlier production, and this renders it in the highest degree improbable that the same lady should have also been commemorated by Pope, who was thirty-seven years younger than his friend. *Carruthers.*

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die[1])
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face[2]?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;

[1] [Compare Byron's *Childe Harold*, canto iv. stanza cii.]

[2] [It has been fairly asked whether the poet is not in these lines guilty of an anticlimax.]

While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung.
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou be lov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO

MR ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

[Addison's *Cato* which the author had kept by him in an unfinished state for seven years was produced at Drury Lane on April 14th, 1713; eleven days after the news had reached London of the definitive conclusion of the Peace of Utrecht. The Whigs attempted to identify Cato with the faithful remnant of their own party which still upheld the glories and liberties of the past; while the Tories sagaciously refused to recognise the analogy, and vied with the Whigs in applauding the play, Bolingbroke presenting Booth, who performed Cato, with fifty guineas 'in acknowledgment for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator.' Addison disclaimed all political design, and waived the profits of the performances of the tragedy which continued for a month in London, and then recommenced at Oxford. See Cibber's account in the *Apology*. The epilogue was written by Garth, who dwelt chiefly on those amatory episodes in the play, which Schlegel has so successfully ridiculed. As to the relations between Pope and Addison see *Introductory Memoir*.]

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;

In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys[1],
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling, with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd[2],
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such Plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear[3].

[1] *But what with pleasure*] This alludes to a famous passage of Seneca, which Mr. Addison afterwards used as a motto to his play, when it was printed. *Warburton.* [It is taken from Sen. *de Divin. Prov.* and runs as follows: 'Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem, jam paribus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.']

[2] *Britons, attend*] Mr. Pope had written it *arise*, in the spirit of Poetry and Liberty; but Mr. Addison frighten'd at so *daring an expression*, which, he thought, squinted at rebellion, would have it alter'd, in the spirit of Prose and Politics, to *attend*. *Warburton.*

[3] *As Cato's self, etc.*] This alludes to the famous story of his going into the Theatre, and immediately coming out again, related by Martial. *Warburton.* [Martial. *Lib.* I. *Epigr.* I.]

EPILOGUE

TO

MR ROWE'S[1] JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs Oldfield.

[ROWE'S play of *Jane Shore*, which is only partly founded on history, was first acted Feb. 2, 1714, at Drury Lane. The character of Gloucester in this play is taken straight out of Shakspere. Great expectations were formed of the tragedy; and it was acted for nineteen nights. See (Geneste's) *Account of the English Stage*, II. 524. The famous Mrs Oldfield supported the part of the heroine, but Pope's Epilogue was never spoken.]

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own Sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within:
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Husband that will make amends,
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.

[1] [Nicholas Rowe born in 1673, died in 1718. He was a friend of Addison's; and did good service to the cause of dramatic literature by his edition of Shakspere, accompanied by a biography. In his own plays he adopted blank verse in lieu of the heroic couplet established by Dryden; but has nothing else to approach him to the Elisabethan tragedians. He is perhaps happiest in the delineation of female passion and weakness; but his *Fair Penitent* is a mere adaptation from Massinger.]

In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Plu-Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,
But pray, which of you all would take her back!
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye
But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest Matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of *Exercises*, while he was improving himself in the Languages, and carried by his early Bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verse than Prose. Mr *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having also got into Miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume. P. [It should be observed that, according to Warburton's statement, it was never Pope's intention to include his Juvenile Translations in the edition of his works which he was preparing at the close of his life.]

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

[OVID. *Heroid.* XV.]

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds[1].
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,
Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame,
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise,
Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;

[1] [The sense of the Latin is here inappropriately altered, to introduce Congreve's turn of phrase, but the opposite of his sentiment.]

To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear;
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
'Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame?
But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind,
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!

Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the Sisters[1] fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or while my Muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears;
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to vou)
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said,
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound,
I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears;
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.

[1] [The Parcæ.]

Stung with my Love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give, and take:
Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
Yet while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove,
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return;
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below:
A flow'ry Lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood:
She stood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main;
"There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
"Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;

"There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
"Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
"Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
"In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd;
"But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
"Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
"Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
"Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a Lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this Inscription shall be plac'd below.
"Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
"Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her Lyre;
"What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
"The Gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a God to me.
Ah! cans't thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
O far more faithless and more hard than they?
Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom prest?
This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre,
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires!
Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move

One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!
Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
If you return—ah why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
I you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either cease to live or cease to love!

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

[THE deathless story of Abelard and Eloisa is fully given in Papirii Massoni *Annales*, quoted in Rawlinson's edition of their letters. 'Petrus cognomine Abailardus,' after attaining the highest eminence as a teacher of scholasticism in the University of Paris in the second decad of the twelfth century (through the influence of St Bernard his doctrine of the Trinity was condemned at the Council of Sens in 1140), retired to the Monastery of the Paraclete, of which he was the founder, and died in 1142. Eloisa, first abbess of the Paraclete, died in 1163. Abelard's French love-songs to Eloisa are lost, but their letters have been frequently published. The edition used by Pope was probably that of Rawlinson, completed in the year (1717) in which Pope's Epistle first appeared in Lintot's one-volume collection of his works.—Mr Hallam charges Pope with injustice to Eloisa in substituting for the real motive of her refusal to marry him (unwillingness to interfere with the prospects of his career) 'an abstract predilection for the name of mistress above that of wife.' A poet however has undoubtedly the right to make such a change. The ordinary objection, that the effect of the whole poem is immoral, is obviously inapplicable to a distinctly dramatic piece. Most readers of this poem will be inclined to consider that its language is appropriate to passion, but not the language of passion itself. From this point of view should be contrasted with it, not Ovid's *Heroides*, of which it is a most felicitous imitation, but such an epistle as that of Julia in the first canto of Byron's *Don Juan*. Yet on forwarding the volume containing *Eloisa to Abelard* to Lady M. W. Montagu at Constantinople, Pope hinted to her that the concluding lines of the poem admitted of a most personal interpretation. This venturesome self-impeachment was very coolly received by his correspondent; nor is the passage in question likely to strike posterity as more dangerously passionate than it seemed to her to be.]

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguished Persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her Tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which gives so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. P.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
O write it not my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone[1].
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!

[1] 'Forget thyself to marble,' Milton, *Il Penseroso*. The expression (v. 20) 'caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn,' and the epithets 'pale-ey'd,' 'twilight,' 'low-thoughted care,' and others, are first used in the smaller poems of Milton, which Pope seems to have been just reading. *Warton.*

There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made[1]?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies[2].
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:

1 'And own no laws but those which love ordains.' Dryden, *Cinyras and Myrrha.* P.

2 'Love will not be confin'd by Maisterie: When Maisterie comes, the Lord of Love anon Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone.' *Chaucer.* P. [*The Frankeleines Tale.*]

Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving void left aking in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard, had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe[1];
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye[2],
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls[3]; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the Wild[4].

[1] These lines cannot be justified by anything in the letters of Eloisa [where she merely prays Abelard to write to her]. *Roscoe.*

[2] 'Drank dear delicious poison.' Smith's *Phædra and Hippolytus. Carruthers.*

[3] *You rais'd these hallow'd walls;*] He founded the Monastery. P.

[4] 'And Paradise was open'd in his face.' *Dryden. Carruthers.*

No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dead repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods[1].
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain:
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

[1] 'Browner horror.' *Dryden. Warton.* [This passage must have helped to inspire the similar description of Melancholy in Collins' *Passions.*]

I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget.
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd[1]:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep[2];"
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,
For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night;
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.

[1] Here is the true doctrine of the Mystics. There are many such strains in Crashaw, particularly in a poem called *The Flaming Heart*, and in the *Seraphical Saint Theresa*. *Warton.*

[2] *Obedient slumbers, etc.*] Taken from Crashaw. P. [The same poem.]

I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind[1].
For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight[2]:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:

[1] [This passage is plagiarised from Davenant.]

[2] 'Priests, tapers, temples, swam before my sight,
'Altars, and victims'—
Smith's *Phædra and Hippolytus*. *Bowles.*

Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
Oh Grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away[1]!
"Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
"Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
"Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear:
"For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll[2],
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

[1] [cf. the second stanza of the *Dying Christian to his Soul.*]

[2] This and the following verse certainly taken from Oldham on the death of Adonis. *Warton* [who enumerates several lines in this epistle taken from various passages of Dryden].

Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd[1],
Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapless name[2],
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice[3],
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop and be forgiv'n.
And sure, if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

[1] These circumstances are conformable to the notions of mystic devotion. The death of St Jerome is finely and forcibly painted by Domenichino, with such attendant particulars. *Warton.*

[2] *May one kind grave, etc.*] Abelard and Eloïsa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, she in 1163. P. [An inscription was placed on their tomb in 1779, which is quoted by Roscoe.]

[3] *dreadful sacrifice,*] The ritual term. *Carruthers.*

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

(1711)

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes. P.

[CHAUCER'S *House of Fame* (in which 'booke is shewed how the deedes of all men and women, be they good or bad, are carried by report to posteritie') appears by internal evidence to have been written while he held the office of Comptroller of the Custom of Wool in London, to which he was appointed in 1374. This poem belongs to the second period of his literary career, in which the invention and arrangement of his subjects are already independent of foreign sources. Even Roscoe is unable to trace the *House of Fame* to an Italian original. Pope has both added to Chaucer, and omitted from him; leaving out in particular the bulk of the Second Book, which contains the teachings of the Eagle. The day has happily past when such loose paraphrases are relished; nor will many readers be found to assent to Roscoe's dictum that 'it is almost impossible to distinguish those portions for which Pope is indebted to Chaucer from those of his own invention.' The humorous lines with which Pope accompanied the present of his *Temple of Fame* to a lady will be found among the *Miscellanies*.]

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs[1]
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,

[1] *In that soft season, etc.*] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencal Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream*, *Flower and the Leaf*, etc. of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of Exordium. P.

(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green:
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes:
There trees, and intermingled temples rise;
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide Prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of Ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy than excess of Praise.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the light'nings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:

As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face[1]
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides stooping with his toil[2],
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil.
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around;
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name[3]:
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,
The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brahmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.

[1] *Four faces had the dome, etc.*] The Temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: the Doric order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned, were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts. P.

[2] *There great Alcides, etc.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese. P.

[3] *And the great founder of the Persian name:*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldæans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago. P.

These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.
But on the South, a long majestic race
Of Ægypt's Priests the gilded niches grace[1],
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic structure was the Northern side[2],
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)[3]
And youths that died to be by Poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like Glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.
The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:

[1] *Ægypt's priests, &c.*] The learning of the old Ægyptian Priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: they also preserved the History of their nation. Their greatest Hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, etc. He is said to have caused the Kings he vanquished to draw him in his Chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time. P.

[2] *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest; Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great Legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters. P.

[3] *Druids and Bards, etc.*] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after-life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions. P.

Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage Historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd[1];
His feet on sceptres and tiara's trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minerva's, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his Country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood[2];
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius[3], in whose well-taught mind
With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell[4],
At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims[5],
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names[6]:
Unconquered Cato shews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more[7].

[1] *The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd;*] Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian Princes: his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors. P.

[2] *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;*] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood. P.

[3] [The Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius, author of the *Meditations* or *Commentaries*.]

[4] *He whom ungrateful Athens, etc.*] Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an Oyster-shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name. P.

[5] [Phocion, put to death by Polysperchon, B.C. 318, can hardly be described as a martyr to the liberty of Athens, which it had been the business of his life to destroy.]

[6] [Agis, King of Sparta, who endeavoured to restore his state to greatness by a radical agrarian reform, was after a mock trial murdered in prison, B.C. 241.]

[7] ['Thou shalt see me at Philippi.']

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir[1],
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the Pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall,
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre[2],
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright[3],
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

[1] *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, etc.*] In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works: which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings. P.

[2] [Elissa (Dido.)]

[3] *Four swans sustain, etc.*] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of Poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games. P.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.
Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat,
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphyrs stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler Vista's open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot. the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;

With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, thro' the length of days.
  Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age[1].
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
  First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
"Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For fame is all we must expect below."
  The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
  Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
"Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth."

[1] Dryden uses this adjective in the same sense: 'Age, as Davenant says, is always narrative.' *Richardson.*

"Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd"
(Said Fame) "but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise."
This band dismiss'd, behold another croud
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But strait the direful Trump of Slander sounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
"For thee" (they cry'd) "amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."
"Ambitious fools!" (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
"Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!"
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
"Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake."
"And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise; add all your tuneful breath,
These must not sleep in darkness and in death."
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:

To farthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
"Hither," they cry'd, "direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame."
The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies[1].
Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
"What? you," (she cry'd) "unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all."
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sand upon the shores;

[1] ['At ev'ry word a reputation dies.' *Rape of the Lock*, Canto III. v. 16.]

Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface by the motion stir'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element[1].
There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travel'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;

1 [This simile suggested to Pope the famous passage in the *Essay on Man*, Ep. IV. vv. 363—72.]

Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below.
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear[1],
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?
'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruin of another's fame;
Then teach me, heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

[1] *While thus I stood, &c.*] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In *Chaucer* he only answers "he came to see the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprized at the sight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 11, etc.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book II.:

'Tho beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,
Now valeis, and now forestes,
And now unneth great bestes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now shippes sayling in the see.' P.

Ver. 27. *High on a rock of Ice, etc.*] Chaucer's third book of *Fame:*

'It stood upon so high a rock,
Higher standeth none in Spayne—
What manner stone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glass,
But that it shone full more clere;
But of what congeled matere
It was, I niste redily;
But at the last espied I,
And found that it was every dele,
A rock of ise, and not of stele.'

Ver. 31. *Inscriptions here, etc.*]

'Tho saw I all the hill y-grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had been in much wele
And her fames wide y-blow;
But well unneth might I know,
Any letters for to rede
Ther names by, for out of drede
They weren almost off-thawen so,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men said, what may ever last.' P.

Ver. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, etc.*]

'Tho gan I in myne harte cast,
That they were molte away for heate,
And not away with stormes beate.'

Ver. 45. *Yet part no injuries, etc.*].

'For on that other side I sey
Of that hill which northward ley,
How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had afore great fames,
Of old time, and yet they were
As fresh as men had written hem there
The self day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure:
But well I wiste what it made;
It was conserved with the shade
(All the writing that I sye)
Of the castle that stoode on high,
And stood eke in so cold a place,
That heate might it not deface.' P.

Ver. 132. *The wall in lustre, etc.*]

'It shone lighter than a glass,
And made well more than it was,
As kind thing of Fame is.'

Ver. 179. *Six pompous columns, etc.*]

'From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that shone not full clere, etc.
Upon a pillere saw I stonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the sect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Josephus the old, etc.
Upon an iron piller strong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tygers blood in every place,
The Tholosan that hight Stace,
That bare of Thebes up the name, etc.' P.

Ver. 182.]

'Full wonder hye on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus, etc P.

Ver. 196, etc.]

'There saw I stand on a pillere
That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Latin Poet Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pius Eneas:
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus clerke Ovide,
That hath sowen wondrous wide
The great God of Love's fame—
Tho saw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full sternly,
The great Poet Dan Lucan,
That on his shoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might see,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.
And next him on a pillere stode
Of sulphur, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell, etc.' P.

Ver. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.*] This expresses the mix'd character of the odes of Horace: the second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

'Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camœnæ.'

As another which follows, to

'Exegi monumentum ære perennius.'

The action of the Doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book,

'Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,

Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texêre; mirum quod foret omnibus—
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis; ut premerer sacro
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine Diis animosus infans.'

Which may be thus englished:

'While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,
And in a desert sleeping lay;
The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd
To touch the Muses future bard;
But Cytherea's gentle dove
Myrtles and Bays around me spread,
And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
Sacred to Music and to Love.' P.

Ver. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature, etc.*]

'Methought that she was so lite,
That the length of a cubite
Was longer than she seemed be;
But thus soone in a while she,
Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
That with her feet she the earth reight,
And with head she touchyd heaven—' P.

Ver. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, etc.*]

'I heard about her throne y-sung
That all the palays walls rung,
So sung the mighty Muse, she
That cleped is Calliope,
And her seven sisters eke—' P.

Ver. 276. *Around these wonders, etc.*]

'I heard a noise approchen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Against her time of out flying;
Right such a manere murmuring,
For all the world it seemed me.
Tho gan I look about and see
That there came entring into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions,—etc.' P.

Ver. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, etc.*]

'And some of them she granted sone,
And some she warned well and fair,
And some she granted the contrair—
Right as her sister dame Fortune
Is wont to serve in commune.' P.

Ver. 318. ... *the good and just, etc.*]

'Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And saiden: We ben everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deserved Fame right-fully,
And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.

I grant, quoth she, for now me list
That your good works shall be wist.
And yet ye shall have better loos,
Right in despite of all your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a basket full of roses—' P.

Ver. 328, 338. ...*behold another croud, etc.—From the black trumpet's rusty, etc.*]

'Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye,
Of good folke—
What did this Eolus, but he
Tooke out his trump of brass,
That fouler than the devil was:
And gan this trump for to blowe,
As all the world should overthrowe.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's soune,
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And such a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's ende—etc.' P.

Ver. 356. *Then came the smallest, etc.*]

'I saw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they besoughten all,
To hiden their good works eke?
And said, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne such renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,
And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
What, quoth she, and be ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye despite to have my name?
Nay ye shall lien everichone:
Blowe thy trump, and that anone
(Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring these folkes workes by rote,
That all the world may of it heare;
And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
In his golden clarioune,
Through the World went the soune,
All so kindly, and eke so soft,
That their fame was blown aloft.' P.

Ver. 378. *Next these a youthful train, etc.*]

The Reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contain the same matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

'Tho came the sixth companye,
And gan faste to Fame cry, etc.'
being too prolix to be here inserted. P.

Ver. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty, etc.*]

'Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, etc.' P.

Ver. 418. *This having heard and seen, etc.*] The Scene here changes from the temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

'Tho saw I stonde in a valey,
Under the castle fast by
A house, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
And evermo as swift as thought,
This queint house about went,
That never more it still stent—
And eke this house hath of entrees
As many as leaves are on trees,
In summer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof yet men may sene
A thousand hoels and well mo,
To letten the soune out go;
And by day in every tide
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unshet;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace:
Ne never rest is in that place.' P.

Ver. 428. *As flames by nature to the, etc.*] This thought is transferred hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus,

'Geffray, thou wottest well this, etc.' P.

Ver. 448. *There various news I heard, etc.*]

'Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and strife,
Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,
Of divers transmutations
Of estates and eke of regions,
Of truste, of drede, of jealousy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident.' P.

Ver. 458. *Above, below, without, within, etc.*]

'But such a grete Congregation
Of folke as I saw roame about,
Some within, and some without,
Was never seen, ne shall be eft—
And every wight that I saw there
Rowned everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or else he told it openly
Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
That is betide to night now?
No, quoth he, tell me what?
And then he told him this and that, etc.]
——— Thus north and south
Went every tyding fro mouth to mouth,
And that encreasing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a sparkle sprong amiss,
Till all the citee brent up is.' P.

Ver. 489. *There, at one passage, etc.*]

'And sometime I saw there at once,
A lesing and a sad sooth saw
That gonnen at adventure draw
Out of a window forth to pace—
And no man, be he ever so wrothe,
Shall have one of these two, but bothe, etc.'
P.

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THIS Translation was done at sixteen or seventeen years of Age. P. [It appeared, with the *Pastorals,* in *Tonson's Miscellany* in 1709. Tyrwhitt doubts whether the source of the story, although its scene is laid in Italy, is Italian; and traces the adventure of the Pear-tree to Adolphus' Latin Fables (1315). The machinery of the Fairies, he thinks, was probably added by Chaucer himself. It is not impossible that it may have suggested that of the Sylphs in the *Rape of the Lock.*]

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace.
Yet led astray by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
Once, ere he died, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband, and a loving wife.
These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join:

Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion and a mid-day-devil.
Let not the wife these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n:
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.
Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unbless'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their Judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be).

"My friends," he cry'd (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
"Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious heav'n has oped my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.
"One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season Love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed;
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.
"Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost, for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.
"And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.

Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind."
He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wond'rous positive, and won'drous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.
First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
"Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wiseman's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
As still I hold your own advice the best.
"Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man;
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence."
Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a Philosophic frown, began.
"A heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your Lady's qualities at least:
Whether she 's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar, fool,

Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule?
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in woman-kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
And spite of all his praises must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear:
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in Age:
But at these years, to venture on the fair!
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can choose
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end."
"'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well," the Knight replies,
"Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!
We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo say?"
"I say," quoth he, "by heav'n the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name."
At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possest,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public Forum fix'd on high,
A Mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This Lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest;

And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
"Heav'n, that" (said he) "inspir'd me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.
"A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n so please;
To pass my age in sanctity and ease:
And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.
"One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease."
This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
"Sir Knight," he cry'd, "if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
"Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your business to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,

Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear."
So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The Old have int'rest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When Fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.
I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train[1].
Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So Poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight:
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight:
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day:
The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

[1] [Tyrwhitt suspects that Chaucer had met with the name of Theodamas, who occurs again as a famous trumpeter in the *House of Fame*, but is otherwise unknown, in some Romantic History of Thebes.]

The beauteous dame sate smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King:
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's stood[1],
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes[2],
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And sipp'd his cordial as he sate upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

[1] Sea-holly. *Johnson.*

[2] [Ovid, in his *Remedia Amoris.*]

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May:
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
Then gave his bill[1], and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With secret vows to favour his design.
Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.
Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd
Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind:

[1] [i.e. gave her what he had written.]

Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vast expence
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed Romance;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue:
Their pygmy king[1], and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled thro' the shade.
Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.
For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure,
How short a space our worldly joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.
The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleasures and confin'd her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,

[1] *Their pygmy king.*] Pope has here shewn his judgment in adopting the lighter 'fairy race' of Shakespear and Milton. Chaucer has 'Kyng Pluto, and his Queene Proserpina.' *Bowles.*

And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For oh, 'twas fixt; she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain,
By secret writing to disclose his pain:
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.
Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What sleight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his spouse ere Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.
"Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempest fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age."
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undescry'd he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

"Here let us walk," he said, "observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I choose, by heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,
When unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age, nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.
"Consider then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who that once possess those heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?"
He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd:)
"Heav'n knows" (with that a tender sigh she drew)
"I have a soul to save as well you:
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear:
"First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well:
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loathe a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:

Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy!
This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear."
Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian kneeling, worshipp'd as she past.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
And climbing, in the summit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.
'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:
Clear was the day, and Phœbus rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden side,
And in the midst their Monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the green sword bound,
That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.
"'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.
"Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun:
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said: Of all mankind,
One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
But should'st thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
"Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case)
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

"Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very act restore his sight:
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true."
"And will you so," reply'd the Queen, "indeed?
Now, by mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age;
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
"What tho' this sland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman Authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
"But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?
What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of hosts;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater;
Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
"Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.

By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose."
"Nay," (quoth the King), "dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd Knight again should see;
It must be done—I am a King, said he,
And one, whose faith has ever sacred been."
"And so has mine" (she said)—"I am a Queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word."
We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the Knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckoo or the Jay:
This was his song; "Oh kind and constant be,
"Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She stopp'd, and sighing: "Oh good Gods," she cry'd,
"What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!"
Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
"And must I languish then," she said, "and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me."
"With all my soul," he thus reply'd again,
"I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain."
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.
Now prove your patience, gentle Ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.

Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
"Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?"
"What ails my lord?" the trembling dame reply'd;
"I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!"
"If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance," (quoth the Knight),
"So heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well."
"Guard me, good angels!" cry'd the gentle May,
"Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light."
"What I have said" (quoth he), "I must maintain,
For, by th' immortal pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain—"
"By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,"
(Reply'd the dame,) "are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!"
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell she wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd.
"Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw."
"Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.

So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your sight:
"Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss."
With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.
Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

FROM CHAUCER.

In 1714, Pope's *Wife of Bath*, with two translations from the *Odyssey* (the arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca and the Garden of Alcinous) were published [by Tonson] in a volume of miscellanies, edited by Steele. To this miscellany, Hughes, the author of the *Siege of Damascus*, &c., sent several pieces, but finding, before publication, that Pope's *Wife of Bath* and some other pieces, which were inconsistent with his ideas of decency and decorum, had been admitted, he immediately withdrew most of his own, and allowed only two small poems, and those without his name, to appear. *Carruthers.* The greatest part of the *Wife of Bath's* Prologue must have been of Chaucer's own invention, though one may plainly see that he had been reading the popular invectives against marriage, and women in general; such as the *Roman de la Rose*, *Valerius ad Rufinum de non ducendâ uxore*, and particularly *Hieronymus contra Jovinianum*. *Tyrwhitt.* [The *Wife of Bath's Tale*, to which this is the Prologue, was modernised by Dryden. Happily the latter did not, like Pope, confine himself to the reproduction of Chaucer's humorous and, to modern taste, indecorous pieces.]

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;

For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock was she join'd;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
Increase and multiply, was heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's belied.
I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.
I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
But, by your leave, Divines, so am not I.
Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,
And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,

And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sov'reign wives! give ear and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
"Hark, old Sir Paul!" ('twas thus I us'd to say)
"Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?"
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
"If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side:
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
"Horses (thou say'st) and asses, men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
"You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
If by strange chance a modest blush be rais'd,

Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.
"On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
What! can your prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your prentice, should you die to-morrow.
"Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool: nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, 'Go where you will,
'Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
'Take all the freedoms of a married life;
'I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.'
"Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
"There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay:
The Cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To show her fur, and to be catterwaw'd."
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do,
And told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,

By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
I levied first a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels[1] you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mixt,
Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die.
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
"Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look?
"Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
"Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek!
"Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
"Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
"'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
"But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
"Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
"Who puts a period to domestic strife.
"One of us two must rule, and one obey;
"And since in man right reason bears the sway,
"Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
"The wives of all my family have rul'd
"Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
"Fie, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
"What! would you have me to yourself alone?
"Why take me, Love! take all and every part!
"Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
"Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
"You little think what custom I could have.
"But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
"What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my first three Lords I past my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Tho' past my bloom, nor yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,

[1] [*Tassel*, another form of tiercel; the male hawk.]

Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two:
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
Not with my body in a filthy way:
But I so dress'd and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He died, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.
A tomb indeed with fewer sculptures grac'd,
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
(Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew,
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,

A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish Priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went;
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,
The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay,
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown:
All this I said; but dream, sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did not shed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was borne;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;

I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it still;
He prov'd a rebel to my sovereign will:
Nay once by heav'n he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
Stubborn as any Lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so in spite of all he swore.
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes,
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother and Duilius' wife;
And chose the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of holy writ.
Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My spouse, (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at ev'ning read,
Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's proverbs, Eloïsa's loves;
And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man.
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where Learning lies,

And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)
It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytæmnestra laid.
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
And husband-bull—oh monstrous! fie for shame!
He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
Xanthippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.
He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
"Where grows this plant" (reply'd the friend) "oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be."
Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd and blush'd, and frown'd
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
"Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth" (I cry'd)
"Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—"

He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"
But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, "My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life:"
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now heav'n on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save.

THE FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year 1703.

[The First Book of the *Thebais* of Statius was published in 1712, in *Lintot's Miscellany*. Pope had tried his hand at translating part of *Statius* before he was twelve years of age; and his efforts were revised by his early friend Henry Cromwell, so mysteriously described by Gay in *Alexander Pope his safe return from Troy* as 'honest hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.'—P. Papinius Statius, born at Naples about 50 A.D. was the most popular poet of the Flavian epoch, and besides his epics, the *Thebais* (in 12 books) and the *Achilleis* (in 2), wrote the *Sylvæ* (5 books of occasional pieces). Of his *Thebais*, said to have been founded on the Greek poem by Antimachus, a criticism will be found in Merivale's *Romans under the Empire*, chap. LXIV., where it is designated as perhaps the most perfect in form and arrangement of ancient epics, but confused in its general effect from want of breadth and largeness of treatment.]

ARGUMENT.

ŒDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and marry'd his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resign'd the realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtain'd by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message

to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having kill'd his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having receiv'd an oracle from Apollo that his daughter should be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with that descent and quality: The sacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he needs not apologize for his Choice of this piece, which was made almost in his Childhood. But finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few years afterwards. P.

FRATERNAL Rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil;
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.
But waive whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's[1] conquering eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;
Oh, long before, with early valour strove
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!
Oh bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.

[1] [The Emperor Domitian seems to have assumed the title of *Dacicus* in virtue of victories in which he had no personal share.]

What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space,
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Tho' Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heav'n with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.
The time will come when a diviner flame[1]
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame[2]:
Meanwhile permit that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose:
Of furious hate surviving death she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts:
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What Hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's[3] fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with ev'ry grace adorn'd[4],
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul:
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.
"Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;

[1] [As to the ascription of the divine character to Domitian, insinuated by both Statius and Martial, see Merivale, *u.s.* chapter LXII. He was actually addressed in a public document as *dominus et deus*, and victims were slaughtered before his statues.]

[2] [This pious intention Statius appears to have left unfulfilled.]

[3] [Amphiaraus.]

[4] *Or how the Youth*] Parthenopæus. P.

Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I tho' blind behold;
Tisiphone! that oft has heard my prayer,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care.
If you receive me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come;
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cirrha's temple, on that fatal day
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphinx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign;
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed;
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then, self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.
My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride;
Insult my darkness and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou fury! then some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail;
Place on their heads that crown distain'd[1] with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Couldst thou some great proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came."
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
The gliding lightning, or descending star.
Thro' crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:

[1] [*Distain'd*, i.e. stain'd.]

To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies,
The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand[1]
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And thro' the Achaian cities send the sound.
Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their Furies wake within their breast.
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;
And sacred Thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

[1] [i.e. her right hand—But Statius merely has *hæc...hæc manus.*]

As stubborn steers by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay:
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of Kings impos'd and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight,)
Exclaim'd—"O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign?

Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks th' unrivall'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!
  As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate,
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.
  And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the blest abodes:
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
Full in the midst, and on the starry Throne,
The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
At Jove's assent, the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;

Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,
And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic Gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke,
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.
How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this, I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day.
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd
And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main:
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know?
And the long series of succeeding woe:
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
The savage hunter and the haunted wood:
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And rising gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
Thro' violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, oh Œdipus, just heav'n alarms,
And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.

I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join,
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed;
Fix'd is their doom; this all-rememb'ring breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.
He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
(With sudden Grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd);
"Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,
Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Tho' there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept, and bled;
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold,
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—
Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, rase my Samos, let Mycenæ fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
But to your Isis all my rites transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
For her, thro' Ægypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the fathers'[1] crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance, to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;

[1] Not 'father's,' as in Warburton and subsequent editions; 'auctorum crimina' in the original.]

Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please: and cans't thou love
Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such Sons as those[1]."
Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply.
"'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation, thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our superior will.
For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the further strand:
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate."
The God obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head!
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;

[1] Eteocles and Polynices. P.

Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne,
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycenæ's lofty tow'rs ascend,
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast).
And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.
Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cuts the purple hairs[1]:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores[2],
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores:
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew,
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending thro' the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,

[1] [Megara. See Ov. *Metam.* VIII. vv. 6 *ff.*] Megaris and Attica infested by the robber Sciron whom Theseus slew. See Ov. *Metam.* VII. v. 444.]

[2] [Pope evidently confounds the island of Scyros in the Ægean with the rocks between

With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.
Now smokes with show'rs the misty mountain-ground
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the dams away;
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne,
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,
That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread,
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd,
Thus still his courage, with his toils increas'd;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.
Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days,
By both his parents of descent divine,

Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
"A yellow lion and a bristly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.
Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n,
'Till led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The King surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread.
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein.
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.
"Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon' spangled arch glows with the starry train:
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
'Till nature quicken'd by th' inspiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day.
Oh thou who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be present still, oh Goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm[1] those omens thou hast made.

[1] [firm, i.e. confirm, accomplish.]

We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus! I confess the Gods!"
Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The King once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames, the slaughter'd victims fry.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd.
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears,
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the chase Jove's tow'ring eagle bears
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:
Still as he rises in th' etherial height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;

While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The first libations sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial pow'r they call;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in num'rous[1] hymns of praise.
Then thus the King: "Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause; our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day.
"When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter blest,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born,
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
"How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine!
Ah how unworthy those of race divine!
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give,
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,

[1] [num'rous, i.e. harmonious.]

Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies:
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.
"But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell,
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
"But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
"But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below;
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.

"But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.
"Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name;
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke.
"'With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my Country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.'
"Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.
"But say, illustrious guest" (adjoin'd the King)
"What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite."
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:
"Before these altars how shall I proclaim

(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation or my name,
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place."
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies—"Ah why forbears the son to name
His wretched father known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way,
E'en those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes and the moving sands;
Who view the western seas extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What Prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t'efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise."
"Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of Sceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T'excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous off-spring for a fatal boast.

In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.
"Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes[1] adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns[2],
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns."

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. [VV. 324—393.]

Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the Transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable. P.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair Consort of her son replies.
"Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No Nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myself the offspring of a second bride)
This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.
"A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a wat'ry Lotos grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs

[1] Achæmenes. [Pope means 'Achæmenids,' or descendants of Achæmenes, the grandfather of Cyrus, *i.e.* the Persians.]

[2] [These foreign worships were fully naturalised at Rome about the time when the Thebais was written.]

Adorn'd with blossoms promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But lo! I saw, (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.
"This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight,
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan powers ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
"Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope enquire;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind.
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew,
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear,
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains.
"'If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,

And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse farewell!
If in your breasts or love, or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.'
"She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd."

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

[vv. 623—771. First published in 1712, in Lintot's Miscellany.]

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign[1];
Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.

[1] [In the reign of Proca (or Procus) one of the ancient Kings of Latium residing at Alba enumerated by Ovid.]

The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey[1],
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair.
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears,
And first a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreathes of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The God in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd,
And "Happy you!" (he thus address'd the maid)
"Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow.)
Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An Elm was near, to whose embraces led,

[1] [Priapus.]

The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
"Yet this tall elm, but for his vine" (he said)
"Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaurs' arms,
Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you 'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age, and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares, and pleasures are the same:
To him your orchard's early fruits are due,
(A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
He values these; but yet (alas) complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the God's desire:
Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind!
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!"

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He straight assum'd his native form again;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face,
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the Author in his Youth.

[THESE Imitations, of which the precise date is unknown, besides proving the imitative powers of Pope as a boy show him to have been even at that period of his life the most facile of versifiers. There is considerable humour, and unfortunately not a little pruriency, in some of these productions. The imitation of Spenser, while hitting a blot of which it would be difficult to deny the presence in some passages of the noblest of English poets, is in spirit unworthy of even the most juvenile parodist. Thomson who in his *Castle of Indolence* considered that 'the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect,' can hardly be said either to have honoured Spenser's poetic name, or raised his own by that elaborate attempt at a reverential burlesque. Waller was one of the poets who exercised the greatest influence upon Pope's versification; yet the imitations are hardly successful, except as to the treatment of the subject in the lines *on a Fan*. *The Garden* (Cowley) is a feeble attempt to reproduce the play of fancy, admirable even in its extravagance, of the most magnificent among the poets of the English Fantastic School. *Weeping* is perhaps slightly more successful in this direction. In the remaining Imitations Pope found both fairer and easier game. Rochester's triplets *on Nothing* are happily parodied in those *on Silence*, so far as in the first part of the former they anticipated the meaningless sonorousness of reflexions equal in value to the famous

'Nought is everything, and everything is nought'—

but they miss the touch of genuine wit which redeems Rochester's lines towards the close. Dorset's queer mixture of French frivolity and Dutch coarseness is fairly reproduced in *Artemisia* and *Phryne;* though an imitation at least equally amusing exists from the hand of Fenton, who among the styles of other poets was so successful in appropriating that of Pope himself. The *Happy Life of a Country Parson* is in Swift's best vein, and might be easily mistaken for some of the Dean's own verse, differing from prose solely by the quality of being the best and easiest English verse ever written.]

I.

CHAUCER[1].

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet swinken not sans secresie.
Thilke Moral shall ye understond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there passen by the Way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spied of Ladies gent.
"But ho! our Nephew," (crieth one)
"Ho!" quoth another, "Cozen John;"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This sely Clerk full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this,
"Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss."
But, as he glozeth with Speeches soote,
The Ducke sore tickleth his Erse-roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.
"Te-he," cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought spake:
Miss star'd; and gray Ducke crieth Quake.
"O Moder, Moder," (quoth the daughter)
"Be thilke same thing Maids longer a'ter?
"Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
"Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talke."

II.

SPENSER[2].

THE ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town, where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with Houses low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

[1] [Geoffry Chaucer, born in 1328 died in 1400. The above imitates the style of some of the *Canterbury Tales*, of which however none is in the metre adopted by Pope, which is that of Chaucer's earlier poems, the *Romaunt of the Rose* and the *House of Fame*.]

[2] [Edmund Spenser, born in 1553, died in 1599. His *Faerie Queene*, of which Pope has ventured to parody some of the inferior passages, was published in instalments from the year 1590.]

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers' annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bass are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a Mag-pie, chatters,
With Envy, (spitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall:
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's[1] Dog and Bitch,

[1] Old Mr. Johnston, the retired Scotch Secretary of State, who lived at Twickenham. *Carruthers.*

Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER[1].

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize,
A heart resign'd, the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threat'ned[2] vessel fail,
Which winds and light'ning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN, IN WHICH WAS PAINTED THE STORY OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS, WITH THE MOTTO, AURA VENI.

COME gentle Air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade:
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

[1] [Edmund Waller, born in 1605, died in 1687. He has written innumerable pieces, in which the complimentary element overpowers the erotic, and which may have suggested these imitative attempts.]

[2] [I prefer placing the apostrophe as above, since Waller was in the habit of sounding the *e* in the pret. and part. ending.]

IV.

COWLEY[1].

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muse the flow'ry Treasures sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where opening Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin Undress of superficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
By Laurels shielded from the piercing day;
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
Still turns her Beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the Stream.
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the Ocean first did rise:
And thus thro' Mists we see the Sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

[1] [Abraham Cowley was born in 1618 and lived till 1667. His *Pindaric Odes* constitute his chief title to poetic fame; but his love of Botany to which *The Garden* alludes, is specially exemplified in his Latin poem, in six books, of Plants. The conceits in the second of these parodies fall short of Cowley's ordinary manner in variety and vigour, as well as in extravagance.]

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one Cloud soft show'rs we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that sunny Sphere
So like a Phaëthon appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's-self began to be,
'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

[1] [John Wilmot Earl of Rochester, born at Ditchley near Woodstock in Oxfordshire, in 1647, came to court in his eighteenth year, and was soon admitted into the closest familiarity with the Merry Monarch. He behaved gallantly during a naval campaign in which he took part in 1665, and after his return to court became a kind of coarse Alcibiades of his age. His poems have little wit and much effrontery—perhaps the best specimen of either quality will be found in his impudent *Trial of the Poets for the Bays*, imitated from Boileau. The verses *on Nothing*, parodied by Pope, are said to have been due in part to George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. See Horace Walpole's account of Rochester's writings, prefixed to the narrative in which bishop Burnet unctuously recounts his conversion of so unpromising a subject on the eve of death (1680).]

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'st thou seizè some tongues that now are free,
How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee!
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be!

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

E. OF DORSET[1].

ARTEMISIA.

THO' Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
A prating thing, a Magpye hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign state,
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S'il vous plaist*, *Monsieur*.

[1] [Charles Sackville Earl of Dorset was born in 1637, a lineal descendant of the illustrious author of the *Miror for Magistrates* and *Gorboduc*. He took part in the Dutch war under the Duke of York, and before the engagement which ended in the blowing up of the Dutch admiral Opdam's vessel, composed his famous ballad *To all you Ladies now at land*. He afterwards became a favourite courtier of King William III. and died in 1706. See *Epitaph*, No. 1. *infra*.]

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a Bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.

Dr. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best Virginia,
Tithe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
A large Concordance, bound long since:
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polygot—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.
He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

MORAL ESSAYS.

MORAL ESSAYS.

[It may be well to preface such introductory remarks as appear called for by the series of poems comprehended by Warburton under the general title of *Moral Essays*, by a statement of the chronological order in which they were originally given to the world. It will thus be seen at a glance, that their present arrangement was due solely to the editorial ingenuity of Pope's friend and commentator, to whose suggestions, as he informs us, the poet readily agreed.

The 5th Epistle of the *Moral Essays* (to Addison) was written in 1715, and first published, with the lines on Craggs added, in Tickell's edition of Addison's Works in 1720. The 4th Epistle of the *Moral Essays* (to the Earl of Burlington) was published in 1731, under the title *Of Taste*, subsequently altered to *Of False Taste*, and ultimately to *Of the Use of Riches*. The 3rd Epistle (*Of the Use of Riches*, to Lord Bathurst) followed in 1732. In the same year appeared the first two Epistles of the *Essay on Man*, the third succeeding in 1733. In this year also came out the Epistle *On the Knowledge and Characters of Men*, addressed to Lord Cobham, now the first of the *Moral Essays*. The 4th Epistle of the *Essay on Man* was published in 1734, when the whole *Essay on Man* was also brought out in its present form. The Epistle (now the 2nd of the *Moral Essays*) to a Lady, *On the Characters of Women*, appeared in 1735; and finally the *Universal Prayer*, which now appropriately follows the *Essay on Man*, was not published till the year 1738. Pope died before the entire series had been published in its present order in the complete edition of his works.

From Pope's own statement with regard to the design of his work, repeated in various passages of his correspondence, it is certain that what he actually wrote only formed part of a great scheme which he had long carried about either on paper, or in his mind; but which he never accomplished in its fulness. So much it is impossible to doubt, without in the least degree falling in with the belief that the system as developed at length by Warburton, who in his *Commentary*, became a kind of moral sponsor to the *Essay on Man*, was ever clearly in Pope's head. Warburton states that the *Essay* was intended to have been comprised in four books: the first (which we have in the four Epistles bearing the general title) treating of man in the abstract and considering him under all his relations; the second taking up the subject of Ep. I. and II. of the first, and treating of man in his intellectual capacity at large (of this a part might be found in Bk. IV. of the *Dunciad*); the third resuming the subject of Ep. III. of the first, and discussing Man in his social, political and religious capacity (which Pope afterwards thought might best be done in the form of an Epic poem); the fourth pursuing the subject of Ep. IV. of the first, and treating of practical morality. Of this fourth and last book, he continues, the epistles, bearing the title of *Moral Essays*, were detached portions, the two first (on the Characters of Men and Women) forming its introductory part.

In any case, therefore, and even supposing the above scheme to have been Pope's own, the four Epistles which bear the title of the *Essay on Man* claim to be regarded as complete in themselves. The system which the *Essay on Man* (to restrict the application of that title in the remainder of these remarks to those four Epistles) developes, or purports to develope, was explained at great length in Warburton's *Commentary*. Pope's own words (in a letter to Warburton of April 11, 1739) are sufficient to shew the relation between the work and the exegesis: 'You have made my system as clear as I ought to have done and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is still the same when glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain, but I did not explain my meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself, but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments.' It therefore becomes necessary to enquire in the first place, what is the system which the *Essay on Man* actually places before us; and secondly, from what sources the poet derived the philosophy which he has endeavoured to express. The following brief summary, founded chiefly on Aikin's Introduction, may supply an answer to the former question.

The *first* Epistle is especially occupied with Man, with respect to the place which he holds in the system of the Universe; and the principal topic is the refutation of all objections against the wisdom and benevolence of the Providence which placed man here, objections derived from the weakness and imperfection of his nature. The first principle of philosophical enquiry is reasoning from what we know to what we do not know. But if we are to inform ourselves as to man's place in the universe, we are hampered by our ignorance of the latter itself, of which we know only a small part, viz. our own earth. Observation, however, teaches that the Universe contains a scale of beings, rising in due gradation one above the other, and each endowed with the faculties necessary for its station. Those, who in their imperfect knowledge are fain to interfere with that scale, presumptuously demand to re-settle the Order of Heaven. It is this Pride which surveys the system of the Universe solely from its own point of view, assuming everything to exist for the benefit of the individual as he conceives it. Man cannot read the riddles of Providence; he must therefore accept the double truth that the Universe and all its several parts constitute a divine and perfect Order, but that this order is not visible or recognizable in its perfection to imperfect man. The *second* Epistle proceeds to lead up to the special truth illustrating the general truth enunciated by its predecessor, viz. that even in the passions and imperfections of man, the ends of Providence and its scheme of universal good are fulfilled. (It is this special part of the scheme of the universe which man is qualified to study; God he may not scan.) In human nature, two principles contend for mastery: self-love, which stimulates, and reason, which restrains. In both, although to us the one appears evil and the other good, the scheme of Creation is working out its beneficent ends. The *third* Epistle once more resumes the general proposition of which the *second* presented us with a special application, and insists that the end of divine government is the production of general good, although by means of which we are not always able to distinguish the correlation. The main argument of this Epistle tends to illustrate this, by proving that in the divine scheme self-love and social work to the same end. The *fourth* Epistle offers, so to speak, the practical application of the fundamental idea of the entire Essay. The scheme of the Universe being perfect, is of course designed for the happiness of all; all happiness therefore is general, and all particular happiness depends on general. It is therefore necessary, in order to estimate the happiness of the

individual at its true value, to estimate it, not according as it is felt by the individual, but as it finds its place in the general system. All men are equally happy who recognize the Order which assigns to them their place; and God has given to all that happiness which springs from taking the right means towards attaining to it. Thus the poem at its close recurs to its fundamental idea of the benevolent system of the Universe, in which every virtue, as well as every passion, has its object and end.

If the above fairly represent the outline of the argument of this celebrated essay, it will be sufficient to add only a very few words, in order to shew where it halts. The optimistic conclusion of the *first* Epistle cannot be said to be logically drawn from its premises. The presumptuousness of attempting to judge the system of the Universe from the peculiar point of view of Man, is incontestably demonstrated; but the perfection of the entire system is merely generalised out of a few phenomena, which man may misjudge as utterly as, according to the poet, he misjudges extraordinary occurrences which seem evils to him. And from an ethical point of view, the result, if logically followed out, is pure fatalism; and man, as completely as every other organic part of creation, reduced to a puppet. To avert this conclusion, Pope in the *Universal Prayer* addresses Providence as binding nature, i. e. the rest of nature, fast in fate, but leaving the human will free! With regard to the application of the general proposition to the special case of human nature in the *second* Epistle, it is obvious that the distinction drawn between self-love and reason, is wholly illogical; inasmuch as reason, being a power of the mind, may be employed by self-love for its own purposes, so that, as has been well pointed out, it depends upon the use of reason, not upon the direction given to self-love, what tendency the moral being of man will assume. The *third* Epistle, resuming the argument of the first, lands us in the same result. The theory that self-love and social are the same, amounts to nothing short of this: that civilisation is only the product of man's instinct of self-defence and self-advancement, that the institutions of society are merely means adopted for satisfying in the most convenient manner the necessities of the individual; and that men are therefore, like Mandeville's bees, only being guided by another power to co-operate in a system of which they unconsciously form part. This view, which since Pope's day has reappeared in many forms, may be true or false; it is certain that it is not the view which Pope designed to enforce.

The truth is, that Pope endeavoured to develope a moral system which (whether perfect or imperfect in itself) was at all events imperfectly understood by him. The *Essay on Man*, even if the anecdote be untrustworthy according to which its scheme was originally drawn up in writing by Bolingbroke, was undoubtedly due, if not to the suggestion, at all events to the influence and conversation, of that nobleman upon Pope's receptive mind. The philosophic *stamina* of the Essay, to use Johnson's expression, belonged to Bolingbroke; and it was only with regard to the execution that the latter could have expressed to Swift (letter of November 19, 1729) that the work, 'in Pope's hands, would be an original.' Bolingbroke's most recent biographer, Mr Macknight, has therefore not said too much when he avers: 'There is no doubt whatever, but that Pope received from Bolingbroke the leading principles of his *Essay on Man*. Pope, indeed, acknowledges his obligations in the fullest sense at the beginning of the first, and the end of the fourth Book; and, notwithstanding Warburton's defence, the *Essay on Man* and the principles of Bolingbroke must be considered one and the same, though they are less openly expressed in the poem, and disguised with poetical ornament. It is impossible to find in any couplet any acknowledgment of revealed religion; but, on the contrary, all that admiration of nature, of looking upward

through nature to nature's God, which was Bolingbroke's main tenet. ... The tendency' [of the leading sentiments of the *Essay*], 'so far as they have a tendency, is undoubtedly to that blind fatalism and naturalism, which Bolingbroke called pure theism. His condemnation of metaphysics really meant everything that is called theology.'

Even, therefore, if Pope (as had been concluded from certain passages which prove him to have been acquainted with parts at least of these works,) had read the *Theodicée* of Leibnitz, whose optimism is that of the first Epistle, Archbishop King's *Origin of Evil*, and other metaphysical treatises, it is in the Essays of Bolingbroke that the germ of Pope's argument is to be found. These Essays (which their author had not the courage to publish before his death) attempt to apply the inductive method to that part of philosophy which concerns the relations between God and man; and, assuming that all human knowledge is derived through the medium of the senses, to shew that it is only from a study of the works of God that a knowledge of his character is attainable by us. This is, in one word, the *natural theology* of Bolingbroke, which regards all other theology not only as superfluous, but as futile and vain.

Pope, as Bolingbroke on one occasion roundly said of him, though in a different connexion, was 'a very great wit, and a very indifferent philosopher.' The consequence is, that although as the development of a doubtful system by one who imperfectly understood it, the *Essay on Man* is without permanent value as a philosophical treatise, it has many unquestionable merits of its own. Beattie (see Forbes' *Life of B.* vol. I. p. 120) appears to characterise it very justly in describing 'its sentiments' as 'noble and affecting'; 'its images and allusions' as 'apposite, beautiful and new'; its wit as 'transcendently excellent'; but the 'scientific part' as 'very exceptionable.' If the *Essay on Man* were shivered into fragments, it would not lose its value; for it is precisely its details which constitute its moral so well as literary beauties. Nowhere has Pope so abundantly displayed his incomparable talent of elevating truisms into proverbs, in his mastery over language and poetic form. It is particularly in the fourth Epistle, where the poet undertakes to prove the incontestable truth that all men may be happy, if they will take the right road to happiness, that he is thoroughly in his element; and demonstrates so palpable a truism by a brilliant series of arguments and illustrations which beguile the reader into a belief that he needed to be convinced.

The *Moral Essays*, which at Warburton's suggestion were pressed into the service of the general scheme, appear to explain themselves. The idea of the Master-Passion, which swallows all the rest (*Essay on Man*, II. 131), if carried to its logical consequences, results, as Johnson points out, in a kind of moral predestination; if taken *cum grano*, is sufficiently trite and commonplace. As illustrated by the first and second of these Epistles, it resembles that which suggested the title and subject of Young's *Universal Passion*. Young, however, treats the Love of Fame as the Universal Passion in either sex. The third and fourth are on a subject familiar to all satirists, ancient and modern; the fifth is only perforce included in the series, although it may, in the place which it occupies, be regarded as a kind of corollary to the fourth, as Warburton desired.]

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

TO

H. ST JOHN LORD BOLINGBROKE[1].

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression[2]) *come home to Men's Business and*

[1] [Henry St John, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke, was born about the year 1678. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, he commenced a life of dissipation in the metropolis towards the close of the century, manifesting however literary tastes by poetical productions, which neither Swift nor Pope could ever bring themselves to praise. In 1701 he took his seat in Parliament, as member for the family borough of Wootton Bassett, which he afterwards exchanged for the family county of Wilts. In politics, he at once became a Tory of the Tories, and a High Churchman of the High Churchmen; soon raising himself by the fire of his oratory, the bitterness of his sarcasm, and the cruel unscrupulousness of his invective, to a distinguished position. Such different judges as Pitt and Brougham agree in concluding him to have been one of the most consummate orators of any age. In 1704 he became Secretary-at-war in the so-called Compromise ministry, and followed Harley out of office in 1708. Though he had, according to his avowal, done for ever with politics and ambition, he returned into office as Secretary of State, when the famous intrigue of 1710 brought the Tories into power. It was this ministry which resolved upon the termination of the war with France; and the famous *Examiner* contained no bitterer and more effective onslaughts upon Marlborough, than those written by his former protégé St John. He was at this time on intimate terms with Prior and Swift, with whom he founded the Brothers' Club; but at the same time this literary minister was one of the most determined enemies of the freedom of the press, and the author of the Stamp Act, from which, in the end, as might have been expected, the Tory publications suffered more than the Whig. In 1712, he was created Viscount Bolingbroke and Baron St John; and his rivalry with Harley (now Earl of Oxford) was fast rising into open enmity. They held out together long enough to ensure the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht in 1713, to further which Bolingbroke had in 1712 visited Paris, when he was reported to have had an interview with the Pretender. At all events, it is certain that with the latter Bolingbroke was, from 1713, engaged in secret intrigues; and had involved himself so deeply, that after the death of Queen Anne, a prosecution threatened him, from which he saved himself by flight to Paris, in March 1715. In his absence he was attainted of treason, and his name erased from the roll of peers. Before the attainder, he had accepted at the hands of the Pretender the seals of the Secretary of State. The death of Louis XIV. in September put an end to the Pretender's chances, and the rising in Scotland with which the the year closed, was undertaken against the express opinion of Bolingbroke. Scotch, Irish, Jesuit and female intrigues caused him to be rejected by the Pretender; and he remained a total exile from politics till 1725. In his retirement at La Source near Orleans, he composed his affected *Reflexions on Exile*, and his celebrated *Letter to Sir William Windham* (not published till 1753), the latter an elaborate vindication of his political conduct. He also occupied himself with the philosophical studies which resulted in the *Essays* published after his death by Mallet. In 1723, he obtained a pardon, but not a reversal of his attainder; in 1725, on his return to England, he recovered his property and was thus, to use his own expression, 'two-thirds restored.' During the years from 1725 to 1735, he resided at Dawley near Uxbridge, in the immediate neighbourhood of Twickenham, the abode of his friend and admirer Pope. In the year 1727 he again commenced political writing, with the hope of overthrowing the influence of Walpole. But the death of George I. failing to overthrow that minister, Bolingbroke continued his hopeless attacks, in the vain hope of influencing the mind of the heir to the throne of George II., Frederick prince of Wales. His letters *on the Spirit of Patriotism* and *the Idea of a Patriot King* were political bids concealed under the pretence of a philosophy above parties. In 1744, after his father's death, he settled down for the remainder of his life in his ancestral home at Battersea, where he died in 1751, confident that posterity would do justice to his memory when acquainted with the fulness of his genius from his posthumous writings. Patriotism and philosophy were ideas with which he had been wont to make free throughout his life; selfishness, which is consonant with neither, was the motive of all his actions and the spirit which dictated all his works. The national instinct was sure enough to recognise his philosophy as dangerous, and his patriotism as rotten.]

[2] [See Bacon's *Dedication* of his Essays *to the Duke of* Buckingham.]

Bosoms, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the abstract, his *Nature* and his *State;* since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points:* There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose, but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: The other may seem odd, but is true, I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions, depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandring from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, and leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable. P.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man *in the abstract.* I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own system, *being ignorant of the* relations *of systems and things*, v. 17, &c. II. *That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being suited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown*, v. 35, &c. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *state, that all his happiness in the present depends*, v. 77, &c. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The*

impiety *of putting himself in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations*, v. 109, &c. V. *The* absurdity *of conceiting himself the* final cause *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, v. 131, &c. VI. *The* unreasonableness *of his complaints against* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the* sensitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miserable*, v. 173, &c. VII. *That throughout the whole visible world, an universal* order *and* gradation *in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a* subordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; *that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties*, v. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* subordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *must be destroyed*, v. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madness, *and* pride *of such a desire*, v. 250. X. *The consequence of all, the* absolute submission *due to Providence, both as to our* present *and* future state, v. 281, &c. *to the end.*

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan[1];
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies[2],
And catch the Manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man[3].
I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

[1] [This line originally read thus: 'A mighty maze *of walks without a plan*.' The emendation was not superfluous, since, as Dr Johnson remarks, 'if there were no plan, it was in vain to describe or to trace the maze'.]

[2] Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, part II.: 'and shoots their treasons as they fly.' *Wakefield.*

[3] Milton's phrase, judiciously altered, who says Justify *the ways of God to Man.* Milton was addressing himself to *believers*, ... Pope ... to *unbelievers* ...; he, therefore, more fitly employs the word *vindicate*, which conveys the idea of a confutation attended with punishment. *Warburton.*
[There is no question of punishment, only of a decisive and final confutation.]

Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole[1]?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's satellites[2] are less than JOVE?
Of Systems possible, if 'tis confest
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be[3],
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain[4],
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains:
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God[5]:
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;

[1] [*Warton* quotes the Platonic, 'The part is created for the sake of the whole, and not the whole for the sake of the part.']

[2] [*Satellites* is here a tetrasyllable, as in the original Latin.]

[3] [i.e. where there can be no gap, unless there is to be a want of cohesion.]

[4] Verbatim from Bolingbroke, *Fragments* 43 and 63. *Warton.*

[5] [Apis.]

His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall[1],
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest[2]:
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold[3].
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:

[1] After v. 88. in the MS.
'No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat should die as Cæsar bleed.'
Warburton. [Vergil's gnat is the *Culex*, the hero of the poem formerly ascribed to Vergil.]

[2] [Johnson's strange commentary on this passage has only a biographical value. See Boswell *ad ann.* 1775.]

[3] After v. 108. in the first Ed.
'But does he say the maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd:
Himself alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?'
Warburton.

Destroy all Creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the GOD of GOD.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies[1]."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end[2],
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep[3]?
"No, ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less[4]?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;

[1] Warburton compares *Ep.* III. v. 27.

[2] Bayle was the person who, by stating the difficulties concerning the Origin of Evil, in his *Dictionary*, 1695, with much acuteness and ability, revived the Manichean controversy that had been long dormant. He was soon answered by Le Clerc in his *Parrhasiana*, and by many articles in his *Bibliothèques*. But by no writer was Bayle so powerfully attacked, as by the excellent Archbishop King, in his Treatise *De Origine Mali*, 1702. ... Lord Shaftesbury ... in 1709, wrote the famous Dialogue, entitled *The Moralists*, as a direct confutation of the opinions of Bayle... In 1710, Leibnitz wrote his famous *Theodicée*... In 1720, Dr John Clarke published his *Enquiry into the Cause and Origin of Evil*, a work full of sound reasoning; but almost every argument on this most difficult of all subjects had been urged many years before any of the above-named treatises appeared, viz. 1678, by that truly great scholar and divine, Cudworth, in that inestimable treasury of learning and philosophy, his *Intellectual System of the Universe*, to which so many authors have been indebted, without owning their obligations. *Warton.*

[3] [Such doubts arose in the mind of Goethe, *in his sixth year*, at the very time when they were being agitated by Voltaire, on the occasion of the great earthquake at Lisbon. See Lewes' *Life of Goethe*, Bk. I. chap. 3.]

[4] Ver. 150. *Then Nature deviates &c.*] "While comets move in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of positions, blind fate could never make all the planets move one and the same way in orbs concentric; some inconsiderable irregularities excepted, which may have risen from mutual actions of comets and planets upon one another, and which will be apt to increase, 'till this system wants a reformation." *Sir Isaac Newton's Optics, Quest. ult. Warburton.*

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind[1]?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But ALL subsists by elemental strife[2];
And Passions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angel[3], would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force[4];
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?
The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye[5]?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,

[1] [Alexander the Great, who was saluted as of divine origin by the priests of the Libyan Zeus Ammon; cf. *Temple of Fame*, v. 154.]

[2] *But all subsists &c.*] See this subject extended in Ep. ii. from v. 90 to 112, 155, *&c. Warburton.*

[3] *And little less than Angel, &c.*] *Thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.* Psalm viii. 9. *Warburton.*

[4] *Here with degrees of swiftness, &c.*] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated. P.

[5] That particular expression, *microscopic eye*, and the whole reasoning of this astonishing piece of poetry, is taken from Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Bk. II. chap. 3. sec. 12. *Wakefield.*

T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres[1],
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between[2],
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the Flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood:
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Instinct varies in the grov'lling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier[3],
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide[4]:
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

[1] *stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,*] This instance is poetical and even sublime, but misplaced. He is arguing philosophically in a case that required him to employ the *real* objects of sense only: And what is worse, he speaks of this as a *real* object. *Warburton.*

[2] *the headlong lioness*] The manner of the Lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal. P.

[3] [Dissyllable.]

[4] *What thin partitions &c.*] So *thin*, that the Atheistic philosophers, as Protagoras, held that *thought was only sense;* and from thence concluded, that *every imagination or opinion of every man was true. Warburton.* [Hence his formula that 'Man is the measure of all things.' The phraseology of these lines is of course taken from Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel.]

Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man[1],
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs[2]
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike[3],
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd[4],
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—Oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!
IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread[5],
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains[6],
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul[7];
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;

[1] Ver. 238, Ed. 1,
'Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.'
Warburton.

[2] Warton compares:
'Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From infinite Perfection, to the brink
Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonished Thought recoiling turns?'
Thomson [*Seasons, Summer*].
[The whole of this passage was added by Thomson in the second edition of his poem.]

[3] Almost the words of Marcus Aurelius, l. v. c. 8; as also v. 265 from the same. *Warton.*

[4] *Let ruling angels &c.*] The poet, throughout this poem, with great art uses an advantage, which his employing a *Platonic* principle for the foundation of his Essay had afforded him; and that is the expressing himself (as here) in Platonic notions; which, luckily for his purpose, are highly poetical, at the same time that they add a grace to the uniformity of his reasoning. *Warburton.*

[5] *What if the foot, &c.*] This fine illustration in defence of the *System of Nature*, is taken from St. *Paul*, who employed it to defend the *System of Grace* [1 Cor. xii. 15—21].

[6] *Just as absurd, &c.*] See the Prosecution and application of this in Ep. iv. P.

[7] [Warburton has a long and ingenious note on this passage, intended to vindicate Pope from the charge of having given vent to a pantheistical and 'Spinozist' conception, by adducing other passages from the Essay in which a personal God is acknowledged.]

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart:
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns[1]:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame[2].
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour[3].
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT[4].

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Himself, as an Individual.

I. THE *business of Man not to pry into* God, *but to study* himself. *His* Middle Nature; *his Powers and Frailties*, v. 1 to 19. *The Limits of his* Capacity, v. 19, &c. II. *The two Principles of Man*, Self-love *and* Reason, *both necessary*, v. 53, &c. Self-love *the stronger, and why*, v. 67, &c. *Their end the same*, v. 81, &c. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their use*, v. 93 to 130. *The* predominant Passion, *and its force*, v. 132 to 160. *Its Necessity, in directing Men to different purposes*, v. 165, &c. *Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue*, v. 177. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed Nature; *the limits near, yet the things* separate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* Reason, v. 202 *to* 216. V. *How odious* Vice *in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it*, v. 217. VI. *That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* general Good *are answered in our Passions and Imperfections*, v. 238, &c. *How usefully these are distributed to all* Orders of Men, v. 241. *How useful they are to* Society, v. 251. *And to the* Individuals, v. 263. *In every* state, *and every* age *of life*, v. 273, &c.

[1] *As the rapt Seraph, &c.*] Alluding to the name *Seraphim*, signifying *burners*. *Warburton.*

[2] After v. 282, in the MS.
'Reason, to think of God when she pretends,
Begins a Censor, an Adorer ends.' *Warburton.*

[3] [What Bolingbroke says in the fine passage quoted by Warton (with the pious wish 'Si sic omnia dixisset') was more briefly, but as finely expressed by the child Goethe (v. *ante*): 'God knows very well that an immortal soul can receive no injury from a mortal accident.']

[4] [Warburton thus explains the conclusion deduced from the argument of the Epistle: *That Nature being neither a blind chain of Causes and Effects, nor yet the fortuitous result of wandering atoms, but the wonderful Art and Direction of an all-wise, all-good, and free Being;* WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, *with regard to the Disposition of God, and its ultimate Tendency;* which once granted, all complaints against Providence are at an end.]

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man[1].
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowlege for the Sceptic side[2],
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd[3]:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun[4];
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run[5],
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool[6]!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape[7].

[1] Ver. 2, Ed. 1.
'The only science of Mankind is Man.'
Warburton.

[2] [*Sceptics* was one of the names assumed by the followers of Pyrrhon, who 'always considered and never discovered;' whose philosophy therefore was negative; while the *Stoics* proclaimed the doctrine that the true end of life and the real happiness of man consist in the performance of duty and the pursuit of virtue.]

[3] *in endless Error hurl'd.*] To *hurl* signifies, not simply to *cast*, but to *cast backward and forward*, and is taken from the rural game called *hurling*. *Warburton.* [Scoticè: curling.]

[4] *Correct old Time,*] This alludes to Sir Isaac Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on those two sublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the position of the colures of the equinoxes and solstices at the time of the Argonautic expedition. *Warburton.*

[5] [*Eastern priests*, as e.g. the priests of the Sun-God Baal.]

[6] *Go, teach Eternal Wisdom &c.*] These two lines are a conclusion from all that had been said from v. 18. *Warburton.*

[7] *as we shew an Ape.*] Evidently borrowed from the following passage in the *Zodiac* of Palingenius, and not, as hath been suggested by Dr Hurd, from Plato. Pope was a reader and publisher [he published a selection in 1740, founded on an earlier anthology of 1684] of the modern poets of Italy who wrote in Latin. The words are—
'Simia Cœlicolum risusque jocusque Deorum est
Tunc Homo, cum temere ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita Naturæ scrutari arcanaque Divum.'
Warton. This is however an entirely different sense from that in which Pope has used the similitude: in the one case the superior beings *admire the wisdom*, in the other, they laugh at the folly. *Roscoe.*

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness[1];
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain[2],
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts[3];
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts[4] the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie[5]:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence[6].
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

[1] [i. e. what is done by Learning after a fashion intended to make a show or to save trouble. Learning's Luxury and Idleness both resort to that profuse abuse of words which Mephistopheles recommends to the Scholar in *Faust*.]

[2] ['*Tours de force*.']

[3] [i. e. expunge all this (the equipage of Pride), or lop the excrescent parts *which* have created arts (τέχναι) out of all our vices. The reference is obviously to such arts or sciences as gastronomy, which seek to gratify the carnal demands of human nature.]

[4] *acts*, for *actuates*. *Bowles*. [The verb is used in the same sense by South.]

[5] [A false concord: unless, which seems improbable, Pope originally wrote *Reasons* plur.]

[6] *Reason, the future and the consequence*.] *i.e.* By *experience* Reason collects the *future;* and by *argumentation*, the *consequence*. *Warburton*. From Bacon: 'The *Affections* carry even an appetite to good, as *Reason* doth. The difference is, that the Affection beholdeth *merely* the *present;* Reason beholdeth the *future* and *sum* of time.' *Bowles*.

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight [1],
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same [2].
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List [3] under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost [4];
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card [5], but Passion is the gale [6];
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

[1] *Let subtle schoolmen &c.*] From this description of Self-love and Reason it follows, as the poet observes (from v. 80 to 93), that both conspire to one end, namely, human happiness, though they be not equally expert in the choice of the means; the difference being this, that the first hastily seizes every thing which hath the appearance of good; the other weighs and examines whether it *be indeed* what it appears.

This shews, as he next observes, the folly of the schoolmen, who consider them as two opposite principles, the one good and the other evil. The observation is seasonable and judicious; for this dangerous school-opinion gives great support to the Manichean or Zoroastrian error, the confutation of which was one of the author's chief ends in writing. For if there be *two principles* in Man, a *good* and *bad*, it is natural to think him the joint product of the two Manichean deities (the first of which contributed to his *Reason*, the other to his *Passions*) rather than the creature of one Individual Cause. This was Plutarch's notion, and, as we may see in him, of the more ancient Manicheans. *Warburton.*

[2] After v. 86, in the MS.

'Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,
Of good and evil Reason puzzled Schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught —.' *Warburton.*

[3] [*List*, i.e. enlist or range themselves.]

[4] [Warton, in an admirable note, points out the injustice of 'the universal censure that has been passed upon the Stoics, as if they constantly and strenuously inculcated a total insensibility with respect to passion, to which these lines of Pope allude; when it is certain the Stoics meant only a freedom from strong perturbation, from irrational and excessive agitations of the soul; and no more.']

[5] [*The card*, i.e. the compass.] This passage is exactly copied from Fontenelle, tom. I. p. 109. *Warton.*

[6] After ver. 108, in the MS.

'A tedious Voyage! where how useless lies
The compass, if no pow'rful gusts arise?'
Warburton.

Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite[1]:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence once MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest[2].
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath[3],
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r[4];
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?

[1] After ver. 112, in the MS.
'The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.'
Warburton.

[2] [The theory that every man has one *master passion* which at length absorbs all the rest,] the poet illustrates at large in his epistle to Lord Cobham. Here (from v. 126 to 149) he gives us the cause of it. *Warburton.*

[3] *As Man, perhaps, &c.*] *Antipater Sidonius Poëta omnibus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo consumptus est satis longa senecta.* Plin. l. vii. N. H. This *Antipater* was in the times of Crassus, and is celebrated for the quickness of his Parts by Cicero [*de Orat.* III. 50]. *Warburton.*

[4] Warburton quotes in illustration the character of Cotta in the Epistle (III.) *of the use of Riches* (vv. 177 ff.).

Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.
Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one interest body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame[1].
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)

[1] After v. 194, in the MS.

'How oft, with Passion, Virtue points her Charms!
Then shines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.
Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none?
But Virtues opposite to make agree,
That, Reason! is thy task; and worthy Thee.
Hard task, cries Bibulus, and reason weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marquess! or a pique.
Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
A debt to reason, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong have mortals suffer'd more
B— for his Prince, or * * for his Whore?
Whose self-denials nature most controul?
His, who would save a Sixpence or his Soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin.
What, we resolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.'

The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine[1]:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind:
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he[2];
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N'S great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,

[1] [The famous heroes of the battle of Vesuvius, and the Curtian Gulf.]

[2] After v. 226, in the MS.
'The Col'nel swears the Agent is a dog,
The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
Against the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,
For whose ten pound the County twenty pays.
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
And dying, mourns small Villains hang'd by great.'

Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse[1].
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend[2],
And Pride bestow'd on all, a common friend;
See some fit Passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;

[1] *the poet in his Muse.*] The author having said, that no one would change his profession or views for those of another, intended to carry his observation still further, and shew that Men were unwilling to exchange their own acquirements even for those of the same kind, confessedly larger, and infinitely more eminent, in another. To this end he wrote,

'What partly pleases, totally will shock:
I question much, if *Toland* would be *Locke*:'

but wanting another proper instance of this truth when he published his last Edition of the Essay, he reserved the lines above for some following one. *Warburton.*

[2] [Warton quotes Gray's beautiful lines:

'Still where rosy Pleasure leads
See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view, &c.;

and the same thought is felicitously expanded in Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination* (Bk. II. 'Ask the faithful youth,' &c.).]

Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

I. *The whole Universe one system of Society*, v. 7, &c. *Nothing made wholly for* itself, *nor yet wholly for* another, v. 27. *The happiness of* Animals *mutual*, v. 49. II. Reason *or* Instinct *operate alike to the good of each Individual*, v. 79. Reason *or* Instinct *operate also to Society, in all animals*, v. 109. III. *How far* Society *carried by Instinct*, v. 115. *How much farther by Reason*, v. 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* State of Nature, v. 144. *Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of* Arts, v. 166, *and in the Forms of* Society, v. 176. V. *Origin of Political Societies*, v. 196. *Origin of Monarchy*, v. 207. *Patriarchal government*, v. 212. VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love*, v. 231, &c. *Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear*, v. 237, &c. *The Influence of Self-love operating to the* social *and* public *Good*, v. 266. *Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle*, v. 285. *Mixt Government*, v. 288. *Various Forms of each, and the true end of all*, v. 300, &c.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause[1]
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.
Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:

[1] In several Edit. 4to.—'Learn, Dulness, learn! "The Universal Cause," ' &c. *Warburton.*

All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul[1]
Connects each being, greatest with the least[2];
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose[3]:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole[4]:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?

[1] *One all-extending, all-preserving Soul*] Which, in the language of Sir Isaac Newton, is, *Deus omnipræsens est, non per virtutem solam, sed etiam per substantiam: nam virtus sine substantia subsistere non potest.* Newt. Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin. *Warburton.*

[2] *greatest with the least;*] As acting more strongly and immediately in beasts, whose instinct is plainly an external reason; which made an old school-man say, with great elegance, *Deus est anima brutorum. Warburton.* [Bowles cites Vergil's
'Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.'
Æn. VI. 726—7.]

[3] Taken from Peter Charron [the author of the book *de la Sagesse*, into which he admitted, with modifications, many thoughts from his friend Montaigne's famous *Essais*]. *Warton.*

After v. 46, in the former Editions,
'What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right;
But as to Man, mistook the matter quite.'
Warburton.

[4] [i.e. grant that man's intellect rules all creation.]

Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his Int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, 'till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain[1].
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being Heav'n, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end[2]:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain,
This too serves always, Reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,

[1] *Than favour'd Man &c.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven. P. The expression, 'by touch ethereal slain,' is from Milton. *Warton.* [*Samson Agonistes*, 549.]

[2] [This passage finely turns the common contrast between man and beast, which is drawn in Charron, *de la Sagesse*, Liv. i. chap. 8.]

Sure as Demoivre[1], without rule or line?
Who did the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness:
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest, and the love;
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.
IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The state of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade[2];

[1] [*Demoivre.* This famous mathematician was born at Vitry in Champagne in 1667. The allusion in the text is to his fame in trigonometry.]

[2] *Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;*] The poet still takes his imagery from Platonic ideas, for the reason given above. Plato

The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb[1];
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.
See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:
"Learn from the birds[2] what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beasts the physic of the field[3];
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail[4],
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here too all forms of social union find,
"And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind:
"Here subterranean works and cities see;
"There towns aerial on the waving tree.
"Learn each small People's genius, policies,
"The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
"How those in common all their wealth bestow,
"And Anarchy without confusion know;
"And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
"Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
"Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,

had said from old tradition, that, during the Golden age, and under the reign of Saturn, the primitive language then in use was common to man and beasts. Moral philosophers took this in the popular sense, and so invented those fables which give speech to the whole brute-creation. The naturalists understood the tradition to signify, that, in the first ages, Men used inarticulate sounds like beasts to express their wants and sensations; and that it was by slow degrees they came to the use of speech. This opinion was afterwards held by Lucretius, Diodorus Sic. and Gregory of Nyss. *Warburton.*

[1] [Thomson's diatribe in the *Seasons*, against the barbarous practice of eating animal food, will be remembered: as well as the circumstance that he draws the line at fish.]

[2] *Learn from the birds, &c.*] Taken, but finely improved, from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* [Bk. II.]. *Warton.*

[3] *Learn from the beasts, &c.*] See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* L. VIII. c. 27, where several instances are given of Animals discovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own use of them; and pointing out to some operations in the art of healing, by their own practice. *Warburton.*

[4] *Learn of the little Nautilus*] Oppian. *Halieut.* Lib. I. describes this fish in the following manner: "They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship: they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean." P.

"Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
"In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
"Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
"And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
"Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
"Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
"Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
"And, for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
"Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
V. Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY[1] (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.
VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great first father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light[2],
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure, trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
LOVE all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;

[1] *'Twas Virtue only, &c.*] Our author hath good authority for his account of the origin of kingship. Aristotle assures us of this truth, that it was Virtue only, or in arts or arms. [*Polit.* v. 10. 3.] *Warburton.*

[2] *Ere Wit oblique &c.*] A beautiful allusion to the effects of the prismatic glass on the rays of light. *Warburton.* ['For however men may amuse themselves, and admire, or almost adore the mind, it is certain that, like an irregular glass, it alters the rays of things by its figure and different intersections.' Bacon, *Inst. Magn.* There is a similar passage in the *Advancement of Learning*, Bk. II.]

For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
This was but love of God, and this of Man.
  Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith[1] of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law;
'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride,
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food[2];
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood[3];
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
  So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?

[1] *Th' enormous faith &c.*] In this Aristotle placeth the difference between a King and a Tyrant, that the first supposeth himself made for the People: the other, that the People are made for him. Pol. Lib. v. cap. 10. *Warburton.* [i.e. the unnatural doctrine that many are made for one—'the mania of the Cæsars,' as it has been finely called.]

[2] [*living*, i.e. animal. By employing the term *flamen*, Pope does not appear to refer specially to the priests and sacrifices of the Roman cultus, though among the latter it is certain that human sacrifices were up to a late period included.]

[3] Warton quotes from Milton [*Paradise Lost*, Bk. I. v. 392 foll.]:

'First Moloch, horrid king, *besmear'd with blood*
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,
Tho' for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard that pass'd thro' fire
To his *grim idol.*'

[The passage is parodied in the *Dunciad*, Bk. IV v. 142.]

His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God or friend of human-kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
The Faith and Moral Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
'Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd State[1].
Such is the World's great harmony, that springs
From Order, Union, full Consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right[2]:
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun[3];
So two consistent motions act[4] the Soul;
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

[1] 'Quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia.' Cicero, *de Republ.* *Warton.*

[2] ['His faith perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.'
Cowley, *on the Death of Mr Crashaw.*
Warton thinks that Cowley may have himself taken the hint from a Latin distich by Lord Herbert of Cherbury.]

[3] [*at once*, i.e. at one and the same time.]

[4] [*act*, See above, Ep. II. line 59.]

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to HAPPINESS.

I. *FALSE Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from* v. 19 *to* 77. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all,* v. 30. *God intends Happiness to be* equal; *and to be so, it must be* social, *since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by* general, *not* particular Laws, v. 37. *As it is necessary for* Order, *and the peace and welfare of* Society, *that* external goods *should be* unequal, *Happiness is not made to consist in these,* v. 51. *But, notwithstanding that inequality, the* balance *of Happiness among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of* Hope *and* Fear, v. 70. III. *What the Happiness of* Individuals *is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the* good Man *has here the advantage,* v. 77. *The error of imputing to* Virtue *what are only the calamities of* Nature, *or of* Fortune, v. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars,* v. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest,* v. 133, &c. VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue,* v. 165. *That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Instanced in* Riches, v. 183. Honours, v. 191. Nobility, v. 203. Greatness, v. 215. Fame, v. 235. Superior Talents, v. 257. &c. *With pictures of human Infelicity in Men possessed of them all,* v. 267, &c. VII. *That* Virtue only *constitutes a Happiness, whose object is* universal, *and whose prospect* eternal, v. 307, &c. *That the* perfection *of* Virtue *and* Happiness *consists in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* Resignation *to it here and hereafter,* v. 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim[1]!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, seen double[2], by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine[3],
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,

[1] *Oh Happiness! &c.*] in the MS. thus,
'Oh happiness! to which we all aspire,
Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
That ease, for which we labour and we die.'
Warburton. [The same editor points out how the lines afterwards substituted for these successfully imitate the classical mode of invoking a Deity by his several names and places of abode, as in the Homeric Hymns (or in several Odes of Horace). Eudaimonia, Harmonia, Hygieia, Paidia, Pandaisia and others were often represented by the Greeks as daughters, or as handmaids, of Aphrodite.]

[2] *O'erlook'd, seen double,*] *O'erlook'd* by those who place Happiness in any thing exclusive of Virtue; *seen double* by those who admit any thing else to have a share with Virtue in procuring Happiness; these being the two general mistakes that this epistle is employed in confuting. *Warburton.*

[3] [*shine*, a substantive; so used in Spenser *F. Q.* Bk. I. Canto x. st. 67; and in the Prayer-book Psalms, xcvii. 4: 'his lightnings gave shine into the world.']

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere[1],
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action[2], some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some sunk to Beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.
Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing Individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.
ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest[3],
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense[4].
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness:

[1] [*sincere*, i.e. pure, unalloyed.]

[2] *Some place the bliss in action,—Some sunk to Beasts, &c.*] 1. Those who place Happiness, or the *summum bonum*, in Pleasure, such as the Cyrenaic sect. 2. Those who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmness of Mind, such as the Democritic sect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was *the measure of all things;* for that all things which appear to him *are*, and those things which appear not to any Man *are not;* so that every imagination or opinion of every man was true. 6. The Sceptic. *Warburton.*

[3] Warton aptly refers to passages distinguishing between the true and false doctrines of Equality in Montesquieu (*Esprit des Lois*, VIII. 3) and Voltaire (*Esprit des Nations*, c. 67).

[4] After v. 52, in the MS.
'Say not, "Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,
"And for one Monarch makes a thousand slaves."
You'll find, when Causes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.'

But mutual wants this Happiness increase;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear:
Nor present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies[1]?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence[2].
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good[3].
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe[4]!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the Good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND[5] dies, the virtuous and the just[5]!

[1] [Alluding to the Titans' attempt to scale Olympus.]

[2] [The πλουθυγιεία of Aristophanes.]

[3] After v. 92, in the MS.

'Let sober Moralists correct their speech,
No bad man's happy: he is great or rich.'
Warburton.

[4] [i.e. that Bliss accompanies Vice, and Woe Virtue.]

[5] [Lucius Cary Lord Falkland, who after taking part in the opposition against the oppressive measures of Charles I. and the policy of Strafford, seceded with Hyde and others from the popular party at the time of the Grand Remonstrance,

See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust[1]!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife[2]!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY[3]! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marseille's good bishop purer breath[4],
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death[5]?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me[6]?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial Ill is universal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all[7].
We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna[8], if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,

was appointed Secretary of State and fell, fighting under the Royal Standard, in the battle of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643. It is of him that Clarendon, in one of the most eloquent passages of his History, speaks as of that 'incomparable young man who in the brief span of life allotted to him' (for he fell in his 34th year) 'had so much dispatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not the world with more innocence.' Waller, the most fastidious of English poets, would have gladly welcomed Falkland among their sacred order:

'Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy which so early kissed
Thy youthful temples), with what horror we
Think of the blind events of war and thee!']

[1] [Henry, Vicomte de Turenne, Marshal of France, after commanding the French armies in the latter part of the Thirty Years' War, raised his military fame to the highest pitch, without preserving it intact from the blot of barbarous conduct, in the Alsatian and Palatinate campaigns developed out of the peace of Westphalia. He was struck dead by a cannon-ball at Salzbach in Baden in 1675; and was buried among the Kings of France at St Denis.]

[2] [Sir Philip Sidney, the author of the *Arcadia*, who was wounded to the death in the glorious but useless cavalry charge at Zutphen in 1586.]

[3] [The Hon. Robert Digby, third son of Lord Digby, who died in 1724. See *Epitaph* VII. and Note.]

[4] *Marseille's good bishop.*] M. de Belsance was made bishop of Marseilles in 1709. In the plague of that city, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his zeal and activity, being the pastor, the physician, and the magistrate of his flock, whilst that horrid calamity prevailed. [After receiving extraordinary distinctions in recognition of his services both from the Pope and King Louis XV.] He died in the year 1755. *Warton.*

['I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the Prelates in both kingdoms, or any Prelates in Europe except the Bishop of Marseilles.' Swift to Pope, May 12, 1735.]

[5] [Warton refers to Dryden's *Miscellanies*, v. 6.]

[6] The mother of the author, a person of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finished, viz. 1733. *Warburton.* [For Pope's relations to his mother, see *Introductory Memoir.*]

[7] After v. 116, in the MS.

'Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
The real source is not in God, but man.'
Warburton.

[8] *Shall burning Ætna, &c.*] Alluding to the fate of those two great Naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to Ætna and Vesuvius, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions. *Warburton.*

Oh blameless Bethel[1]! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall[2]?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the Just then let it be:
But first consider how those Just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day[3]?
"But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?"
Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,

[1] Pope seems to hint at this passage in a letter written to Mr Bethel, soon after the death of his mother: 'I have now too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my *Essay on Man*. There will be in it but one line that will offend you (I fear), and yet I will not alter it or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent it. It is all a poor Poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach.' *Ruffhead*. [Mr Hugh Bethell, a Yorkshire gentleman and one of Pope's intimate friends, to whom the *Imitation of the Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace* is addressed. See note to this *Imit.*]

[2] Eusebius is weak enough to relate, from the testimonies of Irenæus and Polycarp, that the roof of the building under which Cerinthus the heretic was bathing, providentially fell down and crushed him to death. Lib. III. cap. 29. *Warton*. [For Pope's own sketch of the character of Chartres, see his note to *Moral Essays*, III. 20.]

[3] [Sueton. *Titus*, c. 8.]

The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a Conq'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes[1],
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian[2], in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The Virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust,
Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella[3].
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings[4].
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece[5]:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;

[1] [*The Boy and Man*, i.e. the conjunction of boy and man; hence the verb is properly in the singular.]

[2] *Go, like the Indian, &c.*] Alluding to the example of the Indian in Epist. I. v. 99. *Warburton.*

[3] [*prunella*; because clergymen's gowns were often made of this kind of stuff.]

[4] [*That* is here the demonstrative.]

[5] These two lines are taken from Boileau (*Sat.* v. vv. 85—6). *Warton.* [Hence the French pronunciation of the name *Lucrece.*]

Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.
Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede[1];
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the Politic and Wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius[2] let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates[3], that Man is great indeed.
What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living[4], as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod[5];

[1] [It is of course only a shallow misconception of a great historical character which can view Alexander the Great as a madman, or (see *ante*, Ep. I. v. 160) as the scourge of mankind. He was 'great,' says Thirlwall, 'not merely in the vast compass, and the persevering ardour, of his ambition: nor in the qualities by which he was enabled to gratify it, and to crowd so many memorable actions within so short a period: but in the course which his ambition took, in the collateral aims which ennobled and purified it, so that it almost grew into one with the highest of which man is capable, the desire of knowledge, and the love of good. In a word, great as one of the benefactors of his kind.' Warton justly observes that 'Charles XII. deserved not to be joined with him: Charles XII. tore out the leaf in which Boileau had censured Alexander.' Charles XII. was with admirable tact substituted by Johnson in his *Vanity of Human Wishes* for Juvenal's Hannibal to 'point the moral' of the vanity of ambition. Voltaire's *Histoire de Charles XII.* had appeared in 1730.]

[2] [Marcus Aurelius Antoninus reigned from 161 to 180 A.D. Whatever may have been the errors of judgment into which he was led by the 'unsuspecting goodness of his heart' (Gibbon), his character remains one of the purest and noblest in the history of the Empire of which he witnessed the first Decline. A comparison, says Merivale, 'might be drawn with unusual precision between the wise, the virtuous, the much-suffering Aurelius, and our own great and good King Alfred.']

[3] Considering the manner in which Socrates was put to death, the word 'bleed' seems to be improperly used. *Warton.*

[4] [Prince Eugene of Savoy, the commander of the Imperial armies in the war of the Spanish Succession, and the joint hero with Marlborough of Blenheim and Malplaquet.]

[5] [i.e. a mere scourge, as was said of Attila.]

An honest Man's the noblest work of God[1].
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels[2],
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In Parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call[3],
Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra[4], or Sir Billy:
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife[5]:

[1] [*noble*, for *noblest*, in Warburton's edition, is obviously a misprint. Mr Darley, in his Introduction to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, points out that Fletcher, in his poem of *An Honest Man's Fortune*, gave the same criterion of human perfection:

'Man is his own star; and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.'

'If,' adds Mr Darley, 'Pope stole this aphorism, he should have improved it, for it is false, and degrading to man, derogatory to God. An honest man is no more the noblest work of God than an honest *book* is the noblest of a writer; an honest *able* book is nobler than a dull book be it ever so honest...Fletcher came nearer the truth elsewhere (in the *Triumph of Love*, Sc. 2): "An honest *able* man's a prince's mate."']

[2] [M. Marcellus, one of the most determined opponents of Julius Cæsar, had fled to Mitylene after the battle of Pharsalus; and as he dared not himself solicit pardon, it was asked of the Dictator by his friends, Cicero making in his behalf an oration conceived in a very different spirit from that which Pope attributes to the orator's client. Its genuineness has however been doubted. Marcellus was assassinated at Athens on his way home.] By Marcellus, Pope was said to mean the Duke of Ormond. *Warton.* [The Duke of Ormond, as commander of the English forces in Flanders, refused to act on the offensive against the enemy with Prince Eugene, and drew off with 20,000 men from the allied army. In 1715 he disappointed the hopes of the Jacobites by his precipitate flight to France; was attainted; and after Bolingbroke's dismissal became Secretary of State to the Pretender, whose cause his rash counsels helped finally to ruin.]

[3] [*call*, i. e. demand. So again, *infra*, v. 285.]

[4] [*Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy*, see *Ep. to Arbuthnot*, v. 280 and Note.]

[5] [The name *Gripus* translates that of *Harpagon*, the hero of Molière's *Avare*. Gripe is a character in Vanbrugh's *Confederacy*, whose wife spends his money.]

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind[1]:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name[2],
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of Happiness complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose[3];
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces[4].
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife.
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall[5] to ill;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain[6]:

[1] That part of Macaulay's brilliant essay on Bacon, which may be described as a paraphrase of the above famous line, has been criticised by many writers, by none more keenly than by Kuno Fischer, (whose book has been translated into English by Mr Oxenford) with the object of showing the fallacy involved in the antithesis.]

[2] From Cowley, in his imitation of Virgil; 'Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name.' *Warton.*

[3] [The city of Venice was built in 809 on the island of the Rialto, in the midst of the marshes called *Lagune*, where the inhabitants of the great cities of Venetia had taken refuge from the Huns three centuries and a half before that date.]

[4] In the MSS. it was thus:
—'or sunk in years,
Lost in unmeaning, unrepenting tears.'
Meaning the great Duke of Marlborough, who sunk in the latter part of his life into a state of perfect childhood and dotage. *Warton.* [The personal allusion is clear from the references to the 'wealth ill-fated' and the 'imperious wife.' See note to *Moral Essays*, Ep. II. v. 115. This passage probably contains the gist of the character of the Duke of Marlborough suppressed by Pope. As to the cause of this suppression see *Introductory Memoir.*]

[5] [*without the fall*, i.e. without inclining.]

[6] After v. 316. in the MS.
'Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
And checquers all the good Man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raise his base on that one solid joy,
Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.' *Warburton.*

Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since be to wish more Virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God[1];
Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul[2];
'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: but human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

[1] Verbatim from Bolingbroke's Letters to Pope. *Warton.*

[2] [Warburton compares Plato *de Republ.* I. c. 5, in which a beautiful passage is quoted from Pindar (*Fragm.* 130; and Euripides, *Herc. Fur.* vv. 105—6. The sublimation of Hope into Faith, of which Pope speaks, constitutes the climax of Campbell's noble poem.]

The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads[1];
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW[2].

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER[3].

DEO OPT. MAX.

[THE Universal Prayer, put forth in 1738, may be fairly ascribed to Pope's desire to avail himself of the Commentary of Warburton, which had been designed to show that the system developed in the *Essay on Man* recognises freewill and does *not* logically tend to the establishment of fatalism. It can hardly be called a

[1] Pope took the simile of the Lake from Chaucer, whose *House of Fame* he had imitated. (Book II. vv. 280 ff.) *Bowles.*

[2] *That Virtue only, &c.*] In the MS. thus,

'That just to find a God is all we can
And all the Study of Mankind is Man.'
Warburton.

[3] *Universal Prayer.*] Concerning this poem,

Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, which it only follows at the commencement, and in the last four stanzas. Warton states that the prayer was by 'many orthodox persons' called the Deist's Prayer, and that on account of translating it a French advocate, Le Franc de Pompignan, incurred a reprimand from the Chancellor Aguesseau.]

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will[1].

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness led me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'ned by thy Breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
And let Thy Will be done.

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar Earth, Sea, Skies,
One Chorus let all Being raise,
All Nature's Incense rise!

it may be proper to observe, that some passages, in the preceding *Essay*, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturalism*, the author composed this Prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in *free-will*, and terminated in piety; That the First Cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the Universe as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great Principle inforced throughout the *Essay*) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along with a blind determination; but a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of *Hope* and Immortality. To give all this the greater weight and reality, the poet chose for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to this Paraphrase. *Warburton.*

[1] Originally Pope had written another stanza, immediately after this:

'Can sins of moments claim the rod
Of everlasting fires?
And that offend great Nature's God
Which Nature's self inspires'?
Warton.

[This 'licentious stanza' was, according to Mrs Piozzi, discovered by a curious clergyman (whose name seems to have been Dr Lort); and the idea was traced by Johnson to Guarini's *Pastor Fido.*]

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassis onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò.—HOR. [*Sat.* I. x. 17—22.]

EPISTLE I.

To SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM[1].

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books *will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own* Experience *singly*, v. 1. *General maxims, unless they be formed upon* both, *will be but notional*, v. 10. *Some Peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself*, v. 15. *Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties*, &c. v. 31. *The shortness of Life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the* Principles of action *in men, to observe by*, v. 37, &c. *Our* own *Principle of action often hid from ourselves*, v. 41. *Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent*, v. 51. *The same man utterly different in different places and seasons*, v. 71. *Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest*, v. 70, &c. *Nothing constant and certain but* God *and* Nature, v. 95. *No judging of the* Motives *from the actions*; *the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions*, v. 100. II. *Yet to form* Characters, *we can only take the* strongest actions *of a man's life, and try to make them* agree: *The utter uncertainty of this, from* Nature *itself, and from* Policy, v. 120. Characters *given according to the* rank *of men of the world*, v. 135. *And some reason for it*, v. 140.

[1] [Sir Richard Temple, created Viscount Cobham by George I. in 1718, and made a Field Marshal in 1742, was on intimate terms with Pope during the latter part of the Poet's life. Pope speaks, in his last letter to Swift, of 'generally rambling in the summer for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere.' (The beauties of Lord Cobham's seat at Stowe are enthusiastically described in the 4th of these Epistles, v. 70 and foll.) Lord Cobham, writing to Pope from Stowe Nov. 1, 1733, gracefully says that 'though he has not modesty enough to be pleased with the extraordinary compliment paid him, he has wit enough to know how little he deserves it;' and after declaring the Epistle to be 'the clearest and cleanest of all' Pope has written, recommends a judicious alteration of a passage which might have militated against the applicability of one of these epithets.]

Education *alters the* Nature, *or at least* Character *of many*, v. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, *or* Principles *all subject to change. No judging by* Nature, *from* v. 158 to 178. III. *It only remains to find* (*if we can*) *his* RULING PASSION: *That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions*, v. 175. *Instanced in the extraordinary character of* Clodio, v. 179. *A caution against mistaking* second qualities *for* first, *which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind*, v. 210. *Examples of the strength of the* Ruling Passion, *and its continuation to the last breath*, v. 222, &c.

YES, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave[1],
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read as well as Books, too much[2].
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake;
To written Wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, those from Guess.
There's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss.
That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less:
Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
And all Opinion's colours cast on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason tho' you can,
It may be Reason, but it is not Man:
His Principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the object seen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

[1] *The coxcomb bird, &c.*] A fine turn'd allusion to what Philostratus said of Euxenus, the Tutor of Apollonius, that he could only repeat some sentences of Pythagoras, like those *coxcomb birds*, who were taught their εὖ πράττε and their Ζεὺς ἵλεως, but knew not what they signified. *Warburton.*

[2] 'Say what they will of the great Book of the World, we must read others to know how to read that.' Mad. de Sévigné to M. Rabutin. *Warton.* [Warburton thinks that the passage in the text covertly refers to the *Maxims* of Rochefoucault.]

Nor will Life's stream for Observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the Passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought,)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none;
(So Darkness strikes the sense no less than Light)
Thus gracious CHANDOS[1] is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves[2],
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays[3],
All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen[4],
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen[5].
But these plain Characters we rarely find;
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectations quite reverse the soul.
The Dull, flat Falsehood serves for policy;
And in the Cunning, Truth itself 's a lie:
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wise;
The Fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;

[1] [James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos, for whose splendid hospitality and supposed personal munificence to Pope the latter was accused of having made a base return by satirising the decorations and furniture of the Duke's house at Canons in the Epistle *on Taste*, subsequently entitled *of False Taste*, and finally incorporated with the Moral Essays as the fourth of the series, under the same title as the third, *of the Use of Riches*. See Ep. IV. lines 97 and foll. Pope denied the pecuniary obligation, and defended himself against the charge of his having alluded to the Duke's house. The Duke accepted the explanation; and the line in the text is due to Pope's recognition of the urbanity displayed by his noble acquaintance. See also Pope's note to *Ep.* III. on p. 220. B. was Paymaster of the Forces under Godolphin; and when, in 1711, the public accounts of the latter were examined by Harley's friends and 35 millions found not passed, about 14 of these belonged to the Paymaster's department. He was successfully defended by St John.]

[2] [Manly is the hero of Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, a coarse caricature of the *Misanthrope* of Molière. The play and character were so popular, that the author himself was commonly known by the flattering title of Manly Wycherley.]

[3] [Umbra is Bubb Doddington. See *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, v. 280.]

[4] [Supposed to refer to Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., who was also the subject of Swift's irony.]

[5] Closely copied from Boileau:
'Un esprit né plait par son chagrin même.'
It is a compliment to Swift. *Warton.*

Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Catius[1] is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then, prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without.
Who would not praise Patritio's high desert[2],
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all Int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Piquet,
New-market-fame, and judgment at a Bet[3].
What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron[4]!)
Otho a warrior[5], Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere[6],
A godless Regent tremble at a Star[7]?
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit[8],
Faithless thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool[9]?
Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same:
In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game,
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the Sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! If Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To ease the Soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:

[1] Charles Darlineuf. *Carruthers.* [See *Imitations of Horace*, Bk. II. Ep. II. v. 87, note.]

[2] Lord G—n. *Warburton.* [Lord Godolphin, appointed Lord Treasurer at the accession of Queen Anne, a Whig and the patron of Addison. 'Most of the time which he could save from public business was spent in racing, card-playing, and cock-fighting.' *Macaulay.*]

[3] After v. 86 in the former Editions,

'Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now save a People, and now save a groat.'

[Alluding to the Duke of Marlborough.]

[4] [See note to *Essay on Man*, Ep. III. v. 46, p. 209.]

[5] [The Roman Emperor Otho, the effeminate associate of Nero's debauches, for a time displayed a manful spirit against Vitellius.]

[6] *A perjur'd Prince*] Louis XI. of France, wore in his Hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath. P.

[7] *A godless Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV., superstitious in judicial astrology, tho' an unbeliever in all religion. *Warburton.*

[8] *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for Religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the Crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death. P.

[9] [The reference appears to be to the succession of Czarinas in Russia, and to the protracted reign of Louis XIV., and the minority of his successor, in France. If her wisest monarch signify Louis XIV., the agent who subjected him to the process referred to might possibly be Mme. de Maintenon; but it is impossible to find chapter and verse for such vague allusions as those in the text.]

The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field[1].
Not always Actions shew the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies.

But grant that Actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them Policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk[2]?
Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.
'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape[3] is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is just, a Chanc'llor juster still;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a Minister; but, if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'rything[4].
Court-virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same Sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the Rose, and in the Di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.

[1] [The complexion of Charles V. has been attributed by modern historians to an imperfect and over-tried digestion; but he was certainly 'impelled to the field' more frequently than his son Philip II.]

[2] [Cleopatra. It need hardly be added that this view of Cæsar's conduct in Egypt is fallacious.]

[3] [i.e. in the gown of an ordinary clergyman.]

[4] [The merits of great and small are judged in the inverse ratio of that applied to their foibles, according to the familiar passage in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. 2: 'What in the captain's,' &c.]

Boastful and rough, your first Son is a Squire;
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? sly: A Presbyterian? sour:
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's Opinions: Scoto[1] now shall tell
How Trade increases, and the World goes well;
Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit he has lately found:
Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides:
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

Search then the RULING PASSION[2]: there, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest[3].
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
Women and Fools must like him or he dies;
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He 'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too[4].
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores[5];
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.

[1] In the first edition: 'J—n now shall tell;' meaning perhaps Johnston, the Scottish Secretary... a neighbour of Pope's at Twickenham. *Carruthers.*

[2] *Search then the Ruling Passion:*] See Essay on Man, Ep. II. v. 133. & seq. *Warburton.*

[3] [Philip Duke of Wharton, the notorious son of an only less notorious father (Addison's patron), after a life of mad dissipation and adventure, died in the year 1731 in a Spanish convent in the habit of the monks who had given him a last refuge. His career is described in Vol. II. of Lord Stanhope's *Hist. of Engl.*]

[4] John Wilmot, E. of Rochester, famous for his Wit and Extravagancies in the time of Charles the Second. P. [See note p. 181.]

[5] *With the same* spirit] *Spirit*, for principle, not passion. *Warburton.*

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt:
His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant Bounty which no friend has made;
An angel Tongue, which no man can persuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool[1].
Nature well known, no prodigies remain[2],
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame[3] a whore;
In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity at praise[4].
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm[5].
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one Passion man can strength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesb'row[6] dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,

[1] [Goethe makes Werther as the supposed author of the *Letters from Switzerland* express a similar idea: 'one would always rather appear vicious than ridiculous to anyone else.]

[2] In the former Editions, v. 208,
'Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.'
Alter'd as above, for very obvious reasons.
Warburton.

[3] [Servilia, the sister of Cato and the mother of Brutus. According to Sueton. *Julius*, c. 51.]

[4] [Alluding to the famous story of Scipio the elder and Sophonisba.]

[5] [L. Licinius Lucullus, who after his Eastern campaigns introduced many luxuries into Roman life.]

[6] *Lanesb'row.*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by *Dancing*. P. [Viscount Lanesborough died at Dublin in 1736. He is often alluded to as the dancing peer in Irish pasquinades of the day. *Carruthers.*]

Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo [1], was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!"
"Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl [2]."
The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still tries to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires [3].
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke) [4]
"No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red [5]."
The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"
"I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
"Your money, Sir;" "My money, Sir, what all?
"Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
"The Manor, Sir?"—"The Manor! hold," he cry'd,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and died.
And you! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"Oh, save my Country, Heav'n!" shall be your last [6].

[1] [A Latin word signifying a glutton.]

[2] [Warton traces this story to Athenæus, Bk. VIII., where it is told of the poet Philoxenus; but thinks Pope derived it from La Fontaine.]

[3] A fact told him by Lady Bolingbroke, of an old Countess at Paris. *Warburton.* [It is rather an odd circumstance that, although the professed subject of this Epistle is 'the Characters of *Men*,' Pope has taken two of the examples to illustrate his theory from *Women*, the 'frugal crone' and 'poor Narcissa,' and yet he says, in the next Epistle, on Women.

'In Men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In Women, *two* almost divide the kind,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.'

Neither of these Passions belonged to the Women, whose examples he has introduced to illustrate the Character and Ruling Passion of Men.
Bowles.]

[4] *—the last words that poor Narcissa spoke*)] This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, tho' the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath. P. [According to Warton the actress in question was the famous Mrs Oldfield, and Betty, her friend and confidante, Mrs Saunders.]

[5] [No reader of Dickens will fail to remember the last words of Cleopatra in *Dombey and Son*, just as the next illustration but one will remind many of Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*. Euclio's very words are said by Warton to have been used by Sir William Bateman on his deathbed. But Wakefield states Euclio to have been designed for Sir Charles Duncombe of Helmsley; which is probable from *Imit. of Horace*, Sat. II. v. 183.]

[6] [Whatever were the precise last words of William Pitt, this was the spirit which dictated them. Compare the *Epitaph* (XIII.) *on Atterbury*.]

EPISTLE II.[1]

To a LADY[2].

Of the Characters of WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess[3], here, in ermin'd pride,
Is, there, Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
Let then the Fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair, and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine[4],
With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Choose a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute[5].
Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park[6],
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,

[1] [Of this Epistle, which was published in 1735, parts had been long before written and even printed. As originally published, it wanted the portraits of Philomede, Chloe and Atossa. According to Warburton's statement, Pope communicated the character of Atossa to the Duchess of Marlborough as intended for the Duchess of Buckingham; according to Walpole he repeated the experiment vice versa. Immediately on the death of Pope, the Duchess of Marlborough applied to one of his executors, Lord Marchmont, with the view of ascertaining whether the poet had left behind him any satire on the Duke or himself. Marchmont consulted Bolingbroke; and it was found that in the edition of the *Moral Essays* prepared for the press by Pope just before his death, and printed off ready for publication, the character of Atossa was inserted. If Lord Marchmont made the statement attributed to him by the editor of his papers (Rose), Pope had received from the Duchess £1000, the acceptance of which implied forbearance towards the house of Marlborough. If this be so, it is probable that the motive which prompted Pope to the acceptance of this 'favour' was the desire to settle Martha Blount in independent circumstances for life. See the account of this transaction in Carruthers' *Life of Pope*, pp. 392—6. On the general subject of the Epistle, compare the 6th Satire of Juvenal, the 10th Satire of Boileau, and Young's two Satires *On Women*.]

[2] [Generally supposed to be Martha Blount, concerning whom see *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxx.]

[3] [The *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney was inscribed to his sister, the Countess of Pembroke.]

[4] *Arcadia's Countess,—Pastora by a fountain—Leda with a swan—Magdalen—Cecilia*--] Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all. The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that, where, as in the *Characters of Men* he has sometimes made use of real names, in the *Characters of Women* always fictitious. P. [The reader must remember the portraits by Kneller and his contemporaries to appreciate the aptness of the illustration.]

[5] *Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.*] Alluding to the precept of Fresnoy:

'formæ veneres captando fugaces.'
Warburton.

[6] Instances of contrarieties, given even from such Characters as are most strongly mark'd and seemingly therefore most consistent; as I.: In the *Affected*, v. 21, and P.

Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke[1],
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock[2];
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Masque:
So morning Insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend[3];
The Frail one's advocate, the Weak one's friend:
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark[3],
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"
Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show;
'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take[4],
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd[5],
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her Eyes,
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's[6] nature, tolerably mild[7],
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?

[1] [Warburton compares the first stanza of Pope's first *Imitation of Dorset*. See p. 183. The person referred to is supposed to be Queen Caroline; but this seems unlikely, as the Queen appears v. 181.]

[2] [*Sappho* is Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, as to whose relations with Pope see *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxxi, where the different passages in which she is attacked by him are enumerated. He had first addressed her as Sappho in some panegyrical lines written in 1722, and afterwards transferred to Martha Blount. Lady Mary Pierrepoint was born at Thoresby in Notts. about 1690; in 1712 married Edward Wortley Montagu, whom she accompanied to Constantinople on his appointment to that embassy in 1716. Shortly after her return in 1718 she fixed her summer residence at Twickenham. In the year 1739 declining health determined her to quit England for Italy and the South of France, where she remained till shortly before her death in 1762. Her letters from Constantinople were first published in the following year.]

[3] II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natur'd*. P.

[4] [Alluding to the 'beauty-spots' or '*mouches*' then in fashion.]

[5] III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*. P.

[6] I have been informed, on good authority, that this character was designed for the then Duchess of Hamilton. *Warton*. [These lines were originally published, in a somewhat different form, under the title of *Sylvia, a Fragment*, in the *Miscellanies* of 1727.]

[7] IV. In the *Whimsical*. P.

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs[1],
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres[2]:
Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns;
And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
See Sin in State, majestically drunk[3];
Proud as a Peeress, prouder as a Punk;
Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy[4], Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
The Nose of Hautgout, and the Tip of Taste,
Critic'd your wine, and analys'd your meat,
Yet on plain Pudding deign'd at home to eat;
So Philomedé[5], lect'ring all mankind
On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,
Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to Pray[6];
To Toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's[7] bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
Wise Wretch! with Pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much Quickness ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought:
You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.
Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Ass so meek, no Ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,

[1] [Jeremy Taylor's devotional works and Fox's Book of Martyrs.]

[2] [For Chartres see Pope's note to Ep. III. v. 20.]

[3] V. In the *Lewd* and *Vicious*. P.

[4] [According to Carruthers, a character in the *Jovial Crew*. But I cannot find the character in that brutal farce.]

[5] Design'd for the Duchess of Marlborough who so much admired Congreve. *Warton*. [Not the famous Duchess Sarah, but her daughter Henrietta, who was Duchess of Marlborough in her own right, and married the Earl of Godolphin.]

[6] VI. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refin'd*. P.

[7] [The Fair Rosamond of Henry II. In Addison's Opera of *Rosamond* the heroïne demands 'the deadly bowl' instead of the dagger offered by Queen Elinor.]

Because she's honest, and the best of Friends.
Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share,
For ever in a Passion, or a Pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)[1]
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie[2] and Tears,
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill those foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind[3]?
Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again[4].
Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No Passion gratify'd except her Rage.
So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,
The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her Hate than Gratitude:
To that each Passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curse!
But an Inferior not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:

[1] The Duchess of Montagu. *Warton.* [She was an intimate friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's, who speaks of her 'tender esteem' for the Duchess.]

[A kind of *liqueur*.]

[3] [The Duchess of Marlborough. See note on p. 236. Her maiden name was Sarah Jennings; and Colonel Churchill was her third husband. As Lady Churchill she acquired an irresistible influence over the Princess Anne, to whom she was appointed First Lady of the Bedchamber, and with whom for twenty years she carried on a correspondence under the loving pseudonym of Mrs Freeman. It was through her that Churchill rose to power and place and became Earl of Marlborough. After Queen Anne's accession the influence of Marlborough (created Duke in 1702) became for a time absolute; and was imperiously maintained at home by his Duchess while he was gaining laurels abroad. It was at last successfully undermined by Harley and his instrument Abigail Hill, a relative of the Duchess and bedchamber-woman to the Queen; and in 1712, Marlborough was dismissed from all his employments. The Duchess survived his death (in 1722) for 22 years; and in her *Vindications* of his conduct and her own has left materials for modifying some at least among the extravagant charges brought against both. With Pope's caustic references to every doubtful point in her career and character should be compared the equally unmerciful prose attacks of Swift in the *Examiner*, Nos. 16, 19, 49, &c. It may be added that the name of Atossa, the ambitious daughter of Cyrus and mother of Xerxes, is admirably chosen.]

[4] After v. 122, in the MS.

'Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.'
Warburton.

But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust
And Temple rise—then fall again to dust[1].
Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one distress
Sick of herself thro' very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir[2].
To Heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor[3].
Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal Colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe[4] sure was form'd without a spot"—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a Heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair[5].
Forbid it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your Secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

[1] This alludes to a temple she erected with a bust of Queen Anne in it, which mouldered away in a few years. *Wilkes.*

[2] After v. 148, in the MS.

'This Death decides, nor lets the blessing fall
On any one she hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part should wander to the poor.'
Warburton.

[3] [Pitt (the elder) was then one of the poor; and to him Heaven directed a portion of the wealth of the haughty Dowager. *Macaulay.*]

[4] Lady Suffolk. *Warton.* [This great lady, whose friendship was courted by Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot and Gay, is described by Lord Stanhope as 'placid, good-natured, and kind-hearted, but very deaf, and not remarkable for wit.' She was the mistress of George II.]

[5] [*Mohair*, a stuff made of camel's or other uncommon hair.]

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen:*
THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all
With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the Naked is your true delight.
That robe of Quality so struts and swells,
None see what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If QUEENSBURY[1] to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen,
From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met[2], or plain Parson Hale[3].
But grant, in Public Men sometimes are shown[4],
A Woman's seen in Private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice[5].
In Men, we various Ruling Passions find[6];
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught[7]
Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to loose the first.
Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take;

[1] [The Duchess of Queensbury, the correspondent of Swift and the untiring patroness of Gay. Her commanding position as a leader of fashion is illustrated by an amusing anecdote of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's, who speaks of the Duchess at the head of a tribe of dames insisting upon admission to the House of Lords on an occasion when for want of room ladies had been excluded from the Chamber.]

[2] *Mah'met*, servant to the late King [George I.], said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the Siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person. P.

[3] Dr *Stephen Hale*, not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural philosopher, than for his exemplary Life and Pastoral Charity as a Parish Priest. P.

[4] *But grant, in Public, &c.*] In the former Editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of Connexion might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain *Examples* and *Illustrations* to the Maxims laid down; and tho' some of these have since been found, viz. the Characters of *Philomedé, Atossa, Chloe*, and some verses following, others are still wanting, nor can we answer that these are exactly inserted.

[5] *That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.*] For Women are taught Virtue so artificially, and Vice so naturally, that, in the nice exercise of them, they may be easily mistaken for one another. *Scriblerus.*

[6] The former part having shewn, that the *particular Characters* of Women are more various than those of Men, it is nevertheless observed, that the *general* Characteristic of the sex, as to the *ruling Passion*, is more uniform. P.

[7] This is occasioned partly by their *Nature*, partly their *Education*, and in some degree by *Necessity*. P.

But every Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens[1]!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a science to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die[2].
Pleasures the sex, as children Birds, pursue[3],
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths[4], less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable Night;
Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their Honour died.
See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot[5]!
Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain design[6];
To raise the Thought, and touch the Heart be thine!
That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring[7],
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines[8].
Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;

[1] What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this Sex?—I. As to *Power*. P.

[2] Copied from Young, Satire V. *Warton.*

[3] II. As to *Pleasure*. P.

[4] [The Hags' or Witches' Sabbath is properly the Walpurgis-night, preceding May-day.]

[5] [For the history of these lines see note to lines *To Martha Blount on her birthday* in the *Miscellaneous Poems.*]

[6] Advice for their true Interest. P.

[7] [The fashionable promenade in the Park, made in the reign of Charles I. and partially destroyed at the time of the formation of the Serpentine by order of Queen Caroline.]

[8] [These four lines were originally addressed to Miss Judith Cowper, preceded by this triplet; 'Though sprightly Sappho force our love and praise,
A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys:
The mild Erinna blushing in her bays.']
See Carruthers' *Life*.

She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She, who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille[1]:
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall[2].
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a Contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
Your love of Pleasure, or desire of Rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your Taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You[3].
Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' simple Pray'r;
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your sex a Tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it[4],
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

[1] [*Codille*: cf. *Rape of the Lock*, Canto III. v. 92.]

[2] Addison has touched this subject with his usual exquisite humour in the *Lover*, No 10, quoting Epictetus, to comfort a Lady that labours under this heavy calamity. *Warton.*

[3] [Warton compares Swift's:

'Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy composition—Floyd.']

[4] [Yet it was for Martha Blount, to whom these compliments are addressed, that Pope seems to have taken the dross of the Duchess of Marlborough. V. *ante*.]

EPISTLE III.[1]

To Allen Lord Bathurst[2].

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of Riches.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice *or* Profusion, v. 1, &c. *The point discuss'd, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind,* v. 21 to 77. *That Riches, either to the* Avaricious *or the* Prodigal, *cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessaries,* v. 89—160. *That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose,* v. 113, &c. 152. *Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men,* v. 121 to 153. *That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the* Order of Providence, *which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions,* v. 161 to 178. *How a* Miser *acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable,* v. 179. *How a* Prodigal *does the same,* v. 199. *The due Medium, and true use of Riches,* v. 219. *The* Man *of* Ross, v. 250. *The fate of the* Profuse *and the* Covetous, *in two examples; both miserable in Life and in Death,* v. 300, &c. *The Story of Sir* Balaam, v. 339 to the end.

P. WHO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus[3] giv'n
That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;
And Gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of Men,
To squander These, and Those to hide again.
Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.

[1] This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our Author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous: and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones." P.

[2] [Allen Apsley Lord Bathurst, a Tory peer, was one of the most intimate of Pope's friends and associates. 'He united,' says Carruthers, 'a sort of French vivacity' ['Bathurst impetuous, whom you and I strive who shall love the most,' is the mention of him in Gay's catalogue of Pope's friends] 'to English principles, and mingled freely in society till past ninety, living to walk under the shade of lofty trees which Pope and he had planted, and to see his son Lord Chancellor of England.' He died in the year 1774, at the age of 91.]

[3] [Momus (derisive blame) is personified as a god in the Theogony of Hesiod.]

Both fairly owning Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n or token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward[1], to Waters[2], Chartres[3], and the Devil[4].
B. What nature wants, commodious[5] Gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:

[1] John Ward, of Hackney, Esq.; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of March, 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the South-Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and conceal'd all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and to see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several æra's of his life, At his standing in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds;* at his commitment to Prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand;* but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man* by *fifty or sixty thousand.* P. [From Pope's intimate acquaintance with Mr Ward's career, it might almost be suspected that he is the same who is enumerated among Pope's friends in Gay's poem.]

[2] Mr Waters, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent attendence on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly. P.

[3] Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drumm'd out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banish'd Brussels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemn'd for rapes, and pardoned: but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral rais'd a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*
Than successful
in *Accumulating* WEALTH.
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Person of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
When possess'd of TEN THOUSAND a YEAR,
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
To give to After-ages
A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the Sight of GOD,
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This Gentleman was *worth seven thousand pounds a year* estate in Land, and about *one hundred thousand* in Money. P.

[4] *and the Devil.*] Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that all mines of metal and subterraneous treasures are in the guard of the Devil: which seems to have taken its rise from the pagan fable of Plutus the God of Riches. *Warburton.* [The name of Pluton, given to the God beneath the surface who sends forth the wealth of corn, probably originated in the Eleusinian Mysteries.]

[5] [*Commodious*, i.e. accommodating.]

What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But, dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires:
B. Trade it may help, Society extend.
P. But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend.
B. It raises Armies in a Nation's aid.
P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;
If secret Gold sap on from knave to knave[1].
Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak[2],
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply[3]!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd[4] by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings[5];
A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,
Or ship off Senates to a distant Shore[6];
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,
And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen[7].
Oh! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd Villainy[8]!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and Squires confound,

[1] *If secret Gold* sap *on from knave to knave.*] The expression is fine, and gives us the image of a place invested, where the approaches are made by communications which support each other; as the connexions amongst knaves, after they have been taken in by a state engineer, serve to screen and encourage one another's private corruptions.

[2] *—beneath the Patriot's cloak,*] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had receiv'd a large bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there. P. [According to Warburton, quoting Burnet, this was Sir Christopher Musgrave, who as a leader of opposition was induced by King William III. to give up many points of importance at the critical minute, in return for payments amounting in the total to £12,000.]

[3] *paper-credit.* [In 1733 the privileges of the Bank of England were renewed. In the same year, in spite of the opposition of Barnard and others, Walpole openly availed himself of the Sinking Fund, and before 1737 had mortgaged and alienated its entire produce.]

[4] *Imp'd* [i.e. fresh-winged. *To imp* is a term of falconry, used of the repairing of the falcon's wings by new feathers. (Cf. the German *impfen*, to engraft.)]

[5] *—fetch or carry Kings;*] In our author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a King for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy. P.

[6] *Or ship off Senates to a distant Shore;*] Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT OF PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720. P.

[7] [The allusion seems to be to the Pretender 'King James III.' and to Queen Caroline. There are no grounds for such an imputation upon the latter; but the taunt might be applied with much force to her unhappy later namesake.]

[8] After v. 50, in the MS.
'To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.'

Or water all the Quorum[1] ten miles round?
A Statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese[2] Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street[3],
Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's[4] whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's[5] a Bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille[6]!
Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall,
What say you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
P. What Riches give us let us then enquire:
Meat, Fire, and Clothes. B. What more? P. Meat, Clothes, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner[7] finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his Visions past)
Unhappy Wharton[8], waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins[9], Heirs;

[1] [i. e. every justice of peace.]

[2] [As a Welshman attached to a cheap national delicacy.]

[3] Some Misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these Misers was *worth ten thousand*, another *seven thousand* a year. P.

[4] *Colepepper*] Sir William Colepepper, Bart. a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the Gaming-table, past the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him. P.

[5] [The famous Club-house in St James' Street, where games of chance were played for the highest stakes.]

[6] [The game of *Quadrille*, which is a species of *Ombre*, soon came to surpass the latter in popularity.]

[7] *Turner*] One, who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his Coach, because Interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both cloaths and all other expences. P.

[8] *Unhappy Wharton,*] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the first Epistle. P. [v. 179.]

[9] *Hopkins,*] A Citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died *worth three hundred thousand pounds*, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited

To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Nose and Ears[1]?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some Doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's Wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat[2].
To some indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T'enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.
Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart[3]:
The grave Sir Gilbert[4] holds it for a rule,
That "ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
"The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good Bishop[5], with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
B. Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own,
Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.

till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law. P.

[1] *Japhet, Nose and Ears?*] Japhet Crook, alias Sir *Peter Stranger*, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he possessed another considerable Estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was *worth* a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor. P.

[2] *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Dutchess of Richmond in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her Cats. P. [Warton more than vindicates the memory of this famous beauty of Charles II.'s court from Pope's taunt by stating that she left annuities to certain poor ladies of her acquaintance, with the burden of maintaining some of her cats; this proviso being intended to disguise the charitable character of the bequests. In Hamburgh, an annuity was not long ago left to the Swans which adorn the famous Alster-lake in that city.]

[3] *Bond damns the Poor, &c.*] This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation;* but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expell'd. By the report of the committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor.* That "God hates the poor," and, "That every man in want is knave or fool," &c. were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned. P. [Dennis Bond, a member of Parliament, died in 1747. *Carruthers.*]

[4] [Sir Gilbert Heathcote, director of the Bank of England, and one of the richest men of his day.]

[5] [The imaginary Bishop was at Warburton's request substituted for the name of a real person of whose virtual innocence in the matter Warburton felt convinced.]

P. Some War, some Plague, or Famine they foresee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-sea year[1]?
To live on Ven'son when it sold so dear[2].
Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys[3]?
Phryne foresees a general Excise[4].
Why she and Sappho[5] raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter[6] sees the World's respect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius[7] was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age[8],
To just three millions stinted modest Gage[9].
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines.
Much injur'd Blunt[10]! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:

[1] [*South-sea year:* 1720; in August the stock of the South Sea Company had risen to 1000; by the end of September it had fallen to 300; and the news of the failure of Law's Mississippi scheme in Paris completed the crash which reduced thousands of families to beggary. Pope himself told Atterbury that after the bursting of the bubble he remained with 'half what he imagined he had,' probably meaning half his gains, as there is every reason to believe that he sold out in time.]

[2] *To live on Ven'son*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of Venison, was from three to five pounds. P.

[3] [Sir Robert Walpole's scheme of the year 1733 for bringing the tobacco- and wine-duties under the laws of excise, was magnified by report into the design of a general excise upon all articles of consumption. The popular ferment which the proposal aroused led to its abandonment. See Lord Stanhope's *History of England*, Chap. xvi.]

[4] *—general Excise*] Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation. P. [In 1733 Walpole contemplated a comprehensive measure for adding to the excise-duties, and reforming the whole administration of the revenue: a cry was set up against the measure by the Opposition, and the country, terrified by the bugbear of a general excise. Pulteney headed the opposition in Parliament, while the prejudices of the public were worked upon in the *Craftsman*. Walpole was forced to withdraw his excellent proposal.]

[5] [Pope himself advised Lady M. W. Montagu to purchase South-sea stock in August 1720.]

[6] *Wise Peter*] Peter Walter, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his Wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *necessary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him. P. [The 'Waters' of v. 20.]

[7] *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman Lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax. P. [Didius Julianus A. D. 193 The vendors were the Prætorian Guards.]

[8] *The Crown of Poland, &c.*] The two persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despis'd to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds;* the Gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturies. P.

[9] A Mr Gage, of the ancient Suffolk Catholic family of that name; and Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of the Marquess of Powis and of a natural daughter of James II.; whence the phrase '*hereditary* realms.' *Bowles.*

[10] *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea Company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffer'd most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dis-

"At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
"(So long by watchful Ministers withstood)
"Shall deluge all; and Av'rice, creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun;
"Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,
"Peeress and Butler share alike the Box,
"And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,
"And mighty Dukes pack Cards for half a crown.
"See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of ANNE'S and EDWARD'S arms?'
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree,
And, nobly wishing Party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling Passion, be it what it will,
"The ruling Passion conquers Reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' such motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all[1].
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each Passion sends,
"And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
"Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
"Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That POW'R who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for Wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the Poor;
This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare[2];
The next, a Fountain, spouting thro' his Heir,
In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta[3] sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:

senter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a greater believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *Avarice* in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732. P.

[1] Verbatim from Rochefoucault. *Warton.*

[2] Taken from Fuller's *Church History*, p. 28. *Warton.*

[3] [Supposed to be the Duke of Newcastle, who died in 1711; and his son, the well-known peer of that name, who afterwards became prime minister. *Carruthers.* [See Macaulay's portrait of the son in his Essay on Chatham.]

What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot[1]?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought[2] and salads bless'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Brahmins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the Rich was prodigal expense,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux[3] stands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and Fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide-bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
  Not so his Son; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great House[4] which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat;
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet;
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands[5], and burns a Pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless Country leaves him to her Laws[6].
  The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
T'enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;

[1] ['Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.' Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel.* I.]

[2] *With soups unbought*]
—dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis. Virg. P. [*Georg.* IV. 133.]

[3] [Carthusian monastery.]

[4] [Of Hanover.]

[5] [The demonstrative Protestantism of the Metropolis is the subject of Dryden's *Medal.*]

[6] After v. 218 in the MS.
'Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-natured bounty misapply'd,
In lavish Curio blaz'd awhile and dy'd;
There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
And shewing H—y, teach the Golden mean.'
Warburton.
[H—y may stand for Harley.]

To balance Fortune by a just expense,
Join with Economy, Magnificence;
With Splendour, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
O teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth[1]!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.
B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As Poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergrise, a stink it lies,
But well-dispers'd, is Incense to the Skies.
P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?
Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
Unelbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Your's or OXFORD's better part[2],
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where-e'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, English Bounty yet awhile may stand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS[3]:
Pleas'd Vaga[4] echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.

[1] After v. 226 in the MS.
'That secret rare, with affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find;
Still miss'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
By G—'s goodness, or by S—'s Wit.'
[Possibly Wharton, Granville, Sheffield.]

[2] OXFORD'S *better part*,] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This Nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble Libraries in Europe. P.

[3] *The* MAN *of* ROSS:] The person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire. P.

We must understand what is here said, of *actually performing*, to mean by the contributions which the *Man of Ross*, by his assiduity and interest, collected in his neighbourhood.
Warburton.

[Johnson, in his life of Pope, accordingly censures this passage as in vain recommending what is unattainable, inasmuch as the Man of Ross did not do the wonders ascribed to him with his five hundred pounds a year.]

After v. 250 in the MS.
'Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!'
Warburton.

[4] [*Vaga* is Latin name of the river Wye.]

Whose Cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The MAN of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance; enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an useless race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of Debts, and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man possest—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone[1]?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, search it there[2], where to be born and die[3],
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies[4], a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone[5].
Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,

[1] [This deficiency was afterwards supplied by the Earl of Kinnoul, a connexion of the family of the Man of Ross.]

[2] *Go, search it there,*] The Parish-register. *Warburton.*

[3] Ver. 287 thus in the MS.
'The Register inrolls him with his Poor,
Tells he was born and dy'd, and tells no more.
Just as he ought, he fill'd the Space between;
Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.'
Warburton.

[4] Edmund Boulter, Esq., executor to Vulture Hopkins, made so splendid a funeral for him, that the expenses amounted to £7666. *Bowles.*

[5] *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.*] The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on busts, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere. P.

With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies[1]—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's[2] proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury[3] and love;
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimic'd Statesmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter left of all his store!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.
His Grace's fate sage Cutler[4] could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name[5]!"
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale— B. Agreed.

[1] *Great Villiers lies*—] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, after having been possess'd of about £50,000 a year, and passed thro' many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the Year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery. P.

[George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, the son of the first Duke (the favourite and minister of James I. and Charles I.) was born in 1637. He lost his estates as a royalist, but recovered them by his marriage with the daughter of Lord Fairfax. He is the Zimri of the Absalom and Achitophel of Dryden, whom he had ridiculed as Bayes in the burlesque play of the *Rehearsal*. Thus we have portraits of this typical hero of the Restoration period by Dryden and Pope, as well as by Burnet and Butler, Count Grammont and Horace Walpole. The tenant's house at which he died (in 1687) was at Kirby Moor Side, near Helmsly in Yorkshire.]

[2] *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham. P.

[3] *Shrewsbury*] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was kill'd by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page. P.

[4] [Sir John Cutler, a wealthy citizen of the Restoration period, accused of rapacity on account of a large claim made by his executors against the College of Physicians which he had aided by a loan. *Carruthers.*]

[5] [Wakefield refers to the account of Brutus' death. Dion Cassius (XLVII. 49).]

P. Where London's column[1], pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish[2] lands they roar,
And two rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a Gem away[3]:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to Church, I'll now go twice—
"And am so clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
'Till all the Demon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Counting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn;
Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life)

[1] *Where London's column,*] The Monument, on Fish Street Hill, built in memory of the fire of London, of 1666, with an inscription, importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists. P.

[2] *Cornish*] The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives. When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the People: nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities. P.

[3] Pope was supposed to allude here to the Pitt diamond brought to England by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, about 1700, and sold to the King of France for £20,000. Thomas Pitt was grandfather of the first Earl of Chatham.
Carruthers.

But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and died.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his Son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains[1].
My Lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him; Coningsby harangues[2];
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington[3].

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of Riches.

The Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the word Taste, v. 13. *That the first principle and foundation, in this as in every thing else, is* Good Sense, v. 40. *The chief proof of it is to* follow Nature *even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in* Architecture *and* Gardening, *where all must be adapted to the Genius and* Use *of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it*, v. 50. *How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please* long, *if* at all; *and the best* Examples *and* Rules *will but be perverted into something* burdensome *or ridiculous*, v. 65, &c. to 92. *A description of the* false Taste *of* Magnificence; *the first grand Error of which is to imagine that* Greatness

[1] *And one more Pensioner St Stephen gains.*] —atque unum civem donare *Sibyllæ*.
Juv. [III. 3.] *Warburton.*

[2] [The impeachment of Oxford in 1715 was moved by Lord Coningsby.]

[3] [Richard Boyle third Earl of Burlington born in 1695 died in 1753. He took no prominent part in politics, although his high rank obtained for him a great post at court and the order of the Garter. But he obtained wide fame by his taste in architecture, inspired by a natural love of art and educated by studies in Italy. Horace Walpole says of him that he 'had every quality of genius and artist, except envy.' It has been doubted whether the architect Kent, who long lived with him, did not owe more to his patron, than the latter owed to the artist. The designs of many notable buildings were made by Lord Burlington; among these the Colonnade of Burlington-house (the house itself was built by his father).]

consists in the Size *and* Dimension, *instead of the* Proportion *and* Harmony *of the* whole, v. 97, *and the second, either in joining together* Parts incoherent, *or too* minutely resembling, *or in the* Repetition *of the* same *too frequently*, v. 105, &c. *A word or two of false Taste in* Books, *in* Music, *in* Painting, *even in* Preaching *and* Prayer, *and lastly in* Entertainments, v. 133, &c. *Yet* PROVIDENCE *is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind*, v. 169 [*recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep.* ii. *and in the Epistle preceding this*, v. 159, &c.]. *What are the* proper Objects *of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of* Great Men, v. 177, &c., *and finally, the Great and Public Works which become a* Prince, v. 191, to the end.

'TIS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ
To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his Pictures, Music, Meats:
He buys for Topham[1], Drawings and Designs,
For Pembroke[2], Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne[3] alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane[4].
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show, how many Tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill got wealth to waste?
Some Dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a Taste."
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley[5] with a Rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo[6] build, and sends him such a Guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence[7]!

[1] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings. P.

[2] [Henry Earl of Pembroke, under whom the ancient family seat of Wilton, already adorned by the art of Holbein, Inigo Jones and Vandyke, received its last touches of beauty. See *Warton's* Note.]

[3] [Thomas Hearne, the well-known antiquary; who revenged himself for the sarcastic reference to him in the Dunciad by ill-natured reflexions on Pope's parentage and education in his Diary. See Carruthers' *Life of Pope*, p. 14, note.]

[4] *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent Physicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity. P. [Dr Mead, physician to George II. and the most noted practitioner of his day, was born in 1675 and died in 1754, bequeathing the greater part of his famous Library to the College of Physicians. He was, however, the reverse of a bookworm; for Johnson says of him (Boswell *ad ann.* 1778) that 'he lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man.' Sir John or Hans Sloane (*b.* 1660), the well-known botanist and physician, in his will offered his collections to the nation at a sum one quarter of their estimated value. His Natural History cabinet now forms part of the national collections in the British Museum; his pictures &c are in Lincoln's Inn Fields.]

[5] *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first Minister, who raised him to an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of works. P. Mr [Horace] Walpole speaks more favourably of this architect. *Warton.* [He was a protegee of Sir Robert Walpole's, and built his house at Houghton.]

[6] [Bubb Doddington. See *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, ver. 280.]

[7] After v. 22, in the MS.

'Must Bishops, Lawyers, Statesmen, have the skill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the Gospel, Gibbs the Law?

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse[1],
And pompous buildings once were things of Use.
Yet shall, my Lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door[2];
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than Expense,
And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense:
Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the seven[3]:
A Light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones[4] and Le Nôtre[5] have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To swell the Terrace, or to sink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'rywhere be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the Bounds.
Consult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the Country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.
Still follow Sense, of ev'ry Art the Soul,

[1] The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio. P.

[2] A door or window so called, from being much practised at Venice, by Palladio and others. P.

[3] [The seven sciences of the scholastic *trivium* and *quadrivium*.]

[4] [Inigo Jones the architect of the Banqueting House of Whitehall, the 'English Palladio,' died in 1653. He had originally risen into fame by designing Rosenborg, the Luxembourg of Copenhagen, for Christian IV., the brother-in-law of James I.]

[5] Inigo Jones, the celebrated Architect, and M. Le Nôtre, the designer of the best gardens of France. P. [André Le Nôtre, the favourite landscape-gardener of Lous XIV., was born in 1613, and died in 1700. It was he who introduced into France the taste for the so-called 'jardins Anglais,' which he exemplified at all the royal residences, and especially at Versailles.]

Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a STOWE[1].
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces desert their walls[2]:
The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again[3].
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage set Dr. Clarke[4].
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet;
The Wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,
And strength of Shade contends with strength of Light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a Field.
Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taste an op'ner Vista loves,
Foe to the Dyrads of his Father's groves;
One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views[5],
With all the mournful family of Yews[6];
The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.
At Timon's Villa[7] let us pass a day,

[1] The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire. P.

[2] [i.e. are utterly subverted. Warton truly remarks that every instance of false taste and false magnificence is to be found at Versailles—and, it may be added, in the hundred copies of Versailles in Germany. Of Nero's Golden House, probably the most colossal effort architecture and landscape gardening ever made, a good short account will be found in Dyer's *History of the City of Rome*, Sect. IV.]

[3] *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.*] This was done in Hertfordshire, by a wealthy citizen, at the expense of above £5000, by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods. P.

[4] — *set Dr. Clarke.*] Dr S. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while, the Dr duly frequented the Court. P. [Dr Clarke, one of Queen Caroline's chaplains, and the author of *Evidences of Religion*, and *Prayers and Meditations*, was charged with Arian opinions. See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. On Pope's visit to Oxford in 1716, Dr Clarke in vain endeavoured to engage him in controversy on theological subjects.]

[5] The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundless Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourished Carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent. P.

[6] —*mournful family of Yews;*] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of Evergreens (particularly Yews, which are the most tonsile) as to destroy the nobler Forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as Pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral procession. P.

[7] *At Timon's Villa*] This description is in-

Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag[1] before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around[2]!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground;
Two Cupids squirt before; a Lake behind
Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!
No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators[3] fight, or die in flow'rs;
Un-watered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.
My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
But soft,—by regular approach,—not yet,—
First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat[4];
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd[5]?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated Backs he turns you round:
These Aldus[6] printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo some are Vellum, and the rest as good

tended to comprize the principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but Good Sense can attain it. P. [As to the allusion in these lines to Canons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos, see Note on *Moral Essays, Ep.* I. v. 54.]

[1] *—all Brobdignag*] A region of giants, in the satires of *Gulliver. Warburton.*

[2] *Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!*] *Grandeur* in building, as in the human frame, takes not its denomination from the *body*, but the *soul* of the work: when the soul therefore is lost or incumber'd in its invelope, the unanimated parts, how *huge* soever, are not members of grandeur, but mere *heaps of littleness.*

[3] The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens.* P.

[4] The *Approaches* and *Communication* of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill judged, and inconvenient. P.

[5] *His Study! &c.*] The false Taste in Books; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do. P.

[6] [Aldo Manutio, who established his famous printing-press at Venice about 1490.]

For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood[1].
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r[2]:
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Ceilings[3] you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre[4],
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite[5].
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace[6],
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb[7].
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there[8].
Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no Day was ever past so ill.
Yet hence the Poor are cloth'd, the Hungry fed[9];
Health to himself, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity supplies.

[1] [i.e. as if they were wood. Warton compares to Pope's disadvantage Young's passage on the same subject in *Universal Passion*, Sat. III.]

[2] The false Taste in *Music*, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organists, &c. P.

[3] —And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in Churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters. P.

[4] *Verrio or Laguerre.*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton-court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places. P. [Verrio's ceilings at Windsor are referred to in *Windsor Forest*, v. 305. The line in the text was said exactly to describe the ceilings at Canons; but Pope in a letter to Aaron Hill (Feb. 3, 1732) asserts that the frescoes there were not by the painters mentioned and that the rest of the description was equally inapplicable. See Roscoe's *Life*.]

[5] *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly." P.

[6] Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments* (tho' sometimes practised by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c. are introduced in Grotto's or Buffets. P.

[7] *Is this a dinner, &c.*] The proud Festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment. P.

[8] *Sancho's dread Doctor*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii. P.

[9] *Yet hence the Poor, &c.*] The *Moral* of the whole, where PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad Taste employs more hands, and diffuses Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book i. Epist. II. v. 230—7, and in the Epistle preceding this, v. 161, &c. P.

Another age shall see the golden Ear[1]
Embrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expense,
And Splendour borrows all her rays from Sense.
His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful Tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample Lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a Country, and then raise a Town.
You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones[2] and Palladio[3] to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius[4] was before:
'Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands designed,)
Bid Harbours open[5], public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their subject Sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land:
These Honours Peace to happy Britain brings,
These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings[6].

[1] *Another age, &c.*] Had the Poet lived but three Years longer, he had seen this prophecy fulfilled. *Warburton.* [This note, as Warton points out, was judiciously generalised by Warburton in a later edition, to avoid the plain reference to Canons.]

[2] [*Jones*, v. ante line 46.]

[3] [Palladio was born at Vicenza, where the Basilica della Ragione was his first work. He ultimately settled at Venice where most of his masterpieces were undertaken. He died in 1580.]

[4] [M. Vitruvius Pollio, celebrated for his work *de Architectura*, was born about the year 80 B.C.]

[5] *'Till Kings—Bid Harbours open, &c.*] The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expense, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This Poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built Churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2,

Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall;

others were vilely executed, thro' fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, *&c.* Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrances of London itself: The proposal of building a Bridge at Westminter had been petition'd against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge pass'd thro' both houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one: to which our author alludes in these lines,

Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.

See the notes on that place. P.

[6] [Carruthers refers to Dryden's free translation of Æn. vi. 853—4:

'These are imperial arts, and worthy thine.']

EPISTLE V.

To Mr Addison.

Occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr Addison intended to publish his book of medals; it was sometime before he was secretary of State; but not published till Mr Tickell's Edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720. P. [The materials for these Dialogues, were collected by Addison during his travels in Italy, and the book itself was begun to be written at Vienna as early as 1702. Though known to and favourably esteemed by many scholars of note, it was never published in his lifetime; for he died in 1719. Concerning Pope's relations with Addison see *Introductory Memoir*, p. xv. f.

The following is Warburton's attempt to connect the revised version of Pope's lines to Addison with the series of *Moral Essays:*

'As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion;* and the 'fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in 'people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this 'treats of one circumstance of that Vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of 'old coins; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.']

SEE the wild Waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad Sepulchre appears[1],
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd[2]:
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That Name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: She found it vain to trust
The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her Palm here sad Judæa weeps[3];

[1] St Jerome calls Rome 'populi Romani sepulcrum.' *Warton.*

[2] [According to an ancient tradition, the Christians were forced to labour at the construction of the famous Baths of Diocletian.]

[3] ['Judæa Capta' on a reverse of Vespasian.]

Now scantier limits the proud Arch[1] confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine[2];
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight[3] pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears[4],
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius[5] one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic[6] dreams.
Poor Vadius[7], long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the Fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride[8].
Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim[9],
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;
There Warriors frowning in historic brass?
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison[10].
Then shall thy CRAGGS[11] (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;

[1] *—the proud Arch*] i.e. The triumphal Arch, which was generally an enormous mass of building. *Warburton.*

[2] [A small figure of the conquered province frequently occurs on medals struck on the occasion of a triumph.]

[3] [i.e. with the aid of microscopes.]

[4] *This the blue varnish, that the green endears,*] i. e. This a collector of silver; that, of brass coins. *Warburton.*

[5] [Pescennius Niger assumed the purple in Syria in 131, but was speedily worsted by Septimius Severus.]

[6] [Ecstatic, because of course no such medals exist.]

[7] *Poor Vadius,*] See his history, and that of his Shield, in the *Memoirs of Scriblerus.* *Warburton.* [Aimed at Dr Woodward the eminent physician and naturalist, who wrote a dissertation on an ancient shield which he possessed. *Carruthers.*]

[8] Charles Patin was banished from the Court because he sold Louis XIV. an Otho that was not genuine. *Warton.* [A very remarkable Otho is given by Addison.]

[9] *Oh when shall Britain, &c.*] A compliment to one of Mr Addison's papers in the Spectator on this subject. *Warburton.*

[10] Copied evidently from Tickell to Addison on his *Rosamond:* 'Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.' *Warton.* [Asinius Pollio, on the birth of whose son Vergil wrote the Eclogue paraphrased in Pope's *Messiah.*]

[11] [*Craggs.* See note to Pope's *Epitaph* IV.]

With aspect open, shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere[1],
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
"Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd[2]."

[1] *Statesman, yet friend to truth! &c.*] It should be remembered that this poem was written to be printed before Mr Addison's *Discourse on Medals*, in which there is the following censure of long legends upon coins: "The first "fault I find with a modern legend is its diffusive-"ness. You have sometimes the whole side of a "medal over-run with it. One would fancy the "Author had a Design of being Ciceronian—but "it is not only the tediousness of these inscriptions "that I find fault with; supposing them of a "moderate length, why must they be in verse? "We should be surprized to see the title of a "serious book in rhyme."—Dial. iii.

[2] *And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.*] It was not likely that men acting in so different spheres as were those of Mr Craggs and Mr Pope, should have their friendship disturbed by Envy. We must suppose then that some circumstances in the friendship of Mr Pope and Mr Addison are hinted at in this place. *Warburton.*

SATIRES.

SATIRES.

[THE Satires of Pope, which form the fourth volume of Warburton's edition, were published very nearly in the order in which they stand, viz—

First Satire of Second Book of Horace	1733
Second ,, ,, ,,	1734 (written 1732)
Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot (Prologue to Satires)	1735
Donne's Satires Versified	1735
First Epistle of First Book of Horace	1737
Sixth ,, ,, ,,	
First ,, Second ,,	
Second ,, ,, ,,	
One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight (Epilogue to Satires, Dialogues I. and II.)	1738

They originated in a happy suggestion of Bolingbroke's, made to Pope on a visit to the latter in the winter of 1732, at the time when the composition of the *Essay on Man* was interrupted by a slight attack of fever which confined the poet to his room for a few days. Bolingbroke, happening to take up a Horace and to light on the First Satire of the Second Book, was struck by its applicability to the position of Pope, and recommended him to translate it into English. This Pope accomplished in a morning or two; and the success of the first attempt led him to repeat the experiment until to his surprise he found he had reproduced more than a third of the Latin poet's Satires and Epistles in an English dress.

Even the Imitations of Horace proper are something very different from mere free translations or paraphrases; the Prologue and Epilogue are independent satires, the former in the form of an Epistle, the latter in that of Dialogues; and the Versified Satires of Dr Donne, written by Pope (as he informs us) several years before their publication, were merely retouched with allusions which make them to a certain degree harmonise with the rest of the series. It will therefore be most convenient to prefix to the Prologue, the Imitations and the Epilogue independently, such remarks as are suggested by the characters of each; and to distinguish from all these the paraphrase of Donne's Satires. The common characteristics of the entire group need little demonstration. In versification and diction generally, these Satires are Pope's master-pieces. The spirit which dictated them is the same: a strong and not unworthy self-consciousness, combined with a relentless desire to damage the reputation of all to whom the poet was opposed on public or on private grounds. It would be unjust to attribute to personal spleen and personal animosity the whole of Pope's scathing invective; a zeal for public morality accompanies a genuine respect for individual merit; but no private enemy of the poet's, no political opponent of his friends, has a chance of candid and fair treatment. Even Sir Robert Walpole is only incidentally recognized as not wholly without virtues, because he had once conferred a personal favour upon Pope; even Addison's moral purity only meets with recognition because the quarrel between him and Pope was at an end with the death of the former. The endless egotism of Pope, and the standard by which in the end he measured his opinion of others, accordingly deprive him of the right to be esteemed a moralist in these his most brilliant efforts; and notwithstanding his deprecation of the term, he can only be regarded, with reference to them, as a wit.]

EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT.

Advertisement

To the first publication of this *Epistle.*

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some Persons of Rank and Fortune (the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*)[1] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Person*, *Morals*, and *Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment;* and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious* or *the ungenerous.*

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness.* P.

[Parts of this poem, and notably the famous passage relating to Addison, had been written many years previously and published as fragments. But there is no trace of disjointedness in this, one of the most finished of Pope's compositions, which may be almost regarded in the light of a poetical apology *pro vitâ*, and an attempt for ever to silence the most notable of the poet's detractors. It was appropriately addressed to the most generally esteemed member of Pope's circle of friends and literary associates—one who in the last letter which he wrote to Pope (Arbuthnot died about a month after the publication of the *Epistle*) expressed his belief, that since their first acquaintance there had not been 'any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships;' and his certainty that there had been none such on his own side. Pope was about this time in need of the support of such approval as the judgment of his friends as well as his own self-consciousness could bestow, to support him in the tempest which he had raised not only by his *Dunciad* among the small fry of his literary enemies, but by his first Imitations of Horace among former friends, such as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey (see note to v. 305). The Epistle, singularly perfect and rounded in form is, notwithstanding its fragmentary origin, of the highest interest from an ethical as well as a literary point of view; nor is it possible to forbear from admiring its lofty conclusion, where that Resignation is upheld to which in actual life it was never given to the poet to attain.]

[1] [Of these squibs the former was said to be a joint production of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey; the latter was written by Hervey alone. See Carruthers' *Life of Pope*, ch. VIII.]

EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT[1],

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John[2]! fatigu'd, I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages[3]! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the Church is free;
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint[4] walks forth the Man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at Dinner-time.
Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer[5],
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal[6] round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM[8], and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

[1] [John Arbuthnot (born in 1675, died in 1735) besides being a most distinguished member of his profession, the medical, was eminent as a mathematician and a classical scholar. As a politician he was firmly attached to the Tory party, and with Swift became a member of the October Club, established in 1710 by Oxford, Bolingbroke and their political and literary friends. He was also a member of the Scriblerus Club, and to him is attributed the chief share in the famous treatise of M.S. *on the Art of Sinking in Poetry*, which was published in the Miscellanies of Pope and Swift. *The History of John Bull, the Art of Political Lying* and other *jeux d'esprit* of the same kind, were Arbuthnot's own. On the accession of George I. Arbuthnot was deprived of his post as Physician extraordinary at Court. Of Pope's sentiments towards Arbuthnot this Epistle offers the best testimony; Swift said of him that 'he has more wit than we all have; and more humanity than wit.']

[2] *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful servant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will. *Warburton.*

[3] [See Pers. Sat. III. v. 5. Several touches in the Epistle appear to be derived from the same Satire.]

[4] *Mint.*] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors. *Warburton.*

[5] Some lines in this Epistle had been used in a letter to Thomson [the author of the *Seasons*] when he was in Italy, and transferred from him to Arbuthnot, which naturally displeased the former, though they lived always on terms of civility and friendship: and Pope earnestly exerted himself, and used all his interest to promote the success of Thomson's *Agamemnon*. *Warton.* [The readers of the *Seasons* will remember the poet's tribute to the virtues of the 'brown October' in *Autumn*.]

[6] The idea is from Boileau's *Art of Poetry*—'charbonner les murailles.' *Bowles.*

[7] After v. 20 in the MS.,

'Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
Is there a Prentice, having seen two plays,
Who would do something in his Sempstress' praise.'
Warburton.

[8] [As to Pope's Villa at Twickenham, or 'Twitenham' as he preferred to write the name, see *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxxiv.]

Arthur,[1] whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song[2])
What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge[3], how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years[4]."
"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes[5], and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it,
"I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue[6], and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; ask him for a Place."
'Pitholeon[7] libell'd me,'—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuse him? Curll[8] invites to dine,
"He'll write a *Journal*[9], or he'll turn Divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse[10]."

[1] *Arthur,*] Arthur Moore, a leading politician of Queen Anne's time, who had raised himself by ability and unscrupulousness to place and power. His son James Moore (afterwards James Moore-Smythe), a small placeman and poetaster, and an acquaintance of the Blount family, became a noted object of Pope's scorn. See above all the famous description of the 'Phantom' in the *Dunciad*, bk. II. vv. 35—50, and cf. *Lines to Martha Blount*, in *Miscellaneous Poems.*]

[2] [Compare the charming dedication of Thackeray's *Pendennis.*]

[3] *Seiz'd and tied down to judge,*] Alluding to the scene in [Wycherley's] *Plain-Dealer,* where *Oldfox* gags, and ties down the Widow to hear his *well-penn'd stanzas. Warburton.* Rather from Horace; *vide* his Druso. *Warton.* [Hor. *Sat.* Bk. I. *S.* III. v. 86.]

[4] [Hor. *de Arte Poet.* v. 388.]

[5] *Rhymes ere he wakes,*] A pleasant allusion to those words of Milton,

Dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated Verse.
Warburton.

[6] [A service commonly rendered by popular authors of that age to their less successful brethren. Pope wrote a Prologue to a play acted for the benefit of his ancient enemy Dennis in 1733. See *Miscellaneous Poems.*]

[7] *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek.* Schol. in Horat. I. i. Dr Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. *lib.* i. P.

[8] [Edmund Curll the bookseller.—See *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxxii.]

[9] Meaning the *London Journal;* a paper in favour of Sir R. Walpole's ministry. *Warton.*

[10] Alludes to a tragedy called the *Virgin Queen*, by Mr R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his Sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called *the Assembly.* (1726.) *Warton.*

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole Commission ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends[1],
Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it,
"And shame the fools——Your Int'rest, Sir, with Lintot[2]!"
'Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:'
"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his Attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks[3]."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
Sir, let me see your works and you no more.
'Tis sung[4], when Midas' Ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very Minister who spy'd them first,
(Some say his Queen[5]) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick;
'Tis nothing— P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass[6]:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, Box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world[7].
Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his Lord, and whore?

[1] Ver. 60 in the former Ed.
'Cibber and I are luckily no friends.'
Warburton.
[Pope's own dramatic effort *Three Hours after Marriage* had been deservedly damned in 1717; whence the origin of his quarrel with Colley Cibber.]

[2] [Bernard Lintot, who began to publish for Pope in 1712.]

[3] [i.e. go shares. *Snag* or *snack* is properly a hastily snatched bit of food.]

[4] [Pers. *Sat.* I. 120.]

Queen] The story is told, by some, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in Dryden's Fables. P.

[6] [Some 'false' editions of the Dunciad having an owl in their frontispiece, like the original edition, the next true edition, to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an ass laden with authors.]

[7] Alluding to *Horace.* [Od. III. 3.]
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. P.
['The mighty crack,' as Warton points out, is Addison's phrase in his version of the ode, ridiculed by Martinus Scriblerus.]

His Butchers[1] Henley, his free-masons Moore[2]?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit[3]?
Still Sappho— A. Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend,
No Names!—be calm!—learn prudence of a friend!
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these— P. One Flatt'rer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my *Letters*[4], that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid's* nose, and "Sir! you have an Eye[5]"—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal *Maro* held his head:"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great *Homer* died three thousand years ago[6].
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame[7],
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came[8].
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd[9].
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,

[1] [Henley, see Dunciad, III. 199 and foll.] His oratory was among the *butchers* in Newport Market and Butcher Row. *Bowles.*]

[2] *free-masons Moore?*] He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions. *Warburton.*

[3] Boulter, afterwards Primate of all Ireland, was Ambrose Philips' great friend and patron. *Bowles.* [Ambrose, or namby-pamby, Philips, whose Pastorals were published in the same Miscellany as those of Pope, and with whom the latter quarrelled. He became M. P. for Armagh through the influence of his patron.]

[4] [Some of Pope's letters to Cromwell had been surreptitiously printed by Curll in 1726.]

[5] *Sir! you have an Eye*] It is remarkable that amongst these compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing. *Warburton.*

[6] After v. 124 in the MS.

'But, Friend, this shape, which You and Curl* admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire†:
And for my head if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my Mother‖, not the Muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.'

* Curl set up his head for a sign. † His Father was crooked. ‖ His Mother was much afflicted with headachs. *Warburton.*

[7] [See *Introductory Memoir*, p. xlvi.]

[8] From Ovid [*Trist.* bk. IV. *El.* x. vv. 25—6.] *Warton.*

[9] *No father disobey'd.*] When Mr Pope was yet a Child, his Father, though no Poet, would set him to make English verses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would often send the boy back to new turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would say, *These are good rhymes. Warburton.*

To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach the Being you preserv'd, to bear.
But why then publish? *Granville* the polite[1],
And knowing *Walsh*[2], would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth*[3] inflam'd with early praise;
And *Congreve*[4] lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*[5], *Somers*[6], *Sheffield*[7] read;
Ev'n mitred *Rochester*[8] would nod the head,
And *St. John's*[9] self (great *Dryden's* friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cookes*[10].
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence,
While pure Description held the place of Sense?
Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream[11].
Yet then did *Gildon*[12] draw his venal quill;—
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did *Dennis*[13] rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd,—I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*[14].
Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.

[1] [See note to p. 15.]
[2] [See note to p. 13.]
[3] [See note to p. 17.]
[4] [William Congreve (born 1669, died 1728,) the author of the *Mourning Bride* and many famous comedies, was one of those who encouraged Pope's earliest efforts.]
[5] *Talbot, &c.*] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr *Dryden;* tho' a scandalous libel against him entitled, *Dryden's Satyr to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he has wholly ignorant.
These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following,
While pure description held the place of Sense, &c. P.
[*Talbot.* See Pope's note to *Epilogue to Satires*, Dial. II. v. 79.]
[6] [*Somers.* See Pope's note *ib.* v. 77.]
[7] [*Sheffield.* See note to *Essay on Criticism*, v. 724.]
[8] [Atterbury bishop of Rochester. See note to Epitaph XIII.]
[9] [See note to p. 191.]
[10] *Burnets, &c.*] Authors of secret and scandalous History. P.
Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.] By no means Authors of the same class, though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes. But if the first offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse. P.
[Gilbert Burnet bishop of Salisbury, the author of the *History of My own Times from the Restoration to the Peace of Utrecht* (which Swift annotated in the spirit of Pope's reference), died in 1715; Oldmixon, see *Dunciad*, II. vv. 282, foll.; and Cooke, see *ib.* II. 138 and notes.]
[11] Meaning the *Rape of the Lock*, and *Windsor Forest. Warburton. A painted meadow &c.* is a verse of Mr Addison. P.
[12] [Charles Gildon, a converted Roman Catholic, of whom Warburton says in a note to *Dunciad*, I. 296, that 'he signalised himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Pope very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr Wycherly, and in other pamphlets.' See also *Dunciad*, III. 173.]
[13] [See *Essay on Criticism*, vv. 270, 586; and *Dunciad, passim.*]
[14] [*Cf. ante*, v. 13.]

Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing *Bentley*[1] down to pidling *Tibalds*[2]:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespeare's* name[3].
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms[4]!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can *guess?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown[5],
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left[6]:
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning[7]:
And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but prose run mad[8]:
All these, my modest Satire bade *translate*[9],
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*[10].
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

[1] [Dr Richard Bentley. See *Dunciad*, IV. 201.]

[2] [As to Theobald, see Introduction to *Dunciad*.]

[3] [Bentley's edition of *Paradise Lost*, which appeared in 1732, was at once the last and the least worthy effort of his critical prowess; as to Theobald's Shakspere, it was an honest and not wholly unsuccessful piece of work, and a better edition than Pope's own. Bentley's Milton is better characterised in *Imitations of Horace*, I. Ep. of II. Bk. vv. 103—4.]

[4] [Warburton has a characteristic note on this passage, referring with unconscious irony to his own edition of Shakspere—the edition which pointed the best of Foote's jests, when he compared a chimney-sweep on a noble steed to 'Warburton on Shakspere.']

[5] [Ambrose Philips, v. *ante* v. 100. Philips translated the *Persian Tales*, as well as two 'Olympioniques' of Pindar, and other Greek poems. His Pastorals brought him 'renown' at the hands of Gildon, who in his *Art of Poetry* ranked him with Theocritus and Vergil.]

[6] *Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left*:] A fine improvement of this line of Boileau, *Qui toujours emprunt, et jamais ne gagne rien.* *Warburton.*

[7] *Means not, but blunders round about a meaning*:] A case common both to *Poets* and *Critics* of a certain order; only with this difference, that the *Poet* writes himself out of his *own meaning*; and the *Critic* never gets into *another man's*. Yet both keep going on, and *blundering round about* their subject, as benighted people are wont to do, who seek for an entrance which they cannot find.

[8] A verse of Dr Evans. *Wilkes.*

[9] *All these my modest Satire bade translate*,] See their works, in the Translations of classical books by several *hands*.

[10] [Nahum Tate, compendiously described by the late Prof. Craik as 'the author of the worst alterations of Shakspere, the worst version of the psalms of David, and the worst continuation of a great poem (Absalom and Achitophel) extant.']

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires[1]
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone[2],
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd[3];
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS[4] were he?
What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad[5]?
I sought no homage from the Race that write;
I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled[6] thro' the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;

[1] For an account of Pope's relations with Addison see *Introductory Memoir*, p. xv. f. The sentiments and imagery in Pope's letter to Craggs of July 15th 1715 were embodied in the [above] character of Atticus. . which appears to have been first printed in 1723 (in a collection of poems called *Cytherea* published by Curll), then included by Pope in the *Miscellanies* of 1727, and finally, after undergoing revision, engrafted into the Epistle to Arbuthnot, published in 1735. *Carruthers.*

[2] This image is originally Denham's. *Johnson.*

[3] After v. 208 in the MS.

'Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.'

Alluding to Mr P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad. *Warburton.*

[4] [This famous couplet first stood thus:

'Who would not smile if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if ADDISON were he?'

Then,

'Who would not grieve if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if ADDISON were he?'

Johnson.]

It was a great falsehood, which some of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. P.

[5] *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Psalm. P.

[6] [To *daggle* is to run through the mire. Hence Swift's epithet *daggle-tail.*]

But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state.
Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill[1];
Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song[2].
His Library (where busts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* stood without a head[3],)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve[4].
May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still!
So, when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the *Great!* for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me GAY[5];
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die so too!

[1] [Roscoe has shown that this cannot refer to Lord Halifax, whom Warton understood to be alluded to. Lord H. had died as far back as 1715, and is mentioned with respect (as he deserved) by Pope (to whom he had even offered a pension) in the *Epilogue to the Satires*, Dial. II. v. 77. Halifax was on terms of civility with Dryden, although he with Prior burlesqued the *Hind and Panther;* and though he 'helped to bury' the poet, he had in no sense 'helped to starve' him. The personal reference remains obscure.]

[2] After v. 234 in the MS.

'To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.'
Warburton.

[3] — *a true Pindar stood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Ursin. &c.* P.

[4] — *help'd to bury*] Mr *Dryden*, after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality. P.

[5] [John Gay (born in 1688) was one of Pope's dearest friends; and when he died, Dec. 4th 1732, was mourned by the former, in a letter to Swift, as one who must have achieved happiness 'if innocence and integrity can deserve it.' To what extent the genius of Gay was neglected, may appear from the following statement made by Pope himself to Spence: 'He dangled for twenty years about a court, and at last was offered to be made usher to the young princess. Secretary Craggs made G. a present of stock in the South-Sea year; and he was once worth £20,000; but lost it all again. He got about £500 by the first *Beggar's Opera*, and £1100 or £1200 by the Second. He was negligent and a bad manager. Latterly, the Duke of Queensbury took his money into his keeping, and let him only have what was necessary out of it; and, as he lived with them, he could not have occasion for much. He died worth upwards of £3000.' As to the Duchess of Queensbury see *Moral Essays*, II. v. 193.]

(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please;
Above a Patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a Poem in my head;
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead[1].
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or, (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with *Swift*"—'Indeed? no doubt,'
(Cries prating *Balbus*) 'something will come out.'
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
'No, such a Genius never can lie still;'
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir *Will.*[2] or *Bubo*[3] makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*[4]?
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow[5],
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed Virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
Who loves a Lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love;*
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,

[1] After v. 270 in the MS.
'Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The World I knew, but made it not my School,
And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.'

[2] Sir William Yonge. *Bowles.* ['A man whose fluency and readiness of speech amounted to a fault, and were often urged as a reproach, and of whom Sir Robert Walpole himself always said that nothing but Y.'s character could keep down his parts, and nothing but his parts support his character.' *Lord Stanhope.* He was a supporter of Walpole's.]

[3] [Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, the author of a well known Diary and the confidential adviser of Frederick Prince of Wales. He is a character typical in many respects of his age; utterly unconscientious and cheerfully blind to his unconscientiousness; and a liberal rather than discriminating patron of literary men. He died in 1762.]

[4] After v. 282 in the MS.
'P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?
A. You did so lately, was it understood?
P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D—s* or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen every verse,
Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.
A. No—the high talk to lift up Kings to Gods
Leave to Court-sermons, and to birth-day Odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal† shine.
P. Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.'
Warburton.
* [Dennis.] † [See *Dunciad*, bk. ii. v. 315.]

[5] [Contrast with the self-complacency of Pope Dryden's noble lines of self-reproach in the *Elegy on Anne Killigrew.*]

And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear[1],
And sees at *Canons* what was never there;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction, Lie.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let *Sporus* tremble[2]— A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk[3]?
Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad[4],
Half froth[5], half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.

[1] *Who to the Dean, and silver bell, &c.*] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on *Taste*. See Mr Pope's Letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter. P. [See note on *Moral Essays*, Ep. I. v. 54.]

[2] [The original of this famous portrait was John Lord Hervey, eldest surviving son of the Earl of Bristol and author of the *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.* At an early age he became a great favourite at the court of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Richmond, where Pope and his literary friends enjoyed high favour. He married Miss Lepell, whom Pope himself greatly admired. Afterwards he attached himself to Walpole's party and was appointed Vice Chamberlain to the King (George II.). Ultimately he attained to the office of Lord Privy Seal; and after Walpole's fall continued to take an active part in politics, notwithstanding his miserable health, till his death in 1743. The cause of his estrangement from Pope remains obscure; but the first public offence was given by Pope, in allusions in his *Miscellanies* (1727) and the first edition of the *Dunciad* (1728). Then in 1734 appeared the Imitation of the 2nd Satire of the 1st Bk. of Horace, where Lord Hervey was twice attacked under the sobriquet of Lord Fanny, and his friend Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was even more venomously aspersed. They retorted in verse and prose; and Pope wrote his prose *Letter to a noble Lord*. The character of *Sporus* followed in 1734; and another attack in the satire, originally called (*Epilogue to the Satires*) 1738 brought out a poem *The Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue exemplified*, &c. by Lord H. The original hints for all the insinuations and insults introduced by Pope into the character of Sporus are, according to Mr Croker, to be found in Pulteney's *Reply* to a pamphlet against himself and Bolingbroke (1731) which he attributed to H. The *Reply* brought about a duel. Mr Croker can find no evidence for the report that the rupture between Pope and Lady Mary was due to the 'rivalry' between himself and Hervey 'in her good graces.'] In the first edition, Pope had the name 'Paris' instead of 'Sporus.' *Bowles*.

[3] [Lady M. W. M. humorously divided the world into 'men, women and Herveys.' As to his whiteness cf. *Dunciad*, IV. 104. His miserable health necessitated a peculiar diet.]

[4] See Milton, Book IV. P. [In the first edition Pope explained this allusion by reference to a passage in Lady M. W. M.'s lampoon against himself.]

[5] *Half froth*,] Alluding to those *frothy* excretions, called by the people, *Toad-spits*, seen in summer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young insects which lie hid in the midst of them, for their preservation, while in their helpless state. *Warburton*. [Goethe's *Mephistopheles* is 'an abortion of mud and fire.']

His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis[1].
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust;
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not Fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile;—be one Poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth[2], and moraliz'd his song[3]:
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown[4],
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own[5];
The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread[6],
A friend in exile, or a father, dead;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear:—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *last!*
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

[1] The only trait perhaps of the whole [character of Sporus] that is not either false or overcharged, is Hervey's love for *antithesis*, which Pulteney had already ridiculed.... His parliamentary speeches were, as Warton says, very far above '*florid impotence;* but they were in favour of the Ministry, and that was sufficiently offensive to Pope.' *Croker, Lord Hervey's Mémoirs, Biogr. Notice.*

[2] *But stoop'd to Truth,*] The term is from falconry; and the allusion to one of those untamed birds of spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *stoops to,* its prey. *Warburton.*

[3] [i. e. made his poetry *Moral,* in both senses of the term.]

[4] *the lie so oft o'erthrown*] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name to Mr Broome's verses, &c. which, tho' publicly disproved were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called *the Nobleman's Epistle.* P.

[5] *Th' imputed trash,*] Such as profane *Psalms, Court-Poems,* and other scandalous things, printed in his Name by Curll and others. P.

[6] *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr Swift, Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons. P.

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post[1] corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit[2],
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit;
This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress[3]:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moore*.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply[4]?
Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lie[5].
To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife.
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill[6],
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will[7];
Let the two *Curlls* of Town and Court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse[8].
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:

[1] ['Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge.'
Hudibras, Part I. Canto I.
The so-called 'Knights of the Post' stood about the sheriff's pillars near the courts, in readiness to swear anything for pay. See R. Bell's note *ad loc.*]

[2] Ver. 368 in the MS.
'Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit:
Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;
He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.'
[Again alluding to Lady Mary.]

[3] [V. *ante*, note to v. 48.]

[4] *ten years*] It was so long after many libels before the Author of the Dunciad published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. P.

[5] *Welsted's lie.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also publish'd that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds:* the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *Any great Man* whatsoever. P. [Compare *Dunciad*, II. vv. 207—210.]

[6] *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr *Tindal*, in the *Grub-street Journal;* a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Author. P. [He reappears in the *Dunciad*, II. v. 397.]

[7] *except his Will;*] Alluding to Tindal's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgell, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him. P. [Budgel was believed to have forged a will purporting to be by Dr Matthew Tindal, the author of *Christianity as old as the Creation.*]

[8] *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of Curll's and other pamphlets, Mr Pope's father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a Reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity:* And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace.* Mr Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of Lindsey. His mother was the daughter of William Turnor, Esq. of York: she had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family—Mr Pope died in 1717, aged 75; she in 1733, aged 93, a very few

That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!*
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung[1]— A. What fortune, pray?— P. Their own,
And better got, than *Bestia's* from the throne[2].
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife[3],
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
Nor Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie[4].
Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
His life, thô' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I[5].
O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN[6].
A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex.

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.
ET. SIBI. P.

[1] [See *Introductory Memoir*, p. viii.]

[2] [L. Calpurnius Bestia, who here seems to signify the Duke of Marlborough, was a Roman proconsul, bribed by Jugurtha into a dishonourable peace.]

[3] Alluding to Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick, and Dryden's with Lady Elizabeth Howard. *Carruthers.*

[4] He was a nonjuror, and would not take the oath of allegiance or supremacy, or the oath against the Pope. *Bowles.*

[5] After v. 405 in the MS.
'And of myself, too, something must I say?
Take then this verse, the trifle of a day.
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,
Or head, an Author: Critic, yet polite
And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.'

[6] *And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.*] An honest compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite Physician of Queen Anne. *Warburton.*

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE

IMITATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr *Donne*, seem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr *Donne* I versified, at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury* who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller;* whereas to a *true Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man truly *virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite.*

Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. P.

['Whoever,' says Warburton, 'expects a *paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius, or manner of writing in these *Imitations*, will be much disappointed. Our author uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas; and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony.' 'He deemed it more modest,' felicitously adds the same authority, 'to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux' [Boileau], 'to give the name of Satires to Imitations.' 'In two large columns,' wrote a less kindly critic, from whom impartiality could hardly be expected, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (alluding to the juxtaposition of the Latin and English texts),—

> 'In two large columns, on thy motley page
> Where Roman wit is strip'd with English rage;
> Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence,
> And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense:
> Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought
> And on the other how he never wrote:
> Who can believe, who views the bad and good,
> That the dull copyist better understood
> That spirit he pretends to imitate,
> Than heretofore the Greek he did translate;'

proceeded, from this pleasant allusion to Pope's Homer, to explain the moral obliquities of her detractor by his defects of person, birth and nature. It was not

to be expected that Sappho would sing the praises of these Imitations; and the question remains, to what species of composition they belong, and what rank they hold among efforts of that species.

They are not Translations; neither of the close nor of the loose kind, and are therefore at once removed from comparison even with Dryden's magnificent versions, splendid in their very faults, of Juvenal. Nor do they properly bear the name of Imitations; for an Imitation of an earlier author is an attempt to produce a poem in his style and manner, though not necessarily on the same subject. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* is an Imitation of Spenser; Johnson's *London* is an Imitation of Boileau, or, indeed, of Oldham and of Pope himself. But Pope differs quite sufficiently in manner and style from Horace to place his so-called 'Imitations' out of the category to which they assume to belong. They are rather Adaptations, or as Warburton has correctly suggested, Parodies; in other words, they take as much of the ancient form as suits the purposes of the modern poet, they occasionally cling closely to its outlines, occasionly desert them altogether. It was the form which came most readily, and originally almost accidentally, to Pope's hands; and which he justly thought himself free to use in his own way. The example of the First Epistle of the Second Book will best illustrate these remarks. In Pope's 'Imitation' the original is here turned upside down, and what in Horace is a panegyric, in the English poem becomes a covert satire. As Pope meant to suggest that George II. was a parody on Augustus, so his Epistle is a parody on, and not an imitation of, the Latin poem.

It is therefore obvious that any comparison or contrast between the Latin and English poets, interesting and suggestive as it doubtless is from other points of view, is idle with reference to the relation between these 'Imitations' and their 'originals.' Warburton is true to his self-imposed task of vindicating the Christian orthodoxy of Pope, in pointing out, ever and anon, passages where the latter has substituted for the Epicurean heresies of the genial Roman turns of thought more becoming the friend of an embryo bishop. Horace designed his Satires and Epistles as humorous sketches of society, seasoned with such personal allusions as appeared necessary to enliven his pictures, or as suggested themselves to a ready wit which can never teach a lesson without applying it. What with him was ornament, with Pope was purpose. Whatever may have been the philosophical system with which Warburton laboured so hard to credit him, the centre of that system was Pope; nor were his friends and foes so much introduced into these Imitations to point morals, as the morals preached to introduce his friends and foes, and himself.

The ease with which Pope moved in a form which imposed no restraint on his wit, makes these 'Imitations' the most enjoyable of all his productions. He closed the last Dialogue of the 'Epilogue' with an announcement of his resolution never to publish any more poems of the kind. Yet it was at the time (1741) when he was meditating a new Dunciad that he informed Lord Marchmont that 'uneasy desire of fame' and 'keen resentment of injuries' were 'both asleep together;' and even if we regard as spurious the fragment of an unpublished Satire entitled '1740,' found among his papers by Bolingbroke, and full of personal allusions to 'Bub,' and 'Hervey' and others, we may remain in doubt, whether had he lived he would or could have adhered to his determination. But he had done enough to establish himself as the unapproached master of personal satire in a poetic form; and to damn a multitude of victims, helpless against the strokes of genius, to everlasting fame.]

THE FIRST SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

SATIRE I.

To Mr Fortescue[1].

[First published in 1733 under the title of *Dialogue between Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, on the one part, and the learned counsel on the other.* In Horace's Satire the interlocutors are the poet and G. Trebatius Testa, the friend of Caesar and of Cicero (among whose correspondents he appears). It forms a kind of introduction to Horace's Second Book of Satires.]

P. THERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told,)
There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
Lord Fanny[2] spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
I come to Counsel learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee.
F. I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious,—take a Wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus[3], Celsus will advise
Hartshorn[4], or something that shall close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write Caesar's Praise,
You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.
P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce[5],
With Arms, and George, and Brunswick crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force[6],
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse[7]?
F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay[8],

[1] [The Hon. W. Fortescue, an intimate friend and a frequent associate and correspondent of the poet's, and a schoolfellow of Gay's. He afterwards became one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and ultimately Master of the Rolls.]

[2] [Lord Hervey.]

[i. e. any physician of note.]

[3] *Hartshorn*] This was intended as a pleasantry on the novelty of the prescription. *Warburton.*

[5] [Sir Richard Blackmore.]

[6] [Budgel; see *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, v. 378.]

[7] *falling Horse?*] The Horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenarde; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him. *Warburton.*

[8] [Caroline of Brandenburg-Anspach, the Queen of George II. She became a frequent object of Pope's sarcasms, after George II. on his accession had retained Walpole and the Whigs in office.]

Lull with AMELIA's[1] liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.
P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year[2];
And justly CAESAR scorns the Poet's lays:
It is to *History* he trusts for Praise[3].
F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter.
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail them[4]?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam[5]:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.
P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pie[6];
Ridotta[7] sips and dances, till she see
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;
F— loves the Senate[8], Hockley-hole[9] his brother,
Like in all else, as one Egg to another.
I love to pour out all my self, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN[10], or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my Life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

[1] [Princess Amelia, the second daughter of George II. She died unmarried in 1759.]

[2] [Colley Cibber; see Introductory Remarks to *Dunciad*.]

[3] [The House of Brunswick was however particularly unfortunate in this respect.]

[4] *What should ail them?*] Horace hints at *one* reason, *that each fears his own turn may be next;* his imitator gives *another*, and with more art, a reason which insinuates, that his very lenity, in using feigned names, increases the number of his Enemies.

[5] [See *Moral Essays*, Ep. IV. vv. 99—176, and Ep. III. vv. 339—402.]

[6] *Darty his Ham-pie;*] This Lover of Ham-pie own'd the fidelity of the poet's pencil; and said, he had done justice to his taste; but that if, instead of *Ham-pie*, he had given him *Sweet-pie*, he never could have pardoned him. *Warburton.* Lyttelton in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, has introduced Darteneuf, bitterly lamenting his ill-fortune in having died before turtle-feasts were known in England. *Warton.* [Lord Scarsdale and Charles Dartiquenave, or Dartineuf, were noted epicures. The latter was in office as Paymaster of the Works; and the poet, Robert Dodsley, was his footman. Carruthers cites a paper written by him in the *Tatler*, No. 252, on the cheerful use of wine. Gay speaks of him as a 'grave joker.']

[7] [Ridotta; from Ridotto, the fashionable Italian term for an assembly.]

[8] Most likely Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, alluded to in *Epil. to Satires*, Dial. I. v. 71. The 'brother' is Stephen Fox, afterwards Lord Ilchester. *Carruthers.*

[9] [The bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole is described in the *Spectator*, No. 436. Cf. *Dunciad*, Bk. I. v. 326.]

[10] William Shippen, an outspoken politician and a Jacobite, who was sent to the Tower in 1718. According to Coxe, he used to say of himself and Sir Robert Walpole: 'Robin and I are two honest men; though he is for King George, and I for King James.']

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between[1],
Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
Save but our *Army!* and let Jove encrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY'S more[2]:
But touch me, and no Minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme[3],
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage[4],
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page[5].
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.
Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate,—or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room[6] to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r[7] to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam or the Mint[8],—
Like Lee[9] or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.

[1] [As Warburton points out, a great improvement on Horace's 'Lucanus an Appulus, anceps,' &c. As to Pope's religious standpoint see *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxxiii.]

[2] [Cardinal Fleury, formerly tutor of King Lous XV., became Prime Minister of France in 1726, and held power till his death in 1743. He was able to maintain the pacific policy which he advocated till two years before that event.]

[3] Closely copied from Boileau. *Warton.*

[4] [A Miss Mackenzie died about this time, and was supposed to have been poisoned from jealousy.] The person alluded to was Lady D—ne. *Bowles.* [Mary Howard Countess of Deloraine, who died in 1744. See note to Lord Hervey's *Memoirs* by Croker, who 'has not discovered the grounds of the suspicion, but it was very prevalent.']

[5] [Judge Page; cf. *Epil. to Sat.* Dial. II. v. 156.]

[6] *Whether the darken'd room—Or whiten'd wall—*] This is only a wanton joke upon the terms of his Original,

Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.
Warburton.

[7] [*the skewer*, i.e. the stilus, or pen.]

[8] [*the Mint.* See *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, v. 13, 156.]

[9] [Nathaniel Lee (born 1657, died 1692). This gifted but extravagant tragic poet, the author of the *Rival Queens*, went mad in 1684, but recovered his sanity. Some critics have discovered in his most famous tragedy signs of his malady; another has well remarked on this that if 'it be

F. Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!
P. What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star;*
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign[1]?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Friar engage[2],
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd[3], no man's heir, or slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave.
To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
There ST JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul:
And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines[4],
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
Envy must own, I live among the Great[5],
No Pimp of Pleasure, and no Spy of State.
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;

madness, there's method in it.' There is real fire in Lee, besides a great deal of smoke.]

[1] Boileau acted with much caution when he first published his *Lutrin* here alluded to, and endeavoured to cover and conceal his subject by a preface laying the scene at Bourges, not at Paris, for which it was intended. When in 1683 he threw off the mask, no offence was taken by the Canons whom he had ridiculed. From *Warton's* note. [Moreover, the ascendancy of bigotry and Mad. de Maintenon had not begun when Boileau wrote his famous satire; when they fully prevailed he retired from Court.]

[2] [In his *Spanish Friar*. But he soon atoned for that piece by *Absalom and Achitophel*.]

[3] [Pope declined the pension offered him by Lord Halifax early in George I.'s reign.]

[4] *And* HE, *whose lightning, etc.*] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following with only 280 horse and 900 foot enterprized and accomplished the Conquest of Valentia. P. [See Macaulay's captivating account of Peterborough in his Essay on the *War of Succession in Spain*.]

[5] *Envy must own, &c.*] Horace makes the point of honour to consist simply in his living familiarly with the Great,

Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque Invidia.

Our poet, more nobly, in his living with them on the footing of an honest man. He prided himself in this superiority, as appears from the following words, in a letter to Dr Swift: "To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater." *Let.* VII. *Jan.* 12, 1723. *Warburton.*

To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my Counsel, learned in the laws?
F. Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes[1].
Consult the Statute: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels*, *Satires*—here you have it—read.
P. *Libels* and *Satires!* lawless things indeed!
But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write;
Such as Sir ROBERT[2] would approve——
F. Indeed?
The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In such a cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd;
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd[3].

THE SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRE II.

To Mr BETHEL[4].

[IN Horace's *Satire* the praise of temperance is laid in the mouth of Ofellus, a simple farmer with whom the poet had been acquainted from his boyhood.]

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a cheerful heart,
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine,)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

[1] [Bowles reminds the reader of the mob in Julius Caesar (Act III. Sc. 3), demanding that Cinna the poet should be torn 'for his bad verses.']
[2] [Walpole.]
[3] Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis. *Hor.*
[4] [Hugh Bethel, the 'blameless Bethel' of *Moral Essays*, Ep. v., a Yorkshire gentleman with whom Pope was intimate, and frequently corresponded. He was a close friend of Pope's dearest friends, the Blounts of Mapledurham. He died in 1748.]

Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces 'ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield[1] with more than Harpy throat endued,
Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecued[2]!
Oh blast it, South-winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest[3],
And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been a Peer.
Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head[4];
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.
Avidien[5], or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

[1] *Oldfield*] This eminent Glutton ran thro' a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating. *Warburton.*

[2] *Hog barbecued, etc.*] A West Indian term of gluttony, a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine. P. [How gross an antithesis to Charles Lamb's favourite delicate sucking-pig!]

[3] ['Cet aimable oiseau se mange à la broche et en salmi.' *Almanach des Gourmands*, quoted in Mr Hayward's Essay on the *Art of Dining*.]

[4] *Bedford-head*;] A famous Eating-House. P. [In Covent-Garden.]

[5] Edward Wortley Montagu, the husband of Lady Mary. *Carruthers.* [Their son Edward, alluded to in v. 56, was a source of constant annoyance to both his parents; and Lady M. speaks of 'the impossibility of his behaving as a rational creature.']

One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Naevius, ev'ry error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing,)
First Health: The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the School-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest
Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?
The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines[1].
On morning wings how active springs the Mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues!
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse!
Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, Old age;
For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains?
Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies[2] or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear;
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny[3]! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song)

[1] [Warburton remarks on the orthodox turn given by Pope to the Epicureanism of Horace.]

[2] [A delicacy still in vogue at academical feasts.]

[3] [Lord Hervey.]

Who has not learned, fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.
"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need
"To have a Taste is insolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Quays, build Bridges, or repair White-hall:
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's[1] was, but not at five per cent.
Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And, as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd
The Lord of Thousands, than if now *Excis'd*[2]*;*
In forest planted by a Father's hand[3],
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow-heath I point and Bansted-down[4],
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths[5] (your Mistress shall have place),
And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace.

[1] [The Duke of Marlborough.]

[2] [See notes to *Moral Essays*, Ep. III. vv. 115 and 118.]

[3] [Pope's father originally purchased twenty acres of land in the outskirts of Windsor Forest, which he sold in 1716. The sum which he left to his son was something under £4000. The 'five acres of rented land' are the Twickenham estate.]

[4] [Between Caterham and Epsom.]

[5] [Pope's economy in the matter of wine of-

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost?
My Life's amusements have been just the same,
Before, and after, Standing Armies came[1].
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest[2].)
"Pray heav'n it last!" (cries SWIFT!) "as you go on;
"I wish to God this house had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a son or wife:
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one[3],
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's *Property?* dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir[4];
Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford[5],
Become the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight[6],
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

fends Dr Johnson, himself in general no enemy of more liberal potations: 'When he had two guests in his house he would set at supper a single pint of wine upon the table, and having taken himself two small glasses would retire and say, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine."']

[1] [Practically, England has had a standing army since the time of Charles II.; legally, the existence of the army depends on the annual Mutiny-bills, of which the first was passed in 1689. From the first years of Walpole's administration, the army (independently of the Irish establishment) continued in ordinary times to number about 17,000 men; but even its virtual perpetuity was not acknowledged; and as late as 1732 Pulteney declared that he 'always had been, and always would be, against a standing army of any kind.' See Hallam, *Const. History*, chap. XVI.]

[2] From Hom. *Od.* Bk. XV. v. 74. *Warton.*

[3] *Well, if the use be mine, etc.*] In a letter to this Mr Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he says, "My Landlady, Mrs *Vernon*, being dead, this "Garden and House are offered me in sale; and, "I believe (together with the cottages on each "side my grass-plot next the Thames) will come "at about a thousand pounds. If I thought any "very particular friend would be pleased to live "in it after my death (for, as it is, it serves all "my purposes as well during life) I would pur-"chase it," &c. *Warburton.* [Pope never carried out this intention.]

[4] *Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;*] The expression well describes the surprise an heir must be in, to find himself excluded by that Instrument which was made to secure his succession. For Butler humorously defines a *Jointure* to be the act whereby Parents

'turn
Their Children's Tenants, ere they're born.'
Warburton.

[5] [Gorhambury, near St Alban's, the seat of Lord Bacon, was at the time of his disgrace conveyed by him to his quondam secretary, Sir J. Meantys, whose heir sold it to Sir Harbottle Grimston, whose grandson left it to his nephew (Wm. Lucklyn, who took the name of Grimston), whose second son was in 1719 created Viscount Grimston. This is the 'booby lord' to whom Pope refers.]

[6] *proud Buckingham's etc.*] Villiers Duke of Buckingham. P. The estate of Helmsley was purchased by Sir Charles Duncombe, Lord Mayor in 1709, who changed its name to Duncombe Park. *Carruthers.*

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTLE I.

To Lord Bolingbroke[1].

[Horace's Epistle is addressed to Maecenas; and explains the causes why he had relinquished lyrical poetry in order to study philosophy as an eclectic after the fashion of Aristippus. It then proceeds to show that true happiness depends upon virtue and wisdom, to which that study leads, and not upon the external comforts of life.]

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days[2]?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See, Modest Cibber now has left the Stage[3]:
Our Gen'rals now, retir'd to their Estates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates[4],
In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunswick's cause[5].
A Voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
"And never gallop Pegasus to death;
"Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse[6]."
Farewell then Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not, to what Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:

[1] [Cf. note to *Essay on Man*, Ep. I.]

[2] *Sabbath of my days!*] i.e. The 49th year, the age of the Author. *Warburton.*

[3] [Colley Cibber retired from the stage after a histrionic career of more than 40 years in 1733; but returned in 1734 and did not make his 'positively last appearance' till 1745.]

[4] [Warburton compares *Moral Essays*, Ep. IV. v. 30. Pope is said by Warton to allude to the entrance of Lord Peterborough's Lawn at Bevismount near Southampton.]

[5] *Ev'n in Brunswick's cause.*] In the former Editions it was, *Britain's cause.* But the terms are synonymous. *Warburton.* [Hardly always so in Pope's mouth.]

[6] *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse.*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the City of London. His versification is here exactly described: stiff, and not strong; stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus. P. [Blackmore was City Physician.]

As drives the storm, at any door I knock:
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke[1].
Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her Cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true[2]:
Sometimes with Aristippus[3], or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one:
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure[4];
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll do what Mead[5] and Cheselden[6] advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can control
Between the Fits this Fever of the soul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which fresh and fresh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride.

[1] *And house with Montaigne now, and now with Locke.*] *i.e.* Choose either an *active* or a *contemplative* life, as is most fitted to the season and circumstances.—For he regarded these Writers as the best Schools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himself: *Montaigne* excelling in his observations on social and civil life; and *Locke*, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind. *Warburton.* [Pope appears to have read Locke at an early age; and to have recurred to him in his later and equally desultory philosophical studies.]

[2] [George Lord Lyttelton, author of the *Dialogues of the Dead*, besides poems (Pastorals) and theological and historical works, was a correspondent of Pope's.]

[3] Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res. P. There is an impropriety and indecorum, in joining the name of the most profligate parasite of the Court of Dionysius with that of an apostle. In a few lines before, the name of Montaigne is not sufficiently contrasted by the name of Locke. *Warton.*

[4] *can no wants endure;*] *i.e.* Can want nothing. Badly expressed. *Warburton.*

[5] [Mead: v. *Moral Essays*, Ep. IV. v. 10.]

[6] [In answer to Swift's enquiry who 'this Cheselden was, Pope informed him that C. was 'the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery and had saved the lives of thousands' by his skill. There is an amusing letter from Pope to Cheselden in Roscoe's Life *ad ann.* 1737; speaking of the cataract to which v. 52 appears to allude.]

Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch Bear;
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.
'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate.
To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here, Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold[1]."
There, London's voice: "Get Money, Money still!
"And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul[2];
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear[3],
To him who notches sticks at Westminster[4].
Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds[5];
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
A Pension, or such Harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have[6].
Barnard, thou art a Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D**l, Their *Honours*, and so forth.
Yet ev'ry child another song will sing:
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy Screen, and this thy wall of Brass[7];
Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was spoke at CRESSY and POITIERS?
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
"With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place—"

[1] [Warburton points that this line gives the meaning neither of Pope nor of the Horatian: 'Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.']

[2] [Referring to the opposite schools of theology in favour at court and in the metropolitan Chapter.]

[3] [i.e. a scrivener with his pen in his ear.]

[4] [i.e. Exchequer tallies. *Warburton.*]

[5] [Sir John Barnard, a quaker who joined the Church of England, member for the City and a great financial authority in Walpole's era. He was Lord Mayor in 1738. Cf. *Epil. to Sat.* Dial. II. v. 99.]

[6] [These allusions here and in v. 112 remain unexplained.]

[7] *Hic murus aheneus esto. Hor.*

For what? to have a Box where Eunuchs sing[1],
And foremost in the Circle eye a King.
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro':
And, while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?
If such a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Shou'd chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;
If honest S * z[2] take scandal at a Spark,
That less admires the Palace than the Park:
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave:
"Because I see, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out[3]."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least
The People are a many-headed Beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain[4],
Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The rest, some farm the Poor-box[5], some the Pews;
Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some with fat Bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
Up starts a Palace; lo, th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that Dev'l within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
"For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."
At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown?

[1] [The Italian Opera, with singers like Senesino and Farinelli, and Cuzzoni and Faustina, was at the zenith of its reputation in London in the reign of George II.]

[2] [Augustus Schutz, who held court offices near the person of George II. both before and after his accession to the throne. *Carruthers.*]

[3] Quia me vestigia terrent
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum. *Hor.* [from Aesop's well-known fable.]

[4] *Their Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,*] The undertakers for advancing Loans to the Public on the funds. *Warburton.*

[5] Alluding most probably to a Society calling itself the 'Charitable Corporation;' by which thousands were cheated and ruined. *Bowles.* [V. Pope's note to *Moral Essays*, Ep. III. v. 100.]

That very night he longs to lie alone.
The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich?
Well, but the Poor—The Poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.
You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,
Is half so incoherent as my Mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this Madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale[1] apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend[2]?
This, he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)
That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bless'd;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; free, tho' in the Tower;
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a King,
Nay, half in heav'n—except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demi-God.

[1] Dr Hale, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, a physician employed in cases of insanity. *Carruthers.*

[2] [The titles by which Pope addresses Bolingbroke in the *Essay on Man*, Ep. IV. v. 390.]

THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr Murray[1].

[Horace's Epistle, addressed to an otherwise unknown Minucius, is designed to prove that Virtue is the sole means of true happiness. The celebrated Nil Admirari which it preaches is the expression of the doctrine that the wonder or admiration which leads to desire destroys the peace of mind essential to a happy condition.]

"NOT to admire, is all the Art I know[2],
"To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flow'rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech[3].)
This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,
There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;

[1] [William Murray (a younger son of Lord Stormont) began his public career by appearing at the Bar of the House of Commons as one of the Counsel for the British American merchants aggrieved by the Spaniards in 1738, just after the date of Pope's Epistle. He became Solicitor-General in Lord Wilmington's Cabinet 1742; and ultimately rose to the Chief Justiceship and a barony, which was afterwards raised to an Earldom. It was he who gave judgment in the case of Wilkes, who presided at the trial of Horne Tooke, and who lived to have his house burnt over his head by the 'Protestant' rioters of 1780. He died in 1793, leaving behind him a lofty reputation, tempered by the memory of the humour for which he is praised by Pope. Murray had originally won the gratitude of the latter by his defence of the *Essay on Man* from the attacks of Crousaz.]

[2] Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quae possit facere et servare beatum.
Hor.

[3] *Creech.*] From whose Translation of Horace the two first lines are taken. P. [Richard Creech, whose celebrated translation of Lucretius first appeared in 1682.]

Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away;
For Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad[1].
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a TASTE to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.
If not so pleas'd, at Council-board rejoice,
To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conspir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?
Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd *Craggs's*[2], and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the Meanest have their Day,
The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords[3]:
Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE[4]!
Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaux invited over,
And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover[5].
The case is easier in the Mind's disease;
There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.
Would ye be blest? despise low Joys, low Gains;
Disdain whatever CORNBURY[6] disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

[1] [Horace merely preaches the Μηδὲν ἄγαν in his lines:

Insani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.]

[2] *Craggs's,*] (See note to Epitaph IV.) His father had been in a low situation; but, by industry and ability, got to be Postmaster-General and agent to the Duke of Marlborough. *Warton.*

[3] [A piece of bathos, says Mr Hayward, thus parodied by Cibber:

'Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench walks.']

[4] [The great Lord Clarendon.]

[5] [*Ward* and *Dover:* celebrated for their quack medicines. *Roscoe.*]

[6] [Lord Cornbury, afterwards Lord Hyde, great-grandson of the first Lord Clarendon, a young Tory nobleman of literary tastes, to whom Bolingbroke addressed his *Letters on History.* Of Lord C., says Mr Macknight, 'even Horace Walpole spoke with enthusiasm.' He died in 1753. Carruthers points out that he refused a pension obtained for him by his brother-in-law, Lord Essex.]

But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal[1] leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is Wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:
Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
Will gain a Wife with half as many more,
Procure her Beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such Friends—as cannot fail to last.
A Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth[2],
Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis[3] Birth.
(Believe me, many a German Prince is worse,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse.)
His Wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play[4],
Takes the whole House upon the Poet's Day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;
Then hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:

[1] [Dr Matthew Tindal, author of *Christianity as old as the Creation.*]

[2] *dubb'd a Man of worth,*] Alluding to the City Knighthoods, where wealth and worship go together. *Warburton.*

[3] *Anstis*, whom Pope often mentions, was Garter King of Arms. *Bowles.*

[4] *Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,*] The common reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's sense, or the illustration of his poetry; even where he is most moral and sublime. But had it been in Mr Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings. *Warburton.* Notwithstanding this remark of Dr Warburton, I have taken some pains, though indeed in vain, to ascertain who these ladies were, and what the play they patronized. It was once said to be Young's *Busiris. Warton.*

"This may be troublesome, is near the Chair;
"That makes three members, this can choose a May'r."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him Son, or Cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own Jest.
  Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.
  Or shall we ev'ry Decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do
K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew[1],
From Latian Syrens, French Circean Feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our Country, and degrade our Name?
  If, after all, we must with Wilmot[2] own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle[3]!"
The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments past in his Epistle to *Augustus*, seem'd so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good

[1] Lords Kinnoul and Tyrawley, two ambassadors noted for wild immorality. *Carruthers.*

[2] [Earl of Rochester. See note on p. 181.]

[3] [Warburton, with sundry unnecessary remarks, quotes the following *dicta* of Swift's latter days: 'I choose' (says he, in a Letter to Mr Pope) 'my Companions amongst those of the least consequence, and most compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find: and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects.' And again, 'I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad prose or worse verses, either of rage or raillery,' etc. And again, in a letter to Mr Gay: 'My rule is, *Vive la Bagatelle.*']

qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Increase of an *Absolute Empire.* But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a *Free People*, and are more consistent with the Welfare of *our Neighbours.*

This Epistle will show the learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that *Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general;* whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolefieri*, etc. The other, that this Piece was only a *general Discourse of Poetry;* whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Augustus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cause of his Cotemporaries, first against the Taste of the *Town*, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly against the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the *Emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shows (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taste* of the *Nobility;* that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the *State*, and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that *Horace* made his Court to this great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character. P.

[The bland statements of the above Advertisement will not deceive the reader as to the ironical character of Pope's Epistle, which ranks among the most finished of his compositions. According to Suetonius (*Vita Hor.*) the origin of the Horatian Epistle (probably written only a year or two before the poet's death) was the expression by Augustus of a desire that Horace might address one of his Epistles to the Emperor himself. No such wish, we may feel sure, ever suggested itself in the bosom of King George II. Augustus was a real patron of literature, and in particular of dramatic poetry. Horace accordingly takes occasion to examine the development of Roman literature with special reference to this branch of it; and after dwelling on the prejudicial influence of the prevalent preference for the older poets, to show the evil effects of the love of spectacle upon the progress of the Roman drama. He concludes by directing the attention of the Emperor to the non-dramatic, and particularly the epic poets, and while recognising the grandeur of their task—the glorification of the deeds of heroes like Augustus himself—modestly declares his own incapacity to enter their ranks.

Pope addresses himself to a monarch who, since his accession to the throne in 1727, had done nothing, and intended to do nothing, to foster a literature for which, notwithstanding his intelligence, he lacked sympathy. The opposition, to which Pope was attached by personal friendships rather than by any distinct political creed, had pretended to found high hopes in this respect, as in all others, upon George Prince of Wales, when he was on bad terms with his father and the Walpole ministry. But he had speedily undeceived them as to the real object of their hopes; and 'Bob, the poet's foe' (as Swift nicknamed Sir Robert Walpole), remained in power. The slight attempts on the part of Queen Caroline to patronise literature and literary men were lost in the general apathy, amounting almost to dislike, with which both were regarded by King and Minister.

While therefore all the allusions to the King himself must be understood as distinctly ironical, the review of English literature which they introduce is only addressed to the King *because* he would take no interest in it. This review itself contains many criticisms of much sagacity and acuteness; it will be found that upon the whole Pope in his manhood adhered very much to the opinions which as a youth he had expressed in his *Essay on Criticism*, which should be carefully compared with the present Epistle. It is strange to find Pope charging his age with an undue preference for the old poets; the truth being that the period of a renaissance in this respect had hardly yet begun in English popular taste. The observations on the stage are fully borne out by contemporary accounts; Pope was to live to hail the appearance of Garrick as the advent of better days.]

EPISTLE I.

To Augustus.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! sustain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main[1];
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend[2],
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame[3],
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,
Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
All human Virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.
To thee, the World its present homage pays,
The Harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great Friend of Liberty! in *Kings* a Name

[1] At this time (1737) the Spanish depredations at sea were such, that there was an universal cry that the British flag had been insulted, and the English braved on their own element. 'Opening all the main' therefore, means that the King was so liberal as to leave it open to the Spaniards. *Bowles.*

[2] [This again ironically refers to the general cry for war after a long period of peace.]

[3] [These historical parallels or antitheta, substituted by Pope for Horace's safer names of Romulus, Bacchus and the Dioscuri, must be taken *quantum valeant*. The close of Edward III.'s reign offers a melancholy proof that a great man may outlive his own greatness; and Henry V. enjoyed a high popularity with his subjects to the day of his death, except of course with the Lollards.]

Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame[1]:
Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote[2],
And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote[3]:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green[4];
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil[5].
Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not We be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry Public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize[6]?
"Who lasts a century can have no flaw,
"I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him Ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By courtesy of England[7], he may do."
Then by the rule that made the Horse-tail bear[8],
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down Ancients like a heap of snow:

[1] Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo. *Hor.*

[2] [Particularly when modernised.]

[3] *And beastly Skelton, etc.*] Skelton, Poet Laureate to Hen. VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language. P. [John Skelton born about 1460, tutor to prince Henry (afterwards K. H. VIII.) and ultimately Rector of Diss in Norfolk, died in 1529. His English verse, which is chiefly satirical and in part directed against Wolsey, is by no means entirely what Pope's perfunctory epithets declare it to be.]

[4] *Christ's Kirk o' the Green;*] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland. P. [James I.]

[5] *met him at the Devil*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his Poetical Club. P.

[6] [i.e. to be immortal.]

[7] ['Courtesy of England,' a legal term signifying the custom by which a widower holds during his lifetime the lands of which his wife was seized in fee, if she had issue by him born alive.]

[8] [The reference in Horace is to the so-called *Argumentatio Acervalis*, or *Sorites*, the purpose of which is to show that relative terms of measure admit of no precise definition.]

While you to measure merits, look in Stowe[1],
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a Garland only on a Bier.
  Shakespear[2] (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forget his Epic, nay Pindaric Art[3];
But still I love the language of his heart[4].
  "Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
"What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
"In all debates where Critics bear a part[5],
"Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's Art,
"Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit[6];
"How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
"How Shadwell[7] hasty, Wycherley[8] was slow[9];
"But for the Passions, Southern[10] sure and Rowe[11].
"These, only these, support the crowded stage,
"From eldest Heywood[12] down to Cibber's age."
  All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton[13] if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband[1] praise,

[1] [Stowe's *Annals of England* appear to have been first published in 1580.]

[2] *Shakespear*] Shakespear and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* call'd his *Dotages*. P.

[3] *Pindaric Art;*] which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers of Pindar. P.

[4] [Compare p. 180.]

[5] *In all debates, etc.*] The Poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his Original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed.

[6] [This common assumption should in its turn be checked by the consideration that out of 52 plays known as Beaumont and Fletcher's the former can only be proved to have had part in 17. Beaumont, though ten years younger than Fletcher, published plays before the latter.]

[7] [Thomas Shadwell, poet-laureate, the original of Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*.]

[8] [Wycherley, see note to p. 20.]

[9] *Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his answer, *Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.* P.

—*hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley*, is a line of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester: the sense of which seems to have been generally mistaken. It gives to each his epithet, not to design the *difference* of their talents, but the *number* of their productions. *Warburton.*

[10] [Thomas Southern (1660—1746), the author of the tragedy of *Oroonoko*.]

[11] [Rowe. See *Epitaph* v.]

[12] [Of John Heywood's 'Interludes,' which form a transition from the moral-plays to the regular drama, the earliest was probably written in the first quarter of the 16th century.]

[13] *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries. P. [Believed, on insufficient evidence, to have been written by Bishop Still. The oldest extant edition of this play is dated 1575; Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* (of which a copy was first discovered in 1818) was certainly printed nine years previously; and, being founded on Plautus, is infinitely superior to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, although the latter has a few touches of considerable humour and contains an excellent drinking-song.]

[1] [Cibber's *Careless Husband*, in which the character of Lord Foppington is taken from

Or say our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the Obsolete[2],
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet[3]:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,
In Quibbles Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine[4].
Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook[5],
Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school[6].
But for the Wits of either Charles's days[7],
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
Sprat[8], Carew[9], Sedley[10], and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er)
One Simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but Applause[11].
On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow;
One Tragic sentence if I dare deride
Which Betterton's[12] grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth[13] with emphasis proclaims,

Vanbrugh, was first acted in 1704; and kept the stage throughout the century. Lady Betty Modish is a character in this comedy.]

[2] [Compare p. 176.]

[3] [In Bk. I. of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* are specimens of his English hexameters and pentameters as well as sapphics; in Bk. II. there is also an experiment in the metre of Anacreon, by no means unpleasant in its effect.]

[4] [*Paradise Lost*, Bk. III.]

[5] [Cf. *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, v. 168.]

[6] An indirect satire on Lord Hervey, in allusion to certain lines in his Epistle to a D.D. from a nobleman at Hampton Court. *Carruthers.*

[7] [Cf. *Essay on Criticism*, vv. 715 f.]

[8] [Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester; who read James II.'s Declaration in Westminster Abbey and was arrested on a false charge of treason under William III. He was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society; and a popular writer of both prose and verse.]

[9] [Thomas Carew, a courtier of Charles II. and a charming lyrical poet, died in 1639.]

[10] [Sir Charles Sedley, the favourite poet of King Charles II., died in 1701. He was a boon-companion of the Earl of Rochester.]

[11] [Pope's edition of Shakspere was published in 1725. It was a failure as a speculation; and though it is not without merits, both in the preface (of which the general spirit is upon the whole creditable to Pope's appreciation of Shakspere's genius) and in the emendations (frequently very clever), yet it deservedly exposed Pope to the cavils of Theobald. See Introduction to *Dunciad*.]

[12] [This famous actor was an early friend of Pope's, a copy by whose hand of the actor's portrait by Kneller still exists at Lord Mansfield's seat at Caen Wood, Hampstead. An account of his famous Benefit in April 7th, 1709, will be found in the *Tatler*. His 'grave action' was probably due in part to his large habit of body; yet he played an unusually wide range of characters, and according to Cibber was particularly great in Othello, Hamlet, Hotspur, Macbeth and Brutus. See Leigh Hunt's *The Town*.]

[13] [Barton Booth (who died in 1733) was an actor particularly celebrated for the excellence of his articulation. He was the original Cato in Addison's tragedy. Cf. v. 337.]

(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names[1])
How will our Fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!
You'd think no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave Examples yet remain,
Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd;
In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd[2]."
Then Peers grew proud in Horsemanship t' excel[3],
Newmarket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell[4];
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm[5]:
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated Canvas stole
The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul[6].
No wonder then, when all was Love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court:
On each enervate string they taught the note[7]
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy from a Noble Cause.
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,

[1] *A muster-roll of Names*] An absurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player. P. [Like the 'Bombomachides Clutomestoridysarchides' of Plautus.]

[2] A verse of the Lord Lansdown. P.

[3] *in Horsemanship t'excel, And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the Romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*. P.

[4] [Newmarket, which became popular with the rise of horse-racing under James I., was a favourite resort of Charles II., whose palace there still stands.]

[5] [The two most eminent sculptors of the Restoration period were Cibber, a Dane, and Gibbons, a Dutchman.]

[6] [Sir Peter Lely, by birth a Westphalian, died in 1680, after accumulating a large fortune. Warton compares for the delightful expression, 'the sleepy eye,' an epigram of Antipater, 'which it is not probable Pope could have seen.']

[7] *On each enervate string, etc.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England. P. [It was brought out in 1656.]

Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.
To worship like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our Wit.
He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop[1];
Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance[2].
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley[3] venture, all the world would smile)
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits Mankind;
And rarely Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of Cashiers[4], or Mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter[5];
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his diet.
Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
And (tho' no Soldier) useful to the State[6].

[1] *Ward.*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprizing effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. P.

[2] *Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France, Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.*] By no means an insinuation as if these travelling Doctors had misspent their time. *Radcliff* had sent them on a medicinal mission, to examine the produce of each Country, and see in what it might be made subservient to the art of healing. The native commodity of France is DANCING. SCRIBL.

[3] [Cf. Pope's note to *Moral Essays*, Ep. IV. v. 18.]

[4] [Bowles cites Coxe's *Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole* for an account of the flight of Knight, the cashier of the South Sea Company.]

[5] [Conjectured by Bowles to refer to the cheating of Mr George Pitt, in the management of his estates, by Peter Walter.]

[6] *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not

What will a Child learn sooner than a Song?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some Monster of a King;
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays[1];
And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains[2])
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd:
'The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd[3].'
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the Idiot and the Poor[4],
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms[5]:
The Boys and Girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could Devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,

acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows, *Torquet ab obscœnis—Mox etiam pectus Recte facta refert, etc.* which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardon'd, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses. P.

[1] [V. *Essay on Criticism*, v. 726.]

[2] [Warburton explains this as specially referring to the opening lines of Addison's poem *To H. R. H. the Princess of Wales*, in which A. claims merit for his tragedy of *Cato*, as purposely written to oppose the schemes of a faction, after he had previously assured Pope that the play was composed with no party views.]

[3] [The first of Swift's pamphlets in defence of the independence of Irish trade was published in 1720; the *Drapier's Letters* (written to oppose the patent of coining copper halfpence to be current in Ireland, granted to William Wood through the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, favourite of George I.) appeared in 1723. Swift thus writes to Pope (May 31st, 1737), after reading the above tribute: 'Your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain that the profession of friendship to me will not suffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of Court and Party hatred.']

[4] *the Idiot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand. P.

[5] [The time-honoured version of the Psalms by Thomas Sternhold, a courtier of King Edward VI., and John Hopkins, a Suffolk schoolmaster, in which they were assisted by others, was first published as a complete collection in 1562. The germ of this amusing passage will be found in Pope's letter to Swift of Oct. 15, 1725.]

Verse prays for Peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And Heav'n is won by Violence of Song,
  Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
And Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound[1],
The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.
  We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth[2]; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Energy divine[3].
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone[4]:

[1] [There is no direct historical allusion in this; the law of libel was still very indefinite even in Pope's times.]

[2] *Waller was smooth;*] Mr. Waller, about this time with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation. P.

[3] [Cf. *Essay on Criticism*, vv. 358—384.]

[4] [Racine, the younger of the two great French tragedians, was more frequently translated by the English dramatists of the Restoration than Corneille; although Hallam is doubtless right in agreeing with Sir Walter Scott that the unnatural dialogue which prevailed in the English tragedies of that age was derived from baser models than these, viz. the French romances referred to *ante*, v. 145. The pathetic Otway (1651—1685) was indeed among the translators and adapters of Racine; but his *Venice Preserved* and *Orphan*, on which his fame rests, were, as dramatic pieces, original.]

But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line[1].
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot[2],
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed[3]?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farquhar writ[4]!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit[5]!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread[6],
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause[7]!
But fill their purse, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit:
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd;
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke[8].
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the taste of Mobs, but now of Lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies

[1] [I remember the players often mentioned it as an honour to S., that in his writings, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted out a thousand.' Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*.]

[2] *Ev'n copious Dryden*] *copious* aggravated the fault. For when a writer has great stores, he is inexcusable not to discharge the easy task of choosing from the best. *Warburton.*

[3] ['Another fault which often may befal,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all
That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if possessed,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.'
Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, *Essay on Poetry*.]

[4] [George Farquhar (1678—1707), the author of *Sir Harry Wildair* and the *Beaux' Stratagem*.]

[5] [John Vanbrugh (1672—1726), author of the *Relapse*, and architect of Blenheim. His comedies, though offensive on the ground mentioned by Pope, are perhaps healthier in feeling than those of any of his contemporaries.]

[6] *Astræa*] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, *etc.* P. [Mrs Aphra Behn owed her popularity not only to her sins, but to a wonderful knack of contriving ingenious stage-situations which must arouse the envy of modern sensational playwrights. *Astræa* is the title of a French romance by Honoré d'Urfé, published in 1610.]

[7] [*Poor Pinky* is the popular low comedian, William Pinkethman, of whose face some writers, according to Cibber, made a livelihood; and concerning whom the *Tatler* 'informs posterity,' among other things, that 'he devours a cold chicken with great applause' (in the character of Harlequin). See Geneste's *History of the Stage*, III. pp. 136—9.]

[8] [i. e. the black-pudding.]

From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes[1].)
The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on Pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermine, Gold and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast[2].
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the Gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
Loud as the Wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep[3],
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's[4] high plume, or Oldfield's[5] petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the Universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the People stare?
Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t'instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the Man of rhymes:
'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the Poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the Great;
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?

[1] *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.*] From *Plays* to *Operas*, and from Operas to *Pantomimes. Warburton.* [Pantomimes were brought into the full blaze of public favour by Rich, manager of Covent Garden, in 1723; and Cibber, at Drury Lane, was obliged to produce the same kind of entertainment in self-defence.]

[2] *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion. P. [This spectacle was brought out in 1727, in consequence of the coronation of George II., and ran for 40 nights.]

[3] *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades. P.

[4] [The famous tragic actor whose popularity was at its height at the time of Garrick's first appearance. See the celebrated character of him in Churchill's *Rosciad.* He died in 1766.]

[5] [Mrs Oldfield, who died in 1730; the most popular comic actress of her age.]

How shall we fill a Library with Wit[1],
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet[2]?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
The season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unask'd; lament, the Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epistles to the King;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Historians, by express command,
T' enroll your Triumphs o'er the seas and land[3],
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
Or choose at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureate's weighty place[4].
Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care[5];
And great Nassau[6] to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles[7];
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear."
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your Arms, your Actions, your repose to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!

[1] *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library then building by Augustus. P.

[2] *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books. P.

[3] [The office of Historiographer Royal was frequently united to that of Poet Laureate.]

[4] Warton quotes Johnson's epigram on the laureateship of Colley Cibber:

'Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For nature formed the poet for the king.'

[5] [The Italian sculptor, Bernini, whose roccoco works fill St Peter's at Rome.]

[6] [King William III.]

[7] [Francis Quarles, the author of the *Emblems*, died in 1644. Pope has done this ingenious member of the religious section of the Fantastic school great injustice in ranking him on a level with Blackmore.]

Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought[1]!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:
The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise[2]:"
Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden[3], Philips[4], Settle[5], writ of Kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or, flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF

THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR. [v. 124.]

[Horace's Epistle is addressed to Julius Florus, an officer attached to the person of Tiberius in a military expedition abroad. Pope's Epistle, which like the Horatian treats the subject chiefly from a personal point of view, has much biographical value.]

DEAR Col'nel[6], COBHAM's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verse, take such as I can send.
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois[7]:

[1] [Ironical allusions to the pacific policy of George II.'s minister Walpole.]

[2] From an anonymous poem, 'The Celebrated Beauties,' published in Tonson's *Miscellany* in 1709. *Carruthers.*

[3] [Laurence Eusden, poet laureate under Charles II. Cf. *Dunciad*, I. v. 104.]

[4] [Ambrose Philips, among other offences, perpetrated an Ode in honour of Walpole.]

[5] [Elkanah Settle, the city-poet and the Doeg of *Absalom and Achitophel*.]

[6] Colonel Cotterell, of Rousham near Oxford, the descendant of Sir Charles Cotterell, who, at the desire of Charles I., translated Davila into English. *Warton.*

[7] *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity. *Warburton.*

"Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
"My only son, I'd have him see the world:
"His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall hear.
"Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
"Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
"Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please:
"A perfect genius at an Opera-song—
"To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to serve a Lord:
"But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
"Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
"And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
"The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
"(Could you o'erlook but that) it is to steal."
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey[1] should decide the suit;
Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With Laws, to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In ANNA'S Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold;
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter:
(Its name I know not, and its no great matter)
"Go on, my Friend (he cry'd), see yonder walls!
"Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot?
"Let him take Castles who has ne'er a groat."
Bred up at home, full early I begun[2]
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.

[1] *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. P. Sir Godfrey Kneller. *Warburton.*

[2] See *Introductory Memoir*, p. ix. f.

Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove[1].)
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell;
And certain Laws[2], by suff'rers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM'S thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer)[3] since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes[4],
If I would scribble, rather than repose.
Years follow'ng years, steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend:
This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?
  But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf[5] detests.
  But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme, can London be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed;
A Poet begs me, I will hear him read;
'In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—'
'At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square—'
'Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—'
'There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—'

[1] He had a partiality for this College in Oxford, in which he had spent many agreeable days with his friend Mr Digby. *Warton.* [The spelling is in deference to academical orthoepy.]

[2] [The penal laws against the Roman Catholics, temporarily abolished by James II.'s illegal Declaration of Indulgence, came into force again, with new additions, after the Revolution which seated William III. on the throne.]

[3] [See *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxvii.]

[4] *Monroes.*] Dr Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital. P.

[5] *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated Gluttons. *Warburton.* [Cf. as to the latter, *ante*, Bk. II. *Sat.* I. v. 46.]

"Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
"And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guild-hall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v—nce in a Car?
Go, lofty Poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grottos and to Groves we run,
To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's-Court[1].
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
The Man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives sev'n years complete[2],
See! strew'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray[3], as a Wit.
"'Twas, Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence—"
"Yours, Cowper's[4] manner"—and "yours, Talbot's[5] sense."
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave[6], to see
No Poets there, but Stephen[7], you, and me.

[1] *Tooting—Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London. P.

[2] [The term for completing the M.A. Degree.]

[3] [Alluding to the common cant of that time, as if this eminent and accomplished person was more of a polite scholar than a profound lawyer. *Warton.* Cf. Bk. I. *Ep.* VI. *ante.*]

[4] [William first Earl Cowper, lord keeper in 1705, and one of the lords justices on the death of Queen Anne. Died 1723.]

[5] [Charles, Lord Talbot, Lord Chancellor.]

[6] [Cf. Pope's note to Bk. II. *Ep.* I. v. 355.]

[7] *but Stephen*] Mr *Stephen Duck*, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr Pope. Queen Caroline chose this man for her favourite poet. *Warburton.*

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue:
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long;
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such Verse as we can read?
Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake[1];
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For Use will farther what's begot by Sense)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line:
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance:
"As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance[2]."
If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;

[1] ['In Bacon's *Essays*... though many Latinized words are introduced, even the solecisms are English, and the style is, in all probability, a fair picture of the language used at that time by men of the highest culture, in the conversational discussion of questions of practical philosophy, or what the Germans call *world-wisdom*.' Marsh, *Origin and History of the Eng. Language*.—Raleigh is said by Aubrey (cited by Warton) to have been accustomed to speak in a broad Devonshire dialect.]

[2] [Slightly altered from *Essay on Criticism*, vv. 362, 3.]

Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
Not quite a mad-man, tho' a pasty fell[1],
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they cur'd.
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
"My Friends?" he cry'd, "p—x take you for your care!
That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote."
Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the Soul.
Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart.
If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want; why not with equal ease
Confess as well your Folly, as Disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a thrice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
When golden Angels[2] cease to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil;
When servile Chaplains cry[3], that birth and place
Endue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these Flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.
If there be truth in Law, and Use can give

[1] [Cf. *Moral Essays*, Ep. II. v. 268. The original story of this sort of madness is traced by Warton to Aristotle and Ælian; and he compares Boileau's version in his Fourth Satire.]

[2] A golden coin, given as a fee by those who came to be touched by the royal hand for the Evil. *Warton.* [The scrofula. The office for the healing of the evil was originally included in the Book of Common Prayer: the practice was kept up by Charles I. and Charles II., and was renewed by the Pretender.]

[3] The whole of this passage alludes to a dedication of Mr, afterwards Bishop, Kennet to the Duke of Devonshire to whom he was chaplain. *Bennet.* [This explains the blanks in vv. 222 and 229.]

A Property, that 's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court[1], if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay partridge[2], sold to town:
His Ven'son too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote[3] himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale[4],
Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find,
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's Turnips[5], and all Grosvenor's[6] mines:

[1] *delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over-against Hampton-Court. *Warburton.*

[2] [A plural; as grouse, teal &c.]

[3] [Sir Gilbert Heathcote; cf. *Moral Essays*, Ep. III. v. 101.]

[4] [Alluding to the improvements made by Lord Bathurst on one of his Gloucestershire estates, at Daylingworth near Saperton in the Cotswold country.]

[5] *All Townshend's Turnips*] [Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second, resigned office in 1730, and patriotically refrained from returning to public life, where he might have helped his political opponents the Tories to annoy his former rival Walpole. It was owing to him, says Lord Stanhope, that England, and more especially Norfolk, owes the introduction of the turnip from Germany.]

[6] [Sir Thomas Grosvenor succeeded to his brother Richard in 1733. They were the ancestors of the present Marquess of Westminster.]

Why one like Bu—[1] with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe[2], from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the same.
Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place;
But sure no statute in his favour says[3],
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.
What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The Ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad: the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?

1 [Bubb Doddington, the *Bubo* of the 1vth Ep. of the *Moral Essays.*]

2 *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia. P.

[James Edward Oglethorpe, born in 1698, served under Prince Eugene against the Turks, settled the colony of Georgia, held a command during the year 1745, and in consequence of a difficulty which then occurred with the Duke of Cumberland (though Oglethorpe was acquitted by a court-martial) remained unemployed ever afterwards. Mr Croker observes that to his supposed Jacobite leanings may be attributed much of the animosity displayed by the Whigs towards him; as well as of the friendliness subsisting between him and Pope and Johnson.]

3 *But sure no statute*] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succession of Papists, etc. *Warburton.* [A statute of William III. which was happily so interpreted by the Judges, as to produce much less effect than its authors had intended.]

Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

THE SATIRES

OF

DR JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.

'Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucilî* scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius?' HOR. [*Sat.* LX. 56—9].

[THESE Satires, as Pope informs us in the Advertisement prefixed to the *Satires and Epistles of Horace Imitated* (ante, p. 282), were 'versified' by him at the request of Lords Oxford and Shrewsbury, and therefore in the main belong to an earlier period of his career than the *Satires* among which they were afterwards inserted. He called his labour 'versifying,' says Warburton, because indeed Donne's lines 'have nothing more of numbers than their being composed of a certain quantity of syllables'—a description exaggerated, but not untrue.

John Donne was born in 1578, and died in 1631; but though he wrote most of his poetry before the end of the 16th century, none of it was published till late in the reign of James I. The story of his life may be summed up as that of a popular preacher under pecuniary difficulties, which only towards its close terminated in the assurance of a competency (he died as Dean of St Paul's). Donne has been, in deference to Pope's classification of poets, regarded as the father of the metaphysical, or fantastic school of English poets, which reached its height in the reign of Charles I. His poetry divides itself into two distinctly marked divisions—profane and religious. The former must be in the main regarded as consisting of purely intellectual exercitations; nor should the man be rashly confounded with the writer, or the Ovidian looseness of morals which he affects be supposed to have characterised his life. His *Songs* are full of the conceits criticised by Dr Johnson; some of his *Epigrams* are very good; his *Elegies* are most offensively indecent; and the *Progress of the Soul* is a disgusting burlesque on the Pythagorean doctrine of

metempsychosis. The *Funeral Elegies* already show the transition to sacred poetry; and it is on these and the *Holy Sonnets* that rests Donne's claim to be called a metaphysical poet.

Yet he states that he affected the metaphysics in his *Satires* and amorous verses as well. The former were first published, with the rest of his works, in 1633. In Dryden's opinion, quoted by Chalmers, the *Satires* of Donne, even if translated into numbers, would yet be found wanting in dignity of expression. It has however been doubted whether the irregularity of Donne's versification in the *Satires* was wholly undesigned. His lyrical poetry is fluent and easy; and the *Satires* of Hall, which preceded those of Donne by several years, show a comparative mastery over the heroic couplet which could surely have been compassed by the later Satirist. Pope has treated Donne's text with absolute freedom. Donne's *Third Satire*, in Warburton's opinion 'the noblest work not only of this but perhaps of any satiric poet,' was 'versified' by Parnell.]

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too;
Yet here; as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army*[1] in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state[2],
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus, as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.
One sings the Fair; but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.
These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:

[1] [i.e. the increased excise duties (which it was apprehended would become a general excise), and an army which must prove a standing one. Cf. *Moral Essays*, Ep. III. v. 119, and *Im. of Hor.* Bk. II. Sat. ii. v. 160. The expressions are substituted for 'dearth and Spaniards' in Donne.]

[2] [Cf. *Im. of Hor.* Bk. II. Ep. ii. v. 68.]

'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n[1], or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear[2];
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's Confessor[3] scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my just offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impudence:
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too;
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows' hearts;
Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold
More rough than forty Germans when they scold[4].
Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If PETER deigns to help you to your *own:*
What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies,
And what a solemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
'Twas only Suretyship that brought 'em there.
His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,

[1] Sir Robert Sutton, who was expelled the House of Commons on account of his share in the frauds of the company called the Charitable Corporation. *Carruthers.*

[2] Out-swear the Letanie. *Donne.*

[3] [Accentuated as in Donne.]

[4] [Donne's fine touch of satire against a historic wrong—

'Than when winds in our ruin'd abbeys roar,'

is exchanged by Pope for a cheap sneer against a then unpopular nationality.]

And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * [1]
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns[2].
In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till, like the Sea, they compass all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand:
And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,
Or City-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are;
So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dext'rously omits, *ses heires:*
No Commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out
Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noster long[3],
When doom'd[4] to say his beads and Even-song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *Pow'r and Glory* clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just Mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow;
But oh! these works are not in fashion now:

[1] [Carruthers suggests the name of Paul Benfield, a financing M.P., for this hiatus.]

[2] [Pointless here; but not so in Donne.]

[3] About this time of his life Dr Donne had a strong propensity to Popery, which appears from several strokes in these satires. We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare books*, one article of which is intitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicæ*, alluding to Luther's omission of the [spurious] concluding Doxology in his two Catechisms; which shews the poet was fond of a joke. *Warburton.*

[4] [i. e. as an Augustine monk.]

Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it so.
But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monster, that on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane[1] or Woodward's[2] wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night, would swear him dropt out of the Moon.
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise Justice starting from his chair
Cry: "By your Priesthood tell me what you are?"
Such was the wight; th' apparel on his back
Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:

[1] [Cf. *Moral Essays*, Ep. IV. c. 10.]
[2] [John Woodward (1665—1728) the founder of the professorship of Geology in the University of Cambridge, to which he bequeathed his collections.]

The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Bess*,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd,
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux[1] I knew,
Henley[2] himself I've heard, and Budgel[3] too.
The Doctor's Wormwood style, the Hash of tongues
A Pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's[4] lungs,
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar:
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie[5].
He spies me out, I whisper: 'Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me!'
"Permit," (he cries) "no stranger to your fame
"To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name.
"What *Speech* esteem you most?" 'The *King's*[6],' said I.
"But the best *words?*"—'O Sir, the *Dictionary.*'
"You miss my aim; I mean the most acute
"And perfect *Speaker?*"—'Onslow[7], past dispute.'
"But, Sir, of writers?" 'Swift, for closer style,
'But Ho**y[8] for a period of a mile.'
"Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
"Good common linguists, and so Panurge[9] was;
"Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
"Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:
"Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
"Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were[10]."
Thus others' talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own:

[1] [*Motteux.* V. *Dunciad*, II. v. 412.]
[2] [*Henley.* V. *Dunciad*, III. v. 189 ff.]
[3] [*Budgel.* V. *Dunciad*, II. v. 397.]
[4] [Sir John Gonson, whose portrait, according to Bowles, is introduced into Hogarth's Harlot's Progress. v. *infra*, v. 256.]
[5] [Cf. *Ep. to Arbuthnot*, v. 146.]
[6] This sneer, said the ingenious Mr Wilkes, is really indecent. *Warton.* [The phrase 'the King's English' is not founded on the speech of either of the first two Georges.]
[7] [Arthur Onslow, sprung from a family, members of which had already in two instances filled the chair, was elected Speaker in 1728, and occupied the post for 33 years, to the satisfaction of both parties in the House.]
[8] [Bishop Hoadley, here alluded to sarcastically on account of his loyalty to the House of Hanover.]
[9] [Vide *Rabelais.*]
[10] [The readers of recent satirical poetry can hardly fail to remember Mr John P. Robinson's opinion of the shortcomings of the Apostles.]

Till I cry'd out: 'You prove yourself so able,
'Pity! you was not Druggerman[1] at Babel;
'For had they found a linguist half so good,
'I make no question but the Tow'r had stood.'
"Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made:
"Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
"Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
"The King would smile on you—at least the Queen."
'Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajole us—
'But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*[2]:
'And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
'No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
'Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
'Few are the Converts Aretine[3] has made;
'And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
'None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.'
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies:
"Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
"To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
'Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs!' said I,
'He dwells amidst the royal Family;
'He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
'Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk[4],
'And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
'What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.'
"Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! strangely low,
"And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
"How elegant your Frenchmen?" 'Mine, d'ye mean?
'I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.'
"Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
"Your only wearing is your Padua-soy."
'Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
'And this you see is but my dishabille—'
Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What News?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a Still with simples in it
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little and by little, drops his lies.

[1] [Dragoman, i.e. interpreter.]

[2] [Cicero (*de Officiis*, l. III. c. 1) quotes from Cato major the saying of Scipio Africanus m.: 'that he was never less at leisure, than when at leisure; *and never less alone, than when alone.*']

[3] Alluding to the infamous sonnets which this [Florentine author of the age of Leo X.] composed to accompany some designs of Giulio Romano. *Warton.*

[4] ['The way to it is King Street.' *Donne.*]

Mere household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes[1].
When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what
A subtle Minister may make of that;
Who sins with whom: who got his Pension rug[2],
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug;
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore;
Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government;
Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor;
Who makes a Trust or Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob;
Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town;
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole[3],
But some excising Courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his Wife:
And last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients[4], sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part[5],
And talks Gazettes and Post-boys[6] o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom;
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's[7] still a Port.
Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject staid and wise
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another Lie
Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by.

[1] [Tudor chroniclers.]
[2] [Quære: *Snug?*]
[3] [i.e. no boy shall play at chuck-farthing; no lady win the vole (all the tricks) at cards.]
[4] *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders. *Warburton.*
[5] This originally stood thus:
'Shows Poland's int'rest, takes the Primate's part.' *Warton.*
[6] [a newspaper.]
[7] [Pope could apply to the difficulties with Spain which brought about war in 1739 the reference in Donne to 'Spaniards and Dunkirkers.']

To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra[1], joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius'[2] self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurriés from a jail.
Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense:
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings[3],
And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!
There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Vision hermits can to Hell transport,
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puff'd Nobility?
Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier fort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who show a *Court in wax*[4]!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.
See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons[5], or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.

[1] [Bubb Doddington.]

[2] [Lord Hervey.]

[3] [From Milton's *Comus;* but possibly taken by Pope from Hughes's *Thought in a Garden*, or Mrs Chandler's lines *on Solitude*, quoted by Wakefield.]

[4] *Court in wax!*] A famous show of the Court of France, in Wax-work. P. [Donne alludes to] a show of the Italian Gardens in Wax-work, in the time of King James I. P.

[5] *At Fig's, at White's, with felons,*] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility receiv'd instruction in those days. It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate. P.

Our Court may justly to our stage give rules[1],
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
And all is splended poverty at best.
  Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochinel,
Sail in the Ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twou'd burst ev'n Heraclitus[2] with the spleen,
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's[3] rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest:*
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*
  Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.
But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath:
The Captain's honest[4], Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring-rams, beats open ev'ry door:

[1] *our stage give rules,*] Alluding to the Chamberlain's Authority [as licenser of plays]. *Warburton.*

[2] ['The weeping philosopher.']

[3] [Albrecht Dürer, among other works on the theory of his art, published a work on the *Proportions* of the human figure.]

[4] Much resembling Noll Bluff in Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, who was copied from *Thraso*, and also from Ben Jonson. *Warton.*

And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry[1],
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins[2] I see the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all:
Each man an *Askapart*[3], of strength to toss
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ[4].

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

[THE first part of these Satires was published under the title of *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight, a Dialogue something like Horace;* and the second part followed in the same year. It is remarkable, says Boswell (in his *Life of Johnson*), that Johnson's *London* came out on the same morning in May as Pope's '1738;' 'so that England had at once its Juvenal and Horace as poetical monitors.' Johnson's satire, though published anonymously and having nothing, like Pope's, to betray its author, appears to have created the stronger sensation.]

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelve-month[5] you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.

[1] [Cf. *Essay on Criticism*, v. 588.]

[2] *For hung with deadly sins*] The Room hung with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins. P.

[3] A giant famous in Romances. P.

[4] 'Although I yet
(With Maccabees modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my wits canonical.' *Donne.*

[5] *Not twice a twelve-month, &c.*] These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem; being meant to be a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer,

'*Tis all from Horace; &c.* P.

[The passage is at the commencement of Hor *Sat.* II. iii.]

You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes[1], he lash'd no sort of *Vice:*
Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*[2],
Blunt could *do Bus'ness*, H—ggins[3] *knew the Town;*
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*,
In rev'rend Bishops note some *small Neglects*,
And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,
Who cropt our Ears[4], and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*[5].
But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are[6], who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The Great man[7] never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir ROBERT—

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour[8]
Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r;
Seen him, uncumber'd[9] with the Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind[10].
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;
A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty;*

[1] *Bubo observes,*] Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation. P.

[2] [V. *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, v. 280.]

[3] *H—ggins*] Formerly Jailor of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. P. [This Huggins] was the father of the author of the absurd and prosaic Translation of Ariosto. *Warton.*

[4] *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a Captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master. P. [Vide Mr Carlyle's History of *Frederick the Great, passim.*]

[5] *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.* PERS. [*Sat.* I. 116.] P.

Screen] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power. P.

[6] *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that Name. P.

[7] *The Great man*] A phrase by common use appropriated to the first minister. P.

[8] [Explained by Warburton to refer to the favour conferred by Walpole at Pope's request upon the Catholic priest Southcote. See *Introductory Memoir*, p. xi.].

[9] *Seen him, uncumber'd*] These two verses were originally in the poem, though omitted in all the first editions. P.

[10] [Bowles quotes Coxe's correction of the cynical saying commonly attributed to Sir R. Walpole. 'The political axiom was perverted by leaving out the word *those*' (referring to certain pretended patriots).]

A Joke on JEKYL[1], or some odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
These nothing hurts[2]; they keep their Fashion still,
And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the Man, so near
"His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"
Why, answer, LYTTELTON[3], and I'll engage
The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage;
But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case.
Sejanus, Wolsey[4], hurt not honest FLEURY[5],
But well may put some Statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your Friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Sense and Virtue, balance all again.
Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmless Characters, that no one hit;
Come, Henley's Oratory, Osborne's[6] Wit!
The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng[7]!
The gracious Dew[8] of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense,
That First was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
O come, that easy Ciceronian style[9],

[1] *A Joke on Jekyl,*] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem. P.

[2] *These nothing hurts;*] i. e. offends. *Warburton.*

[3] *Why, answer, Lyttelton.*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of Liberty. P. [V. *Im. of Hor.* Bk. I. Ep. i. v. 29.]

[4] *Sejanus, Wolsey,*] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. v. 137. P.

[5] *Fleury,*] Cardinal: and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. P.

[6] *Henley—Osborne*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. P.

[7] [Sir William Yonge, not, as Bowles conjectures to be possible, Dr Edward Young, author of *The Night Thoughts*, although to the latter Doddington (Bubo) was a constant friend].

[8] *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published, by its author. P. An 'Epitaph' on Queen Caroline was written by Lord *Hervey*, and an address moved in the *House of Commons* (the Senate) on the occasion by *H. Fox. Carruthers.*

[9] *that easy Ciceronian style,*] A joke upon absurd Imitators; who in light and familiar compositions, which require *ease*, affect a *Ciceronian*

So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of Middleton[1] and Bland[2],
All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense*[3];
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's[4] Urn,
And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children blest!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I[5]—
And let, a' God's name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.
F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace:
For Merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re[6].
Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Ties dissolv'd and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:
But past the Sense of human Miseries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes[7];
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.
P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And, when three Sov'reigns died, could scarce be vext,
Consid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peeress, shall I fret,

style, which is highly laboured, solemn, and pompous. *Warburton.*

[1] [Lord Hervey's friend, Dr Conyers Middleton, author of the *Life of Cicero.*]

[2] Dr Bland, of Eton, a very bad writer. *Bennet.*

[3] [According to Warburton, a cant term of politics at the time.]

[4] *Carolina*] Queen Consort to King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution. P.

[5] *No Gazetteer more innocent than I.*] The Gazetteer is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office, to write the government's newspaper, published by authority. Sir Richard Steele had once this post. *Warburton.*

[6] *Immortal S—k, and grave De—re!*] A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I.; he was so to King George II. *This* Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. P. Pope alludes to Charles Hamilton, third son of the Duke of Hamilton, who was created Earl of Selkirk in 1667. *Bowles.* [Is Lord Delaware the other?]

[7] [Cf. *Messiah*, v. 46—a line altered at Steele's request.]

Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt[1]?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast[2];
But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich[3] out-whore a Duke[4]?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward[5] draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill?
Or Japhet[6] pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for Bond[7], or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If Blount[8] despatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran[9]!
But shall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife[10]?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care;
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin[11],
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*[12].
Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well[13];
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife[14],
Out-do Llandaff[15] in Doctrine,—yea in Life:

[1] In some editions,
Who starves a Mother,— *Warburton.*
I have been informed that these verses related to Lady M. W. Montagu and her sister the Countess of Mar. *Bowles.* [This charge against Lady M. W. M. rests on the scandal of Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to Sir H. Mann. She is there accused of having treated her sister hardly, while the latter was out of her senses, and of having frightened a Frenchman of the name of Ruzemonde (who had entrusted her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him) out of England by threats of betraying her intrigue with him, first to her husband, then to her brother-in-law. Lord Wharncliffe, in the Appendix to Vol. III. of his *Letters and Works of Lady M. W. M.*, states that the former accusation is utterly unfounded, and shews that the latter rests on a perversion of facts.]

[2] *Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;*] A satirical ambiguity—either that those *starve who have it*, or that those who *boast of it, have it not:* and both together (he insinuates) make up the present state of *modern virtue. Warburton.*

[3] *Cibber's Son,—Rich*] Two Players: look for them in the Dunciad. P. [Rich, IV. 261. He was the lessee of Covent-Garden theatre.]

[4] *Swear like a Lord—or out-whore a Duke!*] Elegance demands that these should be two proverbial expressions. *To swear like a Lord* is so. But to *out-whore a Duke* certainly is not. However this shews that the continence and conjugal virtues of the higher nobility must needs be very exemplary. SCRIBL.

[5] [Cf. *Moral Essays*, Ep. III. v. 20.]

[6] [Cf. 16. v. 86.]

[7] [Cf. *Dunciad*, III. v. 126.]

[8] *If Blount*] Author of an impious and foolish book called *the Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died. P.

[9] *Passeran!*] Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A philosophical discourse on death*, being a defence of suicide He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; and at last died a penitent. *Warburton.*

[10] *But shall a Printer, &c.*] A Fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors. P.

[11] *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Alluding to the *forms of prayer*, composed in the times of public calamity; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People. Warburton.*

[12] *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the People till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. P.

[13] An eloquent and persuasive preacher, who wrote an excellent Defence of Christianity against Tindal. *Warton.*

[14] Mrs Drummond, celebrated in her time. *Warton.*

[15] *Llandaff*] A poor Bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied. P. By Dr John Harris. *Carruthers.*

Let humble ALLEN[1], with an awkward Shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.
Virtue may choose the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more[2];
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess;
Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;
In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore;
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law;
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy."
Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
Shew, there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'TIS all a Libel—Paxton[3] (Sir) will say.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.

[1] [Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, an intimate friend and constant correspondent of Pope's, to whom he performed many kind services. He was afterwards a munificent patron to Fielding. Of his charitable habits there is evidence in Pope's Will.]

[2] [Said by Warburton to refer to the Empress Theodora, the wife of Justinian, though Gibbon is sceptical as to the intended allusion.]

[3] *Paxton*] Late solicitor to the Treasury. *Warburton.* [Cf. infra, v. 141. He was, according to Carruthers, deeply involved in the charges against Sir R. Walpole; and temporarily imprisoned.]

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine*[1]!
Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong[2],
Some rising Genius sins up to my Song.
F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash;
Ev'n Guthry[3] saves half Newgate by a Dash.
Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.
P. How, Sir? not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradesmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall,
Ye Rev'rend Atheists— F. Scandal! name them! Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt[4],
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame— F. You mean— P. I don't.— F. You do!
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Statesman— F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector— F. There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown[5],
Like royal Harts, be never more run down[6]?
Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires,
As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*[7];
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job,
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;

[1] [i. e. of next year.]

[2] *Feign what I will, etc.*] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himself with great art. You attack personal characters, say his enemies. No, replies he, so far from that, I paint from my invention; and to prevent a likeness I exaggerate every feature. But alas! the growth of vice is so monstrous quick, that it rises up to a resemblance before I can get from the press.

[3] *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. P.

[4] Cf. ante, *Dial.* I. v. 112.]

[5] *Must great Offenders, etc.*] The case is archly put. Those who escape public justice being the particular property of the Satirist.

[6] *Like royal Harts, etc.*] Alluding to the old Game Laws. *Warburton.*

[7] *wretched Wild,*] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged. P. [Fielding's *Jonathan Wild* appeared in 1743, nearly a quarter of a century after the death of its hero. But highwaymen flourished till a considerably later date.]

Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears[1].
F. What? always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad:
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence—
P. As S—k[2], if he lives, will love the PRINCE.
F. Strange spleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW[3] name?
Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful Grove[4]
(Where *Kent*[5] and Nature vie for PELHAM'S[6] Love)
The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!
Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert;
Secker[7] is decent, *Rundel*[8] has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Benson*[9] giv'n,
To *Berkeley*[10], ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my Love:

[1] *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears,*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery: and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. P.

[2] [V. ante, *Dial.* I. v. 92.]

[3] *Scarb'row*] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. P. [He committed suicide in a fit of melancholy in 1740; and was mourned by Lord Chesterfield as 'the best man he ever knew, and the dearest friend he ever had.']

[4] *Esher's peaceful Grove,*] The house and gardens of Esher in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr Pelham, Brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr Craggs. P.

[5] [The architect and friend of Lord Burlington.]

[6] [Henry Pelham became First Lord of the treasury in 1743, through Walpole's influence; and died in 1754, the King exclaiming on his death: 'Now I shall have no more peace.']

[7] [Thos. Secker (1693—1768), successively bishop of Bristol and of Oxford, and archbishop of Canterbury. His career is accounted for by his personal reputation for liberality and moderation.]

[8] [Dr Rundel, bishop of Derry, esteemed equally by Pope and Swift. See their letters of Sept. 3, 1735 and foll.]

[9] [Bishop of Gloucester. He ordained Whitfield.]

[10] [Dr Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne (born 1684, died 1707), the illustrious author of *Alciphron*. A very different bishop (Atterbury) said of him that 'so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman.']

I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMERS[1] once, and HALIFAX[2], were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still Mirror of Retreat,
I study'd SHREWSBURY[3], the wise and great:
CARLETON'S[4] calm Sense, and STANHOPE'S[5] noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same;
How pleasing ATTERBURY'S[6] softer hour!
How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY[7], CHESTERFIELD[8] forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit:
ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the Field[9]:
Or WYNDHAM[10], just to Freedom and the Throne,
The Master of our Passions, and his own?
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud List should end[11],
Still let me say: No Follower, but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue;* where she shines, I praise:
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of ROSS[12], or my LORD MAY'R[13].

[1] *Somers*] John Lord Somers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of Learning and Politeness. P.

[2] *Halifax*] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the Change of Q. Anne's ministry. P.

[3] *Shrewsbury,*] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of state, Embassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. P.

[4] *Carleton*] Hen Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle), who was Secretary of state under William III. and President of the Council under Q. Anne. P.

[5] *Stanhope*] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of state. P. [The first Earl Stanhope, and the uncle of Chatham.]

[6] [Francis Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, the friend of Pope and Swift and a consistent Jacobite, was arrested in 1722 on a charge of treasonable complicity in a plot for bringing back the Pretender, and sentenced to banishment. He joined the Pretender's Court, and for some time directed his affairs. He died in 1731.]

[7] [William Pulteney (Earl of Bath in 1742), the great opponent of Sir Robert Walpole; eloquent as an orator and witty as a pamphleteer.]

[8] *Chesterfield*] Philip Earl of Chesterfield, commonly given by Writers of all Parties for an EXAMPLE to the Age he lives in, of *superior talents,* and *public Virtue. Warburton.* [Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1744 and Secretary of State in 1747. His Irish administration is the highest point in his political career. As a writer he is famous for the sceptical *Letters to his Son;* of his wit some instances are given in Hayward's *Essay on Lord C.*]

[9] [This Duke of Argyll, after defending Scotland against the Pretender's invasion of 1715, played a very changeful part in political life; and at his death in 1744 was one of the chiefs of the opposition against the Whigs. The two lines in the text are said to have been added in consequence of a threat of the Duke's that he would run any man through the body who should dare to use his name in an invective.]

[10] *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure: but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. P. [Bolingbroke's friend.]

[11] *And if yet higher, etc.*] He was at this time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. *Warburton.*

[12] [cf. *Moral Essays,* Ep. III.]

[13] [Sir John Barnard. Cf. ante, Bk I. Ep. ii. v. 85.]

Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret Bias to a Knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce!
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse.
But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,
For him she weeps, and him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greatest of these days,
To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.
And they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What RICH'LIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain[1],
And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;
No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line[2];
O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. 'Faith the thought's no sin:
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall*[3]*!* aid me while I lie.
COBHAM'S a Coward, POLWARTH[4] is a Slave,
And LYTTELTON a dark, designing Knave,
ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—
But let me add, Sir ROBERT'S mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife[5].
But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
Oh All-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?
What? shall each spur-gall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend

[1] *Louis scarce could gain,*] By this expression finely insinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himself in those passages where he flatters his Master. *Warburton.*

[2] *To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line.*] It is in the *Æn.* [VIII. 670] *His dantem jura Catonem. Warburton.*

[3] *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place. *Dunc.* B. II. v. 315. P.

[4] *Polwarth.*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. P. [Afterwards one of Pope's Executors.]

[5] Walpole's maxim was 'to go his own way, and let madam go hers.' *Carruthers.*

To break my Windows, if I treat a Friend?
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchet's Lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake where's th' Affront to you?
Against your worship when had S—k writ[1]?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit[2]?
Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend[3]
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend*]
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown[4],
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth[5] offend[6],
Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. 'Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the *House*.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—
P. So does Flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,

[1] [Dr Wm. Sherlock, Dean of St Paul's, and the *bête noire* of the Nonjurors in the reign of William III.]

[2] [Judge Page. *Warton.*] [Sir Francis Page, who seems to have deserved his soubriquet of 'the hanging judge.' He died, according to Carruthers, in 1741.]

[3] *the Bard*] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. P. By Lord Melcombe [Bubb Doddington]. *Warton.* Some years afterwards Lord M. addressed *the same epistle* to Lord Bute. *Bowles.*

[4] *The Priest, etc.*] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests. P. [Meaning Dr Alured Clarke, who wrote a panegyric on Queen Caroline.] *Warton.*

[5] Lord Hervey. Alluding to his painting himself. *Bowles.*

[6] *And how did, etc.*] This seems to allude to a complaint made v. 71 of the preceding Dialogue. P.

Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres[1] scarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin[2],
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,
Without a staring Reason on his brows?
And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on Man, but God?
Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind[3].
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myself no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me[4]:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal;
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.
Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs[5] o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,

[1] *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst. P.

[2] [The Gin Act, passed in 1731, was repealed in 1743.]

[3] *And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.*] From Terence: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto." P.

[4] [Then let him boast that honourable crime Of making *those who fear not God, fear* HIM. Lord Hervey's *Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue, &c.*]

[5] *Cobwebs*] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun. P.

Like the last Gazette, or the last Address[1].
When black Ambition stains a public Cause[2],
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star[3].
Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's* Shrine,
Her Priestless Muse forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis[4] casts into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and * * wear,
And may descend to Mordington from STAIR[5]:
(Such as on HOUGH's[6] unsully'd Mitre shine,
Or beam, good DIGBY[6], from a heart like thine)
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* sickening see the Incense rise,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here, Last of Britons! let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead,
And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.
FR. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*[7].

[1] After v. 227 in the MS.

'Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low
As to the regal-touch, and papal-toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!'
Warburton.

[2] *When black Ambition, etc.*] The cause of Cromwell in the civil war of England; (v. 229) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries. P. [Waller's *Panegyric to my Lord Protector* was written about 1654.]

[3] *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) "il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de Comète, fatale à nos ennemis." P.

[4] *Anstis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. P.

[5] *Stair*] John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Ambassador in France. P. [Bennet, who supplies the blanks in v. 239 by the names of Kent and Grafton has 'some notion that Lord Mordington kept a gaming-house.']

[6] *Hough and Digby*] Dr John Hough, Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

[7] Ver. 255 in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes, and write Essays on Man.

This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience. P.

THE DUNCIAD,

IN FOUR BOOKS.

THE DUNCIAD.

[It may fairly be doubted whether the mystification in which every step connected with the publication of the various editions of the *Dunciad* was intentionally involved by Pope, has not answered an end beyond that proposed to himself by the poet, and provided a tangle of literary difficulties, which no learned ingenuity will ever suffice entirely to unravel. In the second volume of *Notes and Queries* for 1854 will be found an animated and sustained controversy on the subject, which even the editorial summing-up leaves to a certain degree *in suspenso*. It is therefore necessary in the following Remarks to confine ourselves to such an enumeration of editions as will suffice to indicate the main history of the work.

The earliest known edition of the Dunciad (in three Books), and in all probability the earliest actual edition, was published in May 1728. It bore the frontispiece of an Owl. The Edition with the notes Variorum and the Prolegomena of Martinus Scriblerus (accompanied by the *Letter to the Publisher*, infra, p. 355, signed William Cleland) appeared in 1729. It bore the vignette of an ass laden with a pile of books[1], with an owl perched on the top of these. It contained nearly all the pieces with which the poem is surrounded in subsequent editions[2], though these were afterwards varied as to both length and arrangement. The New Dunciad, 'as it was found in the year 1741,' appeared in 1742; and this is the first edition of the Fourth Book. The edition forming the third volume of Dodsley's edition of Pope's Works, in which Colley Cibber was by mere 'proclamation' (see p. lv.) substituted as hero for Theobald, appeared in 1743; and in the same year was published an edition 'according to the complete copy found in the year 1742,' which contained Warburton's *Dissertation* under the name of Ricardus Aristarchus, on the Hero of the Poem, and an *Advertisement* by the same hand (for which see p. 360).

It is uncertain what amount of influence should be ascribed to Swift upon the gradual growth of the original idea of the Dunciad. 'Without you,' Pope wrote to Swift, Nov. 12th, 1728, 'the poem had never been.' It cannot however be doubted that the original idea itself was Pope's own, except in so far as it was founded upon the supposed contents of the *Margites* ascribed to Homer (see note to p. 361), and upon Dryden's satire of MacFlecknoe. But MacFlecknoe (like Margites as it would seem) is only a Satire upon one dull poet; Pope from the first appears to have had a wider scheme; for in his correspondence with Bolingbroke and Swift the embryo poem is mentioned under the titles of 'Dulness,' or the 'Progress of Dulness.' Mr Carruthers points out that the date of the action of the poem is 1720, when Sir George Thorold was Lord Mayor; and that this circumstance and the introduction of several dunces long dead 'seem to point to a period anterior to 1727' as the time when Pope commenced to work out his conception. In 1727, however, when Swift was in England, the main labour of the execution was accomplished; and to Swift, who had watched over its birth and influenced its character, the first complete edition (that of April 1729) was duly dedicated. The prolego-

[1] [The works of Welsted, Ward, Dennis, Theobald, Oldmixon and others, and the Mist's Journal being labelled with their authors' names.]

[2] [The 'Testimonies of Authors,' arguments and indices.]

mena of Scriblerus and the notes *Variorum* were the work of several hands, and Swift (see Pope's letter to him of June 28th, 1728) was specially invited to exercise his wit in a favourite direction. The deception practised upon the public in this matter was an innocent fraud. But such will hardly be the judgment which must be passed on the pretence as to the authorship of the letter signed 'William Cleland.' This Cleland was a real personage, a Major in the Army and a friend of the poet's; but it is impossible to doubt the correctness of Mr Carruthers' conjecture, that at the most he re-cast 'in a somewhat freer and less author-like style' what the author had himself substantially dictated.

The original hero of the Dunciad was Lewis Theobald. He had earned this eminence by a quarrel originating in Pope's edition of Shakspere, which had made its appearance in 1725. In the following year Theobald had published a pamphlet under the title of *Shakspere Restored, or a Specimen of the many Errors committed as well as unamended by Mr Pope in his late edition of this Poet.* Theobald (whose own edition of Shakspere was not published till 1733) was in the habit of contributing notes on passages of Shakspere to a weekly paper called *Mist's Journal*—'crucifying Shakspere once a week,' according to a line omitted from the later editions of the *Dunciad*. He translated several Greek plays, and adapted Shakspere's Richard II. for the stage, besides producing several original pantomimes and palming off his tragedy of the *Double Falsehood* upon the world as a Shaksperian original. Upon the whole he constituted a very suitable hero for a Dunce-epic; and less injustice was done to him by the selection of his well-worn name for that office, than by Dryden to the worthy Flecknoe.

Theobald accepted his castigation very goodhumouredly; but such was not the spirit in which the other petty writers sacrificed by Pope met their fate. An endless series of retaliations, or attempts at retaliation ensued, in which Dennis was not behind-hand, and which were published in a collective form by Smedley. Pope and his friends retorted by an ironical series of criticisms in the *Grubstreet Journal*, which lasted from 1730 to 1737; and concerning which see *Introductory Memoir*. Lady M. W. Montagu, who retorted upon the insult offered to her by a lampoon entitled a *Pop upon Pope*, appears to have remained unanswered.

The Fourth Book of the *Dunciad* was not published till March 1742, when Pope was in the constant society and under the constant influence of Warburton. 'The encouragement,' writes Pope to Warburton on Dec. 28, 1742, 'you gave me to add the fourth Book first determined me to do so; and the approbation you seemed to give to it was what singly determined me to print it.' Colley Cibber, against whom Pope had borne a grudge ever since the mishaps which had attended his sole dramatic attempt, and who had recently succeeded to the Laureateship, was sarcastically alluded to in v. 20. He retorted by publishing a Letter which goaded Pope into sufficient resentment to induce him, in a new edition of the entire poem, to dethrone Theobald and place Cibber in his stead. To help the scheme, Warburton contributed the prefatory dissertation *Ricardus Aristarchus of the Hero of the Poem* and notes, to the new edition. Cibber replied by another epistle; but the change was made, and Cibber, not Theobald, remains the hero of the *Dunciad*.

The above is the barest outline of the history of this immortal satire. Elsewhere must be read, by those interested in such matters, the whole narrative of the mystifications which preceded, accompanied, and followed, its publication—of the proclamation of the Ass-Dunciad as the only true edition, of the prefaces and introductions and excerpts and keys (Curll's Key will be found occasionally quoted in the notes) and commentaries, issued by Pope to increase the notoriety of his work. On no occasion was he so thoroughly in his glory, and his glory was a wasp's nest which he had himself agitated into uncontrollable fury.

As the Dunciad stands, it has a unity, notwithstanding the fact that its fourth book was added at a later date. This book represents the fulfilment of the prophecy of its predecessor; fulfilment and prophecy being of course equally imaginary. It cannot be disputed that the whole poem was marred by the author to gratify his spleen against the Laureate. Cibber's *Apology for his Life* is too well known a book to make it necessary to point out why he is an inappropriate hero for a Satire on Dulness. It is indeed full of vanity and egotism; but at the same time distinguished by vivacity throughout, and in many passages by really skilful pleading. He is a play-writer not only of uncommon skill, but of genuine though not very deep humour; and the tastes to which he occasionally pandered as manager of Drury Lane were those of the times, which he could hardly be expected to control. He adapted Shakspere so successfully that his 'improvements' were retained by Garrick, and still in one tragedy at least are universally followed on the stage; and at all events in this respect he sinned no worse than Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, and a hundred others. (Cibber was born in 1671 and died in 1757; and his career as an author extends over not less than half a century.) But neither Cibber nor Theobald could more than represent extreme specimens of the genus to which in some degree they both belonged; they were merely brought into prominence as *primi inter pares*. Not an individual Dunce, but Dunces in general, are the theme of the poet. Herein lies the justification of Pope's Satire. It has frequently been argued that in the Dunciad he employs his satirical powers, intensified to their utmost degree, against objects undeserving of so serious an attack. He goes back, says a brilliant critic[1], to the times of the deluge, he indulges in far-fetched historical tirades, he describes at length the reign of Dulness past, present and future, the burning of the Alexandria library by the Caliph Omar, the extinction of letters by the invasion of the barbarians and the superstitions of the Middle Ages, and the gradual spread and continuing encroachments of the reign of Insipidity in his own land—and for what end? To crush a petty insect like Dennis, whose day, like that of all *ephemeræ*, would have come to an end soon enough in any case, or a plodding antiquary like Theobald, or a trumpery fribble like Cibber, or many others less noteworthy, and therefore less worthy of public exposure, than even these. The answer to such reproaches seems clear. Where Pope mixed up personal spleen, personal resentment for affronts real or imagined, with the execution of his self-imposed duty of general literary censor, he erred, and his error has avenged itself upon him severely enough. But Dulness was an enemy worthy of his steel. She is the natural foe of the true literary mind, and the true literary mind was typified in Pope more strongly than perhaps in any other English author. His hatred and contempt of Dulness is the most prominent characteristic of his entire career as an author. She is a monster with many heads, or apologies for heads, and many hands, with a pen in each. It was of little avail to cut off a single head, after the fashion of Dryden. *Uno avulso non deficit alter*. A crusade against the whole tribe was necessary to satisfy Pope's heroic indignation against the irrepressible enemy of all that he honoured in the microcosm which to him was his world—in the world of literature. The storm which Pope's effort created was of course unable to put an end to the tribe; and the Philistines of literature survived in the ashes of their sires. But Pope's Satire cleared the atmosphere; and his victims and their successors have never entirely recovered from its effects.

In the Fourth Book Pope, instigated by the influence of Warburton, carried the war into another field. The Dunces of philosophy and theology were indeed, and are, as fair game for the satirist as poetasters, mad antiquaries, and party-paid historians. Moreover, the 'cant of liberalism' which prevailed in the age of Boling-

[1] Taine.

broke, deserved the lash no less than the cant of orthodoxy which prevailed in the age of Warburton. But while literary imbecility and pretension were patent to the keen glance of Pope's own intellect, in questions as to matters such as those upon which he touches in the Fourth Book, he was too apt to judge and sentence imperfect knowledge, or at best second-hand information; and the Fourth Book, though it contains passages of genuine nobility and true elevation of feeling, is unhappily not devoid of misrepresentations and perversions of which the root is to be found in ignorance rather than malice. 'I mean this new edition of the Dunciad' (containing the Fourth Book), writes Pope to Warburton, Nov. 27th, 1742, 'as a kind of prelude or advertisement to the public, of your Commentaries on the *Essays on Man*, and on *Criticism* . . . . I have a particular reason to make you interest yourself in me and my writings. It will cause both them and me to make the better figure to posterity.' Posterity has judged otherwise. Dennis, Theobald and Cibber were Pope's own adversaries; but the divines and philosophers whom in the fourth Book he has held up to scorn will not permanently be judged according to the canons set up by the moral assessor of Pope's later years.]

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER[1] to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or in literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched

[1] *The Publisher*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that most judges are of opinion this "preface is not of English extraction, but Hiber- "nian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies a treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the Number of Poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common Newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that for many years, during the uncontrolled Licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common Enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their Names as was necessary to his design. P.

upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand[1] in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world and foreigners, who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following poem[2], who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked no man living[3], who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possest of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style[4] and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full six years[5] of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius[6], which was cited at the head of his manuscript,

Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia!

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty

[1] *about a hundred thousand*] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr Pope, p. 9). "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of "its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read "it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of "Notes and Remarks upon it, &c., it is amaz-"ing, that you, who have writ with such mas-"terly spirit upon the ruling Passion, should be "so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how "far *a low avarice of Praise*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own). P.

[2] *the author of the following poem, &c.*] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr Pope himself. P.

[3] The publisher in these words went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad. P.

[4] *there is certainly nothing in his style, &c.*] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr Pope. P.

[5] *the labour of full six years, &c.*] This was also honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. P.

[6] [*Theb.* lib. XII. v. 810.]

as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

The DUNCIAD.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the *Names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design will be sensible, that the *poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem.* I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus[1], how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr T., Mr E., Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

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To the FIRST EDITION with Notes, in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipt into it; but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: And the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *Obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *Secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *Persons* it was judged proper to give some account: For since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE

[1] [Codrus, a name taken from Juvenal was the designation under which Pope at an early age satirised Settle. See *To the author of a Poem entitled Successio;* in *Miscellaneous Poems.*]

and king GEORGE) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a Cento[1], our Poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE

FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: a Work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such *Notes* as have occurred to me, I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a Person, whose Friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries, of which the inclosed *Notes* are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, 'till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr POPE one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: A stratagem, which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: Ill success in that had transported them to Personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his Friends. They had called Men of virtue and honour bad Men, long before he had either leisure or

[1] [A *cento* is defined by Johnson as 'a composition formed by joining scraps from other authors.']

inclination to call them bad Writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, 'till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr POPE done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of everybody, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his Country. But when his Moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent,—in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by Authors *without names:* then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abused all, even to Women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exiled, and the Dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no Author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the Men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their Writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their Titles[1], and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the Names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the Meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, Obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of; Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; Morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny,

[1] Which we have done in a List printed in the Appendix. P.

or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than Defamation (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there); but sure it can be none: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his Reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the subject: He who describes Malice and Villainy to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against Paleness or Leanness, but against Malice and Villainy. The Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but Poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with Robbers, and the garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings: must Poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for Satire; and the public objection on the other, that they are too mean even for Ridicule? But whether Bread or Fame be their end, it must be allowed, our Author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three Gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs. That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the *Essay on Criticism?* Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally subsisting; for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions, I believe may be true: "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside: "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people,

than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed, because Ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU [1].

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his Judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our Author, in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their Superiors, in the general esteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations [2]. But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his poems, our Author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he shall give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault [3] were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of Fortune or Success; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to Men in power without pensions; from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done Him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them,—I mean when out of power or out of fashion [4]. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man

[1] [Juv. *Sat.* I. & III.; Boileau *Sat.* I.]

[2] Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728, and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti a Noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary fron Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated in French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin. P.

[3] [Perrault, an academician and author of erotic poetry and of *Paralèles des Anciens et Modernes*, was attacked by Boileau in his IXth and Xth Satires, and in several epigrams; Quinault, a more famous (dramatic) poet, in the earlier Satires. To the former Boileau became reconciled in 1700 (see his *Lettre à M. Perrault*); his reconciliation with the latter was very incomplete. See the allusion in the *Art Poétique*, ch. I. v. 222 f.]

[4] As Mr Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr Secretary Craggs, at the

so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the Greatest and Best of all Parties. Let me add a further reason, that, tho' engaged in their Friendships, he never espoused their Animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through Guilt, through Shame, or through Fear, through variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of Humanity, to see all along, that our Author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer[1], know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM. I am

Your most humble servant,

St James's,
Dec. 22, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND[2].

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To the First Edition of the Fourth Book of the DUNCIAD, when printed separately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *Library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it not only to be *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it:* and from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophesies therein, would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.* But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, tho' perhaps inferior to the former[3].

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: In which we also promise to insert any *Criticisms* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the *Names* of the *Authors;* or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*[4]; which, together with some others of the same kind

end of the South Sea year, and after his death: others only in Epitaphs. P.

[1] Pliny, in *Hist. Nat., ad in.* § 15.

[2] This Gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the Peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England, in which having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of Fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the Minister in the sixty eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of Universal Learning, and an enlarged Conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his Friend, or a sincerer attachment to the Constitution of his Country. P.—And yet for all this, the Public will not allow him to be the author of this Letter. *Warburton.*

[3] [According to Donatus, Vergil left to his friends Varius and Tucca (who had prevented him from burning the Æneid), his works, on condition that they should not introduce any emendations of their own. Augustus bade them interpret the proviso thus; that they might emend their author by omissions, but not by additions.]

[4] [This title is of course borrowed from that of the famous attacks on the schoolmen, in which Ulrich von Hutten took the most prominent part.]

formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

ADVERTISEMENT
To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humourous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to those written by Mr *Cleland*, Dr *Arbuthnot*, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of Personal Reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *This Poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable Hero*. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the Hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this Post, as has since obtained the *Laurel:* But since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author: This person was one, who from every Folly (not to say Vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *Vanity;* and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it.* *Warburton.*

ADVERTISEMENT[1].
Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an *abuse:* we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these Gentlemen *bad authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *Wit*, or *Poet*, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in the Dunciad, or from Mr *Dennis singly*, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS
Of the POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *Form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *Measure*, to heroic poesy. But, even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like

[1] Taken from the *Grub-street Journal*, but printed with such variations as evidently shew a wish to conceal its origin. *Carruthers.*

nature and matter with this of our poet. For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv., doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the Hero, or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the first;* and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad;* which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first Epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey[1].

Now, forasmuch as our poet had translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem: with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad.*

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and oil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute[2], or a Godfrey[3], with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus[4], or a Flecknoe.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and Printers so numerous, that a deluge of Authors covered the land: Whereby, not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the Press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of Publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either Calumny or Blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

[5] Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest Satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, *the only way that was left.* In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of his Poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the Causes creative

[1] [The *Margites* is ascribed to Homer by Aristotle (*Poet.* c. IV.), and stated to hold the same relation to comedy, that the Iliad and Odyssey hold to tragedy. K. O. Müller thinks that the iambic verses introduced into it were interpolated in a later version; and states that 'from the few fragments and notices relative to the poem which have come down to us, we can gather that it was a representation of a stupid man, who had a high opinion of his own cleverness, for he was said, 'to know many works, but know all badly.' The following is an attempt at rendering the beginning of the *M.:*

'Once to Colophon came an ancient and heavenly singer,
Votary he of the Muses and of far-darting Apollo,
And in his hands he held a well-tuned lyre.']

[2] [The fabulous King of Britain, the hero of Wace's and Layamon's poems.]

[3] [Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered.*]

[4] [See *Ep. to Arbuthnot*, v. 85.]

[5] Vide Bossu, *Du Poeme Epique*, ch. VIII.

of such Authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty;* the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory*[1] (as the construction of Epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. He proceedeth[2] to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce[3]: then the *materials*, or *stock* with which they furnish them[4]; and (above all) that *self-opinion*[5] which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these Goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding), was to be exemplified in some *one, great* and *remarkable Action*[6]: and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, *viz.* the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their Daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the City to the polite World; as the Action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the *Wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single Action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *Person* must next be fixed upon to support this Action. This *Phantom* in the poet's mind must have a *Name*[7]: He finds it to be ——; and he becomes of course the Hero of the Poem.

The *Fable* being thus, according to the best Example, one and entire, as contained in the Proposition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, setting forth the whole Power, Ministry, and Empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd assembled in the second book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other Episodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole World. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second, the libellous Novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr Cibber calls them, "a parcel of *poor wretches*, so many *silly flies*[8]: but adds, our Author's Wit is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on *Cibber*, than upon any other Person whatever."

The *Descriptions* are singular, the *Comparisons* very quaint, the *Narration* various, yet of one colour: The purity and chastity of *Diction* is so preserved, that

[1] Bossu, chap. VII.
[2] Book I. v. 32, &c.
[3] Ver. 45 to 54.
[4] Ver. 57 to 77.
[5] Ver. 80.
[6] Bossu, chap. VII, VIII.
[7] Ibid. chap. VIII. Vide Aristot. *Poetic.* cap. IX.
[8] Cibber's *Letter to Mr P.* pp. 7, 9, &c.

in the places most suspicious not the *words* but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical Authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound Critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminishing the Imagination: which, by good Critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For, at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life for Epic poesy: Though since he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his Alfred[1]. True it is, that the talents for *Criticism*, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper Age. But it is far otherwise in *Poetry;* witness the works of Mr Rymer[2] and Mr Dennis, who, beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such Poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad. P.

By AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the power of a Licenser, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other Person do presume to fill the same.

ꝺC. Ch.

[1] See his *Essays*. P.

[2] [The author of a *Short View of Tragedy* (1693), which contains some absurd cavils against Shakspere as well as against later authors.]

THE DUNCIAD:

To Dr JONATHAN SWIFT[1].

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness, *and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the* Goddess *in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem* hastes into the midst of things, *presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on* Bays *to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his Books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of* Thule. *She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then denouncing the death of* Eusden *the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him Successor.*

BOOK I.

THE Mighty Mother[2], and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses[3] to the ear of Kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate[4]:
You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

[1] [In considering the relations between Pope and Swift, concerning which see *Introductory Memoir*, it should never be left out of sight that their acquaintance commenced at a time (1713) when Swift was at the height of his influence as a political adviser as well as literary champion of the Tory party, while Pope had hardly secured the first step on the ladder of fame. The composition of the Dunciad was as it were cradled by the friendship of Swift; and the dedication by which it was accompanied when first published in a complete form in April 1729, was therefore a tribute in every sense merited by the person to whom it was addressed. It must have reached him at the most miserable period of his life, after his return from his last visit to England and after the death of Stella.]

[2] *The Mighty Mother, &c.*] in the first Edd. it was thus,
'Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,' &c. P.

[3] *The Smithfield Muses*] *Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincolns-inn-fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book III. P.

[4] *By Dulness, Jove, and Fate:*] i. e. by their *Judgments*, their *Interests*, and their *Inclinations*. P.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night[1]:
Fate in their dotage this fair Idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.
Still her old Empire to restore[2] she tries,
For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.
O Thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff[3], or Gulliver[4]!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air[5],
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair[6],
Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind[7],
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires[8],
Mourn not, my SWIFT, at aught our Realm acquires[9].
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead[10].
Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe[11] would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand[12],
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry[13].

[1] Conformably to Milton's doctrine, *Par Lost*, II. 894 and 960. *Wakefield.*

[2] *Still her old Empire to restore*] This Restoration makes the Completion of the Poem. *Vide* Book IV. P.

[3] [In the Satire on John Partridge the Almanac-maker and subsequent publications. Steele borrowed the pseudonym of Isaac Bickerstaff from Swift, who was a contributor to a few of the earlier papers of the *Tatler*.]

[4] *—Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!*] The several names and characters he assumed in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his party-writings; which take in all his works. P.

[5] [In the *Travels of Gulliver*, as Warburton interprets the passage. But Mr Booth, in Fielding's *Amelia*, is beyond a doubt right in his observation that 'he does not remember to have ever seen in Swift's works the least attempt in the manner of Cervantes,' and that the name of Lucian might have been appropriately introduced among those of the authors whom Swift studied above all others.]

[6] After Ver. 22 in the MS.

'Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,
Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.'

But this was to be understood, as the Poet says, *Ironicè*, like the 23rd Verse. P.

[7] *Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,*] *Ironicè*, alluding to *Gulliver's* representations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of *Wood's* copper coin in *Ireland*, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal. P.

[8] Bœotia of old lay under the raillery of the neighbouring wits, as Ireland does now; though each of those nations produced one of the greatest wits and greatest generals of their age. P.

[9] *Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our Realm acquires.*] *Ironicè iterum.* The Politics of *England* and *Ireland* were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other: Dr *Swift* of course was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former. P.

[10] *To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.*] The ancient Golden Age is by Poets styled *Saturnian*, as being under the reign of Saturn; but in the Chemical language *Saturn* is Lead. She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book. P.

[11] [Physician to Bedlam Hospital.]

[12] Mr Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet Laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam Hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist. P.

[13] *Poverty and Poetry*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candour, which every where appear in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down[1],
Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post[2]:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines[3],
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES[4];
Sepulchral Lies[5], our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes[6], and all the Grub-street race.
In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone;
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep[7],
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob[8], or a warm Third day,
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court to ballads in the streets), not so much to malice or servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized. P.

[1] Ov. *Metam.* XIII. [v. 918]. *Warburton.* A very close resemblance to the lines of Young in his first epistle on the authors of the age, addressed to Mr Pope. *Warton.*

[2] *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:*] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book II. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters. P.

[3] Ver. 41 in the former Editions,

'Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's Day.'
Warburton.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,] It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before. P.

[4] MAGAZINES.] The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse; in which, at some times,

—new born nonsense first is taught to cry: at others, dead-born Scandal has its monthly funeral, where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of Folly to draw in and cajole the Rabble. The eruption of every miserable Scribbler; the scum of every dirty News-paper; or Fragments of Fragments, picked up from every Dunghill, under the title of *Papers, Essays, Reflections, Confutations, Queries, Verses, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c.* equally the disgrace of human Wit, Morality, Decency, and Common Sense. *P. and Warburton.*

[5] *Sepulchral Lies,*] Is a just satire on the Flatteries and Falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs. P.

[6] *New-year Odes,*] Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The *New-year Odes* of the Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our Author to mention them here so particularly. P.

[7] Compare Milton, *Par. Lost*, Bk. III. v. 11. *Wakefield.*

[8] [Jacob Tonson the bookseller: 'left-legged Jacob,' as he was afterwards called, who published for both Dryden and Pope.]

Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes [1],
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike.
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself [2] stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green;
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these and more the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day when * * rich and grave [3],
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more [4].
Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet ate, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.

[1] *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the works of her Sons, celebrated in the Poem. A great Critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind; "*Alexander Pope* hath sent abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his namesake Pope *Alexander*.—Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, *viz. A. P—E*, and they give you the idea of an *Ape*.—*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which signifies a little Wart; or from *poppysma*, because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *Popysmata*, or *Popisms*." DENNIS on *Hom.* and *Daily Journal*, *June* 11, 1728. P. [A 'clench' or 'clinch' was a common expression for a pun.]

[2] *How Farce and Epic—How Time himself, &c.*] Allude to the transgressions of the *Unities* in the Plays of such Poets. For the Miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c. if yet extant. P.

[3] Ver. 85 in the former Editions,
"Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.'
Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720. The Procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians. P. [The battle of the Eurymedon.]

[4] *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.*] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry. Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: But that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place. P. [Part *om.*] [As to Elkanah Settle, see *To the Author of a Poem entitled Successio;* in *Miscellaneous Poems.*]

Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
What City Swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's[1] days.
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest, and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She saw old Prynne in restless Daniel[2] shine,
And Eusden eke out[3] Blackmore's endless line;
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad[4] in Dennis rage.
In each she marks her Image full exprest,
But chief in Bays's[5] monster-breeding breast:

[1] *John Heywood*, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII. P.

[2] *Old Prynne in restless Daniel*] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine:

a great mistake! for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verses as well as Politics. And both these authors had a semblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenced to the Pillory. P. [Part *om.* William Prynne was in the year 1633 sentenced to a fine of £5000, placed in the pillory, and sentenced to imprisonment till he should recant, on account of his *Histriomastix*, written in condemnation of plays and supposed to reflect on Queen Henrietta Maria. De Foe underwent a similar punishment in 1703 for his book *the Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, but was not, like Prynne, subjected to the penalty of losing his ears, as Pope implies *infra*, Bk. II. v. 147.]

[3] *And Eusden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Eusden, Poet Laureate [before Cibber]. Mr Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Of Blackmore, see Book II. Of Philips, Book I. 262 and Book III. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine thro' the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned. P. [Part *om.*]

[4] *And all the mighty Mad*] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr Dennis were really mad, according to the Narrative of Dr Norris in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. No—it is spoken of that *Excellent* and *Divine Madness*, so often mentioned by Plato: that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the *Rem. on Pr. Arth.* Mr John Dennis was the son of a Saddler in London born in 1657. He paid court to Mr Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr Wycherley and Mr Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their Letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr Dennis is *excellent* at Pindaric writings, *perfectly regular* in all his performances, and a person of *sound Learning*. That he is master of a great deal of *Penetration* and *Judgment*, his criticisms (particularly on *Prince Arthur*) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears "that he writ Plays more to get *Reputation* than *Money*." Dennis of himself. See Giles Jacob's *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286. [For an account of the life-long combat between Pope and his arch-enemy Dennis, of which the former had by no means invariably the best, see *Introductory Memoir. The Narrative on the Frenzy of J. D.* was written by Pope in 1713.]

[5] [As to Colley Cibber and Theobald see *Introductory Remarks* to the *Dunciad*.]

But chief in Bays's, &c.] In the former Edd. thus,

'But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league ingage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he sate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his Books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.'——

Var. *Tibbald*] Author of a pamphlet intitled, *Shakespear restor'd*. During two whole years while Mr Pope was preparing his Edition of Shakespear, he published Advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication; (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of *Nov.* 26, 1728). And then an outcry was made in the Prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription*; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publickly advertised in his own proposals for *Homer*. Pro-

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless [1],
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success.
Dulness, with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembring she herself was Pertness once.
Now (shame to Fortune [2]!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day [3]:
Swearing and supperless the Hero sate,
Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought [4], a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.
Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay [5],
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,
That slipp'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins [6] of Wit,
Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes [7], and here
The Frippery [8] of crucify'd Moliere;
There hapless Shakespear [9], yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted [10] for himself before.

bably that proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work. P.

[1] *Bays, form'd by nature, &c.*] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever." He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, "that he could not think himself so, nor believe that our Poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *Wit*, or for some *Profit* or *Lucre* to himself." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr P. pag. 15. 40. 53. P.

[2] *Shame to Fortune!*] Because she usually shews favour to persons of this Character, who have a three-fold pretence to it. P.

[3] [*A thin Third day*, i.e. of the performance of one of his plays.]

[4] From Lord Rochester on Man:

'Stumbling from thought to thought.'

Warton.

[5] *Round him much Embryo, &c.*] In the former Editions thus,

'He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay
Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here swells the shelf, &c.—— *Warburton.*

[6] [False births.]

[7] *Poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays. P.

[8] *The Frippery*] "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment." Life, p. 217. octavo. P.

[9] *Hapless Shakespear, &c.*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr Pope's Homer, out of pure Generosity and Civility; but when Mr Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr P. p. 24,

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to expose any Errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other Editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that *shall* escape them all." P.

[10] *Wish'd he had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praise which the Players gave to Shakespear,

The rest on Out-side merit but presume[1],
Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents drest in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles[2] is sav'd by Beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great[3];
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete[4]:
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome[5].
But, high above, more solid Learning[6] shone,
The Classics of an Age that heard of none;
There Caxton[7] slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear;

"that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wish'd he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and especially the daring Hero of this poem) have made on the *Stage*, but the presumptuous Critics of our days in their *Editions*. P.

[1] *The rest on Out-side merit, &c.*] This Library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old Bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old English Printers, or old English Translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness. P.

[2] [The author of the *Emblems*, whom Pope sneers at in *Imitations of Horace*, Bk. II. Ep. I. v. 377.]

[3] *Ogilby the Great;*] "John Ogilby was one, who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large *Volumes!* His translations of Homer and Virgil done *to the life*, and *with such excellent sculptures:* And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on *special good paper*, and in a *very good letter*." *Winstanly, Lives of Poets*. P. [Ogilby (born 1600, died 1676,) began life as a dancing-master, and after being educated by charity at Cambridge, came before the public both as poet and printer. It is in the latter capacity that he is chiefly remarkable; from his press at Whitefriars he issued a large variety of works, among which his Maps became specially famous.]

[4] *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:*] "The *Duchess of Newcastle* was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of Poetry; leaving to posterity in print three *ample Volumes* of her studious endeavours." *Winstanly*, ibid. Langbane reckons up *eight* Folios of her Grace's; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them. P. [The Duchess of Newcastle, in the times of the Commonwealth and Charles II., published a large number of poetical and 'philosophical' works, and a kind of narrative cyclopædia called the *World's Olio*.]

[5] *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as Shows, Birth-days, *&c.* 2. Banks was his Rival in *Tragedy* (tho' more successful) in one of his Tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive: *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone. These he drest in a sort of *Beggar's Velvet*, or a happy Mixture of the *thick Fustian* and *thin Prosaic;* exactly imitated in *Perolla and Isidora*, *Cæsar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a *Comedy* from his Betters, or from some cast scenes of his Master, not entirely contemptible. P.

[6] *More solid Learning*] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagine consisted of Novels, Plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the *Dry Bodies of Divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father, when he designed him for the Gown. See the note on v. 200. P.

[7] *Caxton*] A Printer in the time of Edward IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII; Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's Æneis, as a history; of which he speaks, in his Proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. P. [Part *om.*]

De Lyra[1] there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon[2] bends.
Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes; these an altar raise;
An hecatomb of pure unsully'd lays
That altar crowns; A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base;
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire[3].
Then he: "Great Tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.
E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig[4] was Praise,
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays:
O thou! of Bus'ness the directing soul!
To this our head like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence[5],
Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly[6],
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:

[1] *Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472. P.

[2] *Philemon Holland*, Doctor in Physic. "He translated *so many books*, that a man would think he had done *nothing else;* insomuch that he might be called *Translator general of his age.* The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a *Country Gentleman* a *complete Library. Winstanly.* P.

[3] *A twisted, &c.*] in the former Edd.

'And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.'
Warburton.

A little Ajax] in *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald. P. [The birth-day Ode of course substituted in allusion to Cibber's laureateship. Cf. v. 168.]

[4] *E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig*] The first visible cause of the passion of the Town for our Hero was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the *Fool in fashion.* This remarkable Periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience. P. [Part *om.*]

[5] *Or, if to Wit, &c.*] in the former Edd.

'Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
She does but shew her coward face, and dies:
There thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
Here studious I unlucky Moderns save,
Nor sleeps one Error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
So gravest precepts may successless prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns,' *&c. Warburton.*

[6] *As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.*] The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the author of a poem called *Successio.* [See *Miscellaneous Poems.*] *Warburton.*

Me Emptiness, and Dulness could inspire,
And were my Elasticity and Fire.
Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same;
This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk Example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure had Heav'n decreed to save the State,
Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher[1] cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide[2]?
Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,
This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,
Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit?
Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist[3].)
Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?
Hold—to the Minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers[4] give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph[5] repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear;
This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer:
This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This Mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole[6] and White's;

[1] *My Fletcher*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, seeing his works in his library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron; je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him. P. [In our day, Pope's spleen would have inevitably been aroused by the corresponding practice on the part of 'critics' who make free with the Christian names of 'Sam Johnson' and his equals.]

[2] *Take up the Bible, once my better guide?*] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *Bishop* of the Church of England. P. [Part *om.*]

This learned Critic is to be understood allegorically: The Doctors in this place mean no more than *false Dice*, a Cant phrase used amongst Gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?" P.

[3] *Ridpath—Mist.*] George Ridpath author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal. P.

[4] *Gazetteers*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on Book II. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics. P.

[5] [*Ralph;* cf. Pope's note to Bk. III. v. 165.]

[6] [*Hockley-hole.* Cf. *Imit. of Hor.* Bk. II. Sat. I. v. 49.]

Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the town.
"O born in sin, and forth in folly brought[1]!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more christian progeny[2]!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a Pass[3], and vagrant thro' the land;
Not sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes[4],
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-house fire;
Not wrap up Oranges, to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate[5]:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's[6] bosom with eternal Rest!
Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn."
With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)
Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold Face;
And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns:
Now flames the Cid[6], and now Perolla[7] burns[8];
Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires[9];

[1] *O born in sin, &c.*] This is a tender and passionate Apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject. P.

[2] *My better and more christian progeny!*] "It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the mother of a Child, but in the same year the other made me father of a Play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some *died* in their *Infancy*," *&c.* Life of C. C. P.

[3] *Gratis-given Bland, Sent with a Pass,*] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them *Post-free* to all the Towns in the kingdom. P. Bland was the Provost of Eton. *Warton.*

[4] *—With Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,*] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous Poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the City (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party." JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. II. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations. —Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the *City*, but in *Moorfields*. P. [According to Bowles, this Ward had given no special cause of offence to Pope.]

[5] *Tate—Shadwell!*] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel. P.

[6] ['Ximenes,' founded on Corneille's Cid.]

[7] ['Perolla and Izadora.']

[8] *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preserves in these few lines), the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed, in fear of the like treatment. P.

[9] ['such was the Hiss
Welcom'd his *Cæsar* to th' Ægyptian shore,

No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble[1] in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies[2].
Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule[3] from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face[4]:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome[5]:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So Spirits ending their terrestrial race
Ascend, and recognize their Native Place.
This the Great Mother[6] dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
And here she plann'd th' Imperial seat of Fools.
Here to her Chosen all her works she shews;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind;
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felons scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A vast, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,

Such was the Hiss, in which great *John* should have expired:
But wherefore do I strive in vain to number
Those glorious Hisses, which from age to age
Our family has borne triumphant from the stage?'
Pistol (Theophilus Cibber) in *Fielding's Historical Register for* 1736.]

[1] *The dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble*] A Comedy threshed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and so much the Translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from *disaffection to the Government*. P. [Part *om*. This play, however, is still occasionally performed.]

[2] *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See Virgil, *Æn.* II. where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn. SCRIBL. [Part *om*.]

[3] *Thule*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing. P.

[4] [Wakefield traces the origin of this line to Dryden's *MacFlecknoe*:

'His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.']

[5] *Sacred Dome:*] Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions. P.

[6] *Great Mother*] *Magna mater*, here applied to *Dulness*. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly enquiring *quid nunc?* what news? P.

Can make a Cibber, Tibbald[1], or Ozell[2].
The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed.
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heideggre[3] and Owl)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son: the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise[4];
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers[5], Ward, and Gildon[6] rest,
And high-born Howard[7], more majestic sire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court.
Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
Sound, sound, ye Viols; be the Cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.

[1] *Tibbald,*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and son to an Attorney (says Mr Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten Plays, Translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a Translation of Ovid. P. [Part *om.*]

[2] *Ozell.*] "Mr John Ozell (if we credit Mr Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where *somebody* left him *something* to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an *office of accounts*, in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in *arithmetic*, and writing the necessary *hands*. He has obliged the world with many translations of French Plays." Jacob, Lives of *Dram. Poets*, p. 198. P. [Part *om.*]

[3] *A Heideggre*] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. P. [The German Heydegger, who held the Opera-house with Handel, and managed it, according to Dibdin, 'like another Cibber,' introduced masquerades into England. He brought them into such vogue, that in 1729 he was presented as a nuisance by the Grand Jury. He said of himself that 'he had come to England out of Switzerland without a farthing, and had then found means to get £5000 a year, and spend it.' In a facetious fragment by Pope, published in Roscoe's *Supplement* (1825), he is apostrophised as "false Heidegger, who wert so wicked To let in the Devil."]

[4] Ver 293. *Know, Eusden &c.*] In the former Editions.

'Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
I see! I see!—then rapt she spoke no more,
God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.
So when Jove's block &c.' *Warburton.*

[5] *Withers,*] 'George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him *frequent correction.* The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him.' *Winstanley.* P. [He went over from the Royalist to the Parliamentary side; yet his honesty is undoubted and his power as a satirist now generally acknowledged.]

[6] *Gildon*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St Omer's with the Jesuists; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad Plays; abused Mr P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled, the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others. P. [See *note* to *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, v. 151.]

[7] *Howard,*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr Waller, &c. P.

And thou! his Aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King[1].
"O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land:
Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine."
She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal[2] throat:
"God save King Cibber!" mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, "God save King Colley!" cries;
"God save King Colley!" Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham[3] dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil[4] the last echoes roll,
And "Coll!" each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby[5])
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, "God save King Log!"

[1] *Under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.*] When the Statute against Gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by ancient custom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a room appropriated to Gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the Court resides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the professed Gamesters in town.

'Greatest *and* justest Sov'REIGN! *know you this?*
Alas! no more than Thames' *calm* head *can know*
Whose meads his arms *drown or whose corn o'erflow.*' Donne to Queen Eliz. P.

[Cf. *The Basset-Table*, v. 99. The Groom-porter was an officer in the royal household who had succeeded to most of the functions of the Master of the Revels. As to the practice referred to by Pope, see Evelyn's *Diary*, 8 Jan. 1667-8, *et al.*]

[2] *Chapel-royal*] The voices and instruments used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year Odes. P.

[3] *But pious Needham*] A Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great Friends and Votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days. P.

[4] *Back to the Devil*] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court. P. [Cf. *Imit. of Hor.* Bk. II. Ep. I. v. 91.]

[5] *Ogilby*)—*God save King Log!*] See Ogilby's Æsop's Fables, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistic is to be found. P. [Part *om.*]

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games, *and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the* Goddess *in person* (*in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss.* xxiv. *proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles*). *Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the* Booksellers, *and setteth up the Phantom of a* Poet, *which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a* Poetess. *Then follow the Exercises for the* Poets, *of* tickling, vociferating, diving: *The first holds forth the arts and practices of* Dedicators, *the second of* Disputants *and* fustian Poets, *the third of* profound, dark, *and* dirty Party-writers. *Lastly, for the* Critics, *the Goddess proposes* (*with great propriety*) *an Exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in* verse, *and the other in* prose, *deliberately read without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.*

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub[1], or Fleckno's Irish throne[2],
Or that where on her Curls the Public pours[3],
All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden show'rs,

[1] *Henley's gilt tub,*] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a Tub; but that of Mr Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist.* See the history of this person, Book III. [v. 199]. P.

[2] *Or Fleckno's Irish throne,*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our Author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Défait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin. P. [It is not known whether Flecknoe had actually died about the time (1682) when Dryden wrote his famous satire, or whether the latter with careless malice gave unenviable notoriety to a harmless living writer, who had to the best of his ability honoured Dryden himself. As to the relations between the Dunciad and Dryden's Satire see *Introduction to Dunciad*, p. 349.]

It may be just worth mentioning, that the Eminence, from whence the ancient Sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne;—*ἐπὶ θρόνου τινὸς ὑψηλοῦ μάλα σοφιστικῶς καὶ σοβαρῶς.* Themistius, Orat. I. P.

[3] *Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,*] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727—8. "This (saith Edmund

Great Cibber sate: The proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze:
His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the Sun's broad beam in shallow urns
Heav'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and point their horns.
Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit[1],
Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.
And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims,
By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
They summon all her Race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes[2], in Garters, and in Rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall may-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand.
But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane[3].
With Authors, Stationers[4] obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

Curl) is a false assertion——I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the Gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call *mounting the Rostrum* for one hour; but that scene of action was not in the month of *March*, but in *February*." And of *the History of his being tost in a Blanket*, he saith, "Here, *Scriblerus!* thou leeseth in what thou assertest concerning the blanket; it was not a *blanket*, but a *rug*." Much in the same manner Mr *Cibber* remonstrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book I. were not *Brazen*, but *Blocks*; yet our Author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship. *Scriblerus.*

[1] *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great Encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced *as a Buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel;* a jest which the Court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himself was so transported as to *weep for joy*. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions. P.

[2] [The material of an ordinary clergyman's gown. Cf. *Moral Essays*, Ep. I. v. 137.]

[3] ['In front of the spot now occupied by St Mary-le-Strand, commonly called the New Church, anciently stood a cross, at which, says Stowe, "in the year 1294, and other times, the justices itinerant sat without London." In the place of this cross was set up a May-pole, which having been taken down in 1713, a new one was erected opposite Somerset House. This second May-pole had two gilt balls and a vane on the summit, and was decorated on holidays with flags and garlands. It was removed in 1718, probably being thought in the way of the new church which was then being erected. Sir Isaac Newton begged it of the parish, and afterwards sent it to the Rector of Wanstead, who set it up in Wanstead Park to support the then largest telescope in Europe.' Leigh Hunt's *Town.*]

[4] [*Stationers*, i.e. booksellers.]

A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom Moore[1].
All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.
But lofty Lintot[2] in the circle rose:
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
"With me began this genius, and shall end."
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl[3]; "Behold that rival here!
"The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
"So take the hindmost, Hell," (he said) "and run."
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-stripp'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick[4] waddles thro' the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops:
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,

[1] [Pope has a note too long for insertion on the sins of this hated personage, James Moore Smythe, the son of Arthur Moore. James was an admirer of Teresa Blount, and intimate with her family, as well as an occasional associate of Pope's literary circle. He was the author of a comedy called the *Rival Modes*, in which he was accused by Pope of having plagiarised the lines addressed by the latter to Martha Blount on her birth-day. See note *ad loc.*]

[2] *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the episode of the Booksellers: Persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr Bernard Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a *Bull*. This eminent Bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before-mentioned. P. [Young, in Spence's *Anecdotes*, calls Lintot 'a great sputtering fellow.']

[3] *Stood dauntless Curl;*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very *Names* their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each. P. [Part *om.*]

[4] [A dab-chick is a small water-fowl which is constantly dabbling under the water.]

Which Curl's Corinna[1] chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
And "Bernard! Bernard!" rings thro' all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.
"Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any God's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms[2]."
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas[3],
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils[4].
In office here fair Cloacina[5] stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the Goddess heard her servants call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit[6],
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices[7] for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong

[1] *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs T——, who procured some private letters of Mr Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those Gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer. P. Mrs Elizabeth Thomas was first styled Corinna by Dryden, to whom she sent a copy of verses. She died, in want, in 1730. *Carruthers.* [On the subject of this 'unwarranted publication' see *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxxiii.]

[2] *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*] The Bible, Curl's sign; the Cross-key's, Lintot's. P.

[3] See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus, where this fiction is more extended. P.

[4] Ver. 92. Alludes to Homer, Iliad v. [v. 339].

——ῥέε δ' ἄμβροτον αἷμα Θέοιο,
Ἰχὼρ οἷος πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι Θεοῖσιν.
A stream of nectʼrous humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguine, such as celestial spʼrits may bleed.
Milton [*Par. Lost*, Bk. VI. v. 332].

[5] *Cloacina*] The Roman Goddess of the common-sewers. P.

[6] *Where as he fish'd &c.*] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's *Miscellanies*. P.

[7] *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c. P.

Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand,
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light fly diverse, tost in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift[1].
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey;
That suit an unpaid tailor[2] snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.
Heav'n rings with laughter. Of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own Grubstreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior[3];
Mears, Warner, Wilkins[4] run: delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone:
He grasps an empty Joseph[5] for a John;
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the Goddess: "Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town[6]:
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries[7];)

[1] *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See Note on v. 50. Dr Evans, of St John's College, Oxford, author of the *Apparition*, a Satire on Tindal. *Warton.*

[2] *an unpaid tailor*] This line has been loudly complained of in Mist, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the *poverty* of *Poets:* But it is thought our Author would be acquitted by a jury of *Tailors.* To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad *paymaster*, since the person to whom they have here applied it was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *non-payment;* which Mr Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him." P.

[3] *Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers.—"Bond writ a satire "against Mr P.—Capt. Breval was author of "the Confederates, an ingenious dramatic per-"formance, to expose Mr P., Mr Gay, Dr Arb. "and some ladies of quality," says Curl. P.

[4] *Mears, Warner, Wilkins*] Booksellers, and Printers of much anonymous stuff. P. [As to Breval, see v. 237; Bond's and Besaleel Morris's works seem according to Carruthers to have disappeared.]

[5] *Joseph Gay*, a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr Gay's. P. The antiquity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper-coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea. *Warburton.* [Wakefield also points out the allusion to *Iliad* III. 376, and to the story of Ixion embracing a cloud instead of Juno.]

[6] *And turn this whole illusion on the town:*] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors. P.

[7] [See note to *Epilogue to Satires*, Dial. I. v. 112.]

Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior[1], and Concanen[2], Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison[3]."
With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy Tap'stry[4], worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed[5];
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe[6],
And Tutchin[7] flagrant from the scourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper[8], cudgell'd might ye view;
The very worsted still look black and blue.
Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies[9],
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies;
And "Oh!" (he cry'd) "what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!"
See in the circle next, Eliza[10] plac'd,

[1] *Cook shall be Prior,*] The man here specified writ a thing called The Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned. P.

[2] [See Pope's note to v. 299.]

[3] *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr Barrow, Dr Atterbury, Mr Dryden, Mr Congreve, Dr Garth, Mr Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be author of the Careless Husband). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. P. [Part *om.*]

[4] *A shaggy Tap'stry*] A sorry kind of Tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff, like that which is spoken of by Donne—*Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v. [v. 250, ff.] P.

[5] *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his *poverty* very copiously, Sat. III. 103, &c. But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, "that Juvenal never satirized the Poverty of Codrus." P.

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c. P.

[6] [Cf. ante, note to Bk. I. v. 103.]

[7] *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the Observator: He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne. P. [He was the author of *The Foreigner*, the Satire on William III. which provoked De Foe's *True-born Englishman.* The sentence to which Pope refers was pronounced by Judge Jeffreys, but remitted in return for a bribe which reduced the prisoner to poverty. See Macaulay's *History of England*, chap. 5.]

[8] *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so. P.

[9] *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. P. [Part *om.*]

[10] *Eliza Haywood.*] This woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. P. [Part *om.*]

Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall[1] dress'd.
The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
"The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;
"His be yon Juno of majestic size,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
"Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne[2] and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho' this his Son dissuades, and that his Wife).
One on his manly confidence relies;
One on his vigour and superior size.
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
A second effort brought but new disgrace:
The wild Mæander wash'd the Artist's face;
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
"Room for my Lord!" three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
"He wins this Patron, who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;

[1] *Kirkall*, the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them. P.

[2] *Osborne, Thomas*] A bookseller in Gray's-inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; and therefore placed here instead of a less deserving Predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr Pope's subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value. P. [Part *om.*] Of Osborne Johnson used to say, that he had no sense of any shame, but that of being poor. *Bannister* [quoted by Bowles, who refers to the well-known episode in Boswell, concerning J.'s summary chastisement of O. See Boswell *ad ann.* 1742.]

Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli[1] the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our Operas:
Bentley[2] his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted[3] most the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair[4],
Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
His sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off his Grace's Secretary.
"Now turn to diff'rent sports," (the Goddess cries)
"And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespear's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul
With Thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl[5],
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell[6];
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls[7] be the bribe

[1] *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas. P.

[2] *Bentley his mouth &c.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one who was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the Ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. P. [Part *om.*]

[3] *Welsted*] Leonard Welsted, author of the Triumvirate, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Cælia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. You have him again in Book III. 169. P. [Part *om.*] [He was a hanger-on of the Whigs, and a copious writer.]

[4] *A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c.*] The satire of this Episode, being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: That altho' their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures of such vain, braggart, puft Nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded. SCRIBL.

[5] *With Thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.*] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is *my* "Thunder." P. [Dennis' tragedy was *Appius and Virginia;* and 'his thunder' was used in *Macbeth*. See note to *Essay on Criticism*, v. 586.]

[6] *—with a tolling bell;*] A mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of Tragedy. P.

[7] *Three Cat-calls*] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre. P.

Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey-tribe;
And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass."
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noise and Norton[1], Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart,
And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
"Hold!" (cry'd the Queen), "a Cat-call each shall win
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend."
As, when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore sighs sir Gilbert[2], starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So swells each wind-pipe; Ass intones to Ass;
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
High Sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep Divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield[3]! thine.
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
In Tot'nham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
Long Chanc'ry-lane[4] retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wastes it thence to Rufus' roaring hall[5],
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long[6].

[1] *Norton,*] See ver. 417.—*J. Durant Breval,* author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems. See before, note on ver. 126. P. [The word 'brangle' (to oscillate; another form of brandle, Fr. branler) was confounded with 'wrangle.']

[2] *Sir Gilbert* [Heathcote, cf. *Moral Essays,* Ep. III. v. 101].

[3] *Webster—and Whitfield!*] The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a Field-preacher. *Warburton.* [George Whitfield, the early associate of the Wesleys, was born in 1714 and first attracted general attention by his preaching at Bristol and London in 1736. John Wesley was induced by his example to commence field-preaching. He died in America in 1770.]

[4] *Long Chanc'ry-lane*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorously allegorized in these lines. P.

[5] [Westminster Hall; built by William II. A.D. 1097.]

[6] *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore knight, who (as Mr Dryden expresseth it)

Writ to the rumbling of the coach's wheels,
and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore.* P. [Part *om.*]

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend[1],
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end)[2]
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sablé blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
"And who the most in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity[3] of groping well.
"Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
"The stream, be his the Weekly Journals[4] bound;
"A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
"A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands[5],
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;
Then, sighing, thus, "And am I now three-score?
"Ah why, ye Gods, should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next Smedley div'd[6]; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more,
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
"Smedley" in vain resounds thro' all the coast.
Then * essay'd[7]; scarce vanish'd out of sight,

[1] [The scene is on the site of the modern Bridge Street.]

[2] (*As morning pray'r and flagellation end*)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the *time* of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourer's dinner; our author by one very proper both to the *Persons* and the *Scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor's day: The first book passed in that *night;* the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by Booksellers); then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly thro' Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess. P.

[3] —*dash thro' thick and thin,—love of dirt—dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of Party-writers: to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess. P.

[4] *The Weekly Journals*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our Author. P.

[5] *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,*] Mr John Oldmixon, next to Mr Dennis, the most ancient Critic of our nation; and unjust censurer of Mr Addison. In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the Historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death. He is here likened to Milo, in allusion to Ovid [*Metam.* Bk. xv. v. 229]. P. [Part *om.*]

[6] *Next Smedley div'd;*] The person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr Swift and Mr Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728. P.

Jonathan Smedley, a staunch Whig, and Dean of Clogher. *Carruthers* [who quotes his lines 'The Devil's last game' against Swift].

[7] *Then * essay'd*] A gentleman of genius

He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
True to the bottom see Concanen[1] creep,
A cold, long-winded native of the deep;
If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies;
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day[2]! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe[3] (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne[4], stupefy'd to stone!
And Monumental brass this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! these were, the Gazetteers!"
Not so bold Arnall[5]; with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,

and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our Poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels, and personal invectives. P. Supposed to be *Aaron Hill;* but Pope denied it. *Warton.* [Hill, however, called Pope to account by a poetical rejoinder; though, as Bowles remarks, the compliment in the above lines infinitely exceeds the abuse. Cf. *Intr. Memoir*, p. xxxvi. Hill wrote no less than seventeen dramatic pieces, and was, besides, according to Dibdin, 'the projector of nut oil, of masts of ships from Scotch firs, of cultivating Georgia, and of potash!']

[1] *Concanen*] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profund, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the duke of Buckingham and others: To this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi.* He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica. P. [Part *om.*] This is the scribbler to whom Warburton wrote his famous Letter, published by Dr Akenside. *Warton.*

[2] *With each a sickly brother at his back: Sons of a Day! &c.*] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another. P.

[3] *Like Niobe*] See the story in Ovid, Met. VII. where the miserable petrefaction of this old Lady is pathetically described. P.

[4] *Osborne*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent. P.

[5] *Arnall*] William Arnall, bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a nitch in the Temple of Infamy: He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid Report, that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of *four years*, no less than *ten thousand nine hundred and ninety seven pounds, six shillings, and eight pence*, out of the Treasury." But frequently, thro' his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable Patron to disavow his scurrilities. P. [Part *om.*]

Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.
The plunging Prelate[1], and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one Layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood;
Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia[2], softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair[3] was ravished long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx[4] here rises from the Shades,
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting Vapours from the Land of dreams,
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's off'rings to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where rev'rend Bards repose,
They led him soft; each rev'rend Bard arose;
And Milbourn[5] chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
"Receive" (he said) "these robes which once were mine,
"Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable Army stand,

[1] Sir Robert Walpole, who was Bishop Sherlock's contemporary at Eton College, used to relate, that when some of the scholars, going to bathe in the Thames, stood shivering on the bank, S. plunged in immediately over head and ears. *Warton.* [Hence this was understood to refer to S.; but Pope indignantly repudiated the insinuation. The next allusion could only refer to an Archbishop; possibly 'leaden Gilbert' of IV. 608. These two lines are wanting in the earlier editions.]

[2] [A play on the fancied etymology of the Latin name of Paris (Lutetia Parisiorum.)]

[3] *As Hylas fair*] Who was ravished by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. III. *Argon.* See VIRGIL, *Ecl.* VI. P.

[4] *A branch of Styx, &c.*] Cf. Homer. *Il.* II. [vv. 751—755]. Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, *Odyss.* XXIV. See also Lucian's True History. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically represent the *Stupefaction* and *visionary Madness* of Poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alpheus's waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus, *Idyl.* VIII. Virg. *Ecl.* X. vv. 3, 4. And again, *Æn.* III. vv. 693—5. P.

[5] *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn, a Clergyman, the fairest of Critics; who, when he wrote against Mr Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad against our Author. P. [Part *om.*] [Cf. *Essay on Criticism*, v. 463.]

A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any God, or Man[1].
Thro' Lud's fam'd gates[2], along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street;
'Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the Goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
"Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
"I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
"Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
"My H—ley's[3] periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
"Attend the trial we propose to make:
"If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
"Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
"And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye[4];
"To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
"Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
"To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong;
"Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three College Sophs[5], and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of Poesy and Prate,
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum[6],
'Till all, tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose;
At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow:
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine;
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy God.

[1] The expression is taken from Dryden's *Hind and Panther*: 'Those Swisses fight for any side for pay.' *Warton.* [The well-known proverb 'Point d'argent, point de Suisse' contains a similar sarcasm. The French Kings had a Swiss guard from the time of Louis XI. to that of Louis XVI.]

[2] [Ludgate, according to popular tradition built by King Lud, (see *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II. Canto X. st. 46), probably is the same as Flood (or Fleet) gate. The gate, after being rebuilt several times, was finally removed in 1760.]

[3] [*Henley's* in the early editions; probably the blank was substituted to leave an opportunity for supplying it with the name of *Hoadley*.]

[4] See Hom. *Odyss.* XII. Ovid, *Met.* I. P.

[5] [A Sophister is properly a disputant at an exercise of dialectics; the term from its use at the old examinations for the Degree at Cambridge has come to mean those who have been one year or two years in residence at the University (Junior and Senior Sophs.)]

[6] [*Mum* was a strong ale, said to derive its name from its inventor, Christian Mumme of Brunswick.]

Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak[1], but thrice suppress't
By potent Arthur[2], knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer[3],
Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's No kingdom here*[4].
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes,
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes;
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion, from one circle to the rest;
So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads*.
At last Centlivre[5] felt her voice to fail;
Motteux[6] himself unfinish'd left his tale;
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er[7];
Morgan[8] and Mandevil[9] could prate no more;

[1] *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak,*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to Plays, and *one small* piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, *Lives of Poets.* But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest Statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation. P. Budgell was a relation of Addison whom he accompanied as clerk to Ireland. He afterwards rose to be Under Secretary of State. After Addison's death he was involved in losses by the South Sea Bubble; a stain fell on his character in consequence of Tindal's bequest in his favour being set aside, and he committed suicide in 1737. *Carruthers.* [Cf. *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, vv. 378, 9; and *notes.*]

[2] [Blackmore.]

[3] Ver. 399; in the first Edition it was:
'Collins and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer.'
Warburton.

Toland and Tindal,] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. *Toland*, the author of the Atheist's Liturgy, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy, in pay to lord Oxford. *Tindal* was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation.* P. [Part *om.*] [John Toland's most famous work *Christianity not mysterious* was published in 1696; Matthew Tindal's *Christianity as old as the Creation*, rather later. Anthony Collins, who probably lost his place in the text for the sake of the alliteration, brought out his *Discourse of free Thinking* in 1713.]

[4] *Christ's No kingdom &c.*] This is said by Curl, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop. P. It alludes to Bishop Hoadley's sermons preached before George I., in 1717, *on the Nature* of the Kingdom of Christ, which occasioned a long, vehement, and learned debate, known as the Bangorian Controversy, of which see Hoadley was at that time bishop. *Wakefield.*

[5] *Centlivre*] Mrs Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many Plays, and a Song (says Mr Jacob) before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr Pope's Homer before he began it. P. [Some of her plays still keep the stage.]

[6] Peter Anthony Motteux, the excellent translator of Don Quixote, and author of a number of forgotten dramatic pieces. Dryden addressed a complimentary Epistle to him. He died in 1718. *Carruthers.*

[7] *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the Stage; Mr Dennis answered with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. The same Mr Law is author of a book, intitled, *An Appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the gospel;* in which he has detailed a system of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted Theology; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one *Jacob Bœhmen*, a German cobbler. P.

[8] A man of some learning, and uncommon acuteness, with a strong disposition to Satire, which very often degenerated into scurrility. His most celebrated work is the *Moral Philosopher*, first published in the year 1737. *Bowles.*

[9] [Bernard de Mandeville was born in Holland, in 1670, and after residing in England during the latter half of his life, died in 1733. The *Fable of the Bees*, to which he owed his fame, first appeared in 1708 in the form of a short poem, and was afterwards republished with explanatory notes and essays, which drew upon

Norton[1], from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.
Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate!
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet[2]
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl to the Elysian shade; *where, on the banks of* Lethe, *the souls of the dull are dipped by* Bavius, *before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of* Settle, *and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a* Mount of Vision, *from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of* Great-Britain, *shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of*

the author the threat of a prosecution. In its enlarged form it bore the second title of *Private Vices Public Benefits*, which explains the moral or object of the Fable. Though Mandeville only meant to shew that under the system of Providence good is wrought out of evil, he would have done well to leave no doubt as to both the meaning and the limitations of his doctrine.]

[1] *Norton*] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus.* One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr P. has sometime the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name. P. [Does *Ostrœa* here signify an oyster-wife?]

[2] *Fleet*] A prison for insolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch. P.

the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle *breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with* Farces, Operas, *and* Shows; *how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the* Theatres, *and set up even at* Court; *then how her Sons shall preside in the seats of* Arts *and* Sciences: *giving a glimpse or Pisgah-sight of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.*

BOOK III.

BUT in her Temple's last recess enclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:
Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.
And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descending views th' Elysian Shade.
A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor[1], their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)
Benlowes[2], propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the Poppy[3] on his brows.
Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits[4], to dip poetic souls,

[1] *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence: A rare example of modesty in a Poet!

I must confess I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my Accidence;
For having got from possum *to* posset,
I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Ale-house in Long-Acre. He died in 1654. P. [Carruthers corrects this date to 1653; and refers for an account of the poetic waterman to Southey's *Lives of Uneducated Poets*. A splendid edition of Taylor's poems has recently been published by the Spenser Society.]

[2] *Benlowes,*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus:* to verify which he spent his whole estate upon them. P.

[3] *And Shadwell nods the Poppy &c.*] Shadwell took Opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692. P. [The hero of *MacFlecknoe*.]

[4] *Old Bavius sits,*] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears[1] unbar the gates of Light,
Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory[2].
Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage[3] appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle[4] wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state; another, yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.
"Oh born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?
As man's Mæanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides; then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,

Bays by our Author, though not in so christian-like a manner: For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *hated* and *detested* for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non* odit; Whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great *Good Nature* and *Mercifulness* thro' the whole course of this Poem. SCRIBLERUS.

Mr Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: For (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part II. c. I. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad. P.

[1] *Brown and Mears*] Booksellers, Printers for any body. P. [Part *om.*]

[2] *Ward in pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. P. [Part *om.*] [Cf. *Moral Essays*, Ep. III. 20, *note*.]

[3] [Dante.]

[4] *Settle*] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems; and, being caried up on *one side*, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the *Empress of Morocco*. P. [Part *om.*] [For an account of this extremely sensational play, against which strictures were indited by Dryden, Shadwell and Crown, see Geneste, *u. s.* Vol. I. p. 154.]

Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
"Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the Poles[1] where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade.
"Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun[2]
And orient Science their bright course begun:
One god-like Monarch[3] all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.
"Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll[4],
And lick up all the Physic of the Soul.
How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows[5],
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans[6], and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's[7] dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore[8])
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,

[1] *See, round the Poles &c.*] Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in ignorance. P.

[2] Ver. 73; in the former Editions:

'Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science *at a birth begun.*'
Warburton.

Our Author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eastern nations. P.

[3] Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire. P.

[4] The Caliph, Omar I., having conquered Ægypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the Soul. P. [A. D. 641. Gibbon was strongly inclined to dispute the fact, but fresh authorities corroborating it have been adduced by Milman.]

[5] I have been told that this was the couplet by which Pope declared his own ear to be most gratified; but the reason of this preference I cannot discover. *Johnson.*

[6] [The Alemanni, who twice invaded Gaul.]

[7] [Kings of the Goths, Vandals and Huns respectively.]

[8] (*The soil that arts and infant letters bore*)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests. P.

And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.
"Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore[1];
Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head[2].
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn[3],
And ev'n th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tiber chok'd with Gods:
'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn[4],
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn;
See, graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
"Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave Mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been[5].
In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage!
"And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway:
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers[6] to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie

[1] [Pope has a long note attempting to bring home this charge against Pope Gregory I. (the Great). His hatred of classical learning is undoubted; his destruction of ancient buildings rests only on later evidence. See Gibbon, chap. XLV. Compare on this and the whole subject of the prejudices of the Church against profane learning the first chapter of Hallam's *Lit. of Europe*. The establishment of the *Index Expurgatorius* belongs to the century of the Reformation.]

[2] [Roger Bacon lived in the 13th century; the earliest English cultivator of mathematical science. His 'brazen head' was a popular superstition connected with his experiments in magic; and is alluded to in Butler's *Hudibras*.]

[3] [Livy is said to have been burnt among other authors by Gregory I.]

[4] *'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,*] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the Heathen Temples and Statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to Churches; and some of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes. P. [Abundant instances of this will be found in any description of Rome.]

[5] *Happy!—had Easter never been.*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter. P. [It was not till the visit of St Augustine in 596 that the British Church conformed to the decision of the Council of Nice as to the day on which Easter should be kept.]

[6] *Dove-like she gathers*] This is fulfilled in the fourth book. P.

In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.
"Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrust his person full into your face.
With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born[1]!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
"A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey[2], Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answ'ring gin-shops sourer sights return.
"Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe[3],
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law.
Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's[4] funereal frown.
Lo sneering Goode[5], half malice and half whim,
A friend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass[6];
Each Songster, Riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame[7].
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,

[1] [As to Cibber's father see Pope's note to Bk. I. v. 30.]

[2] [Durfey; v. *Essay on Criticism*, v. 618.]

[3] *Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,*] "This *Gentleman* is son of a *considerable Maltster* of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the Law under a *very eminent Attorney:* Who, between his *more laborious* studies, has *diverted* himself with Poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.—He has written in prose the *Lives* of the *Poets*, *Essays*, and a great many Law-books, *The Accomplished Conveyancer*, *Modern Justice*, &c. GILES JACOB of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. I. He very grossly, and unprovok'd, abused, in that book the Author's Friend, Mr *Gay*. P.

[4] *Horneck and Roome*] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in *Honour* and *Employment*. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where by malicious innuendos he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it—This, sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

Popple was the author of some vile Plays and Pamphlets. He published abuses on our Author in a paper called the Prompter. P.

[5] *Goode,*] An ill-natur'd Critic, who writ a satire on our Author, called *The mock Æsop*, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire. P.

[6] [Borrowed from two lines of *Young's Universal Passion*, Sat. 6.] *Warton.*

Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:] There were several successions of these sort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the Annuals flourishing for that season; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the Poet slurs them over with others in general. P.

[7] After Ver. 158 in the former Editions followed:

'How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!
How rhymes eternal jingle in their ear!'

Warburton.

Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's[1] head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

"Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph[2] to Cynthia howls[3],
And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!
"Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way, and Morris[4] may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.
"Ah Dennis[5]! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor;
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics' gore.
"Behold yon Pair[6], in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a *Pasquin*, that a *Grumbler* write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner[7].
"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede[8] the myster wight,

[1] [Priscian, the celebrated Roman grammarian, lived in the time of Justinian, who appointed him teacher of grammar at Constantinople.]

[2] *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our Author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr Swift, Mr Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled, *Night*, a Poem: This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr Addison. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "*Shakespear* writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay. P.

[3] [Shaksp. *Jul. Cæs.* Act IV. Sc. 3: 'I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon, &c.' But Wakefield has pointed out two lines by Ambrose Philips parodied in the above.]

[4] *Morris*,] *Besaleel*, See Book II. [v. 126]. P.

[5] *Ah Dennis! &c.*] The reader, who has seen thro' the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) *set his Name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr *Jacob's Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life. P.

[6] *Behold yon Pair, &c.*] One of these was author of a weekly paper called the *Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin*, in which Mr *Pope* was abused with the duke of *Buckingham*, and Bishop of *Rochester*. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intituled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggrel*, printed 1715. P. [Part *om.*]

[7] *That shines a* Consul, *this* Commissioner.] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers. P.

[8] *arede*] *Read*, or *peruse*; though sometimes used for *counsel*. P. [*Myster*, like *arede* and *besprent*, is a word used by Spenser. But Pope explains it wrongly: it is equivalent to manner, craft or trade (French *métier*, probably from *magister*). '*The* myster wight' is nonsense;

On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight[1].
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!
"There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls[2], see only in the dark,
A Lumber-house of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
"But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Embrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands[3],
Turning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson[4] preach in vain.
Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days[5].
"Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,

'*such* myster wight' would be sense.] *Myster wight*] Uncouth mortal. P.

[1] Wormius *hight.*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius;* much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused. P. [Part *om.*]

hight] "In Cumberland they say to *hight*, for to *promise*, or *vow;* but HIGHT, usually signifies *was called;* and so it does in the North even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland." *Hearne.* P. [The old hâtan means to call and to promise (German *heissen, verheissen.*)]

[2] *Wits, who, like owls, &c.*] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: The darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, *he delighted in matters of difficulty.* Some body said well of these men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order.* P.

[3] *lo! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour. After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all publick and private occurrences. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor. P. [Part *om.*] [John Henley, a native of Leicestershire, had graduated at Cambridge; but set up a scheme of Universology on his own account, establishing his 'Oratory' in a wooden booth in Newport market in 1726. Three years later he removed his pulpit to the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and though subjected to a prosecution for profaning the clerical character, continued his exhibitions till the middle of the century. See Wright's *Caric. Hist. of the Georges*, and Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, Vol. I., where Henley is said to have been a man of real learning and of poetical talent. He died in 1756.]

[4] *Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations. P.

[5] *Of Toland* and *Tindal*, see Book II. [v. 399]. *Tho. Woolston* was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, &c. P.

A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One dispense;
The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense.
Content, each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, 'Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God[1].'"
Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
"See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art."
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd[2])
And look'd, and saw a sable Sorc'rer[3] rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth[4]:
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast Egg[5] produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
'What pow'r,' he cries, 'what pow'r these wonders wrought?'
"Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find

[1] *But, 'Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.'*] Virg. *Æn.* VI. [v. 619]. The hardest lesson a *Dunce* can learn. For being bred to *scorn* what he does not understand, that which he understands least he will be apt to *scorn* most. Of which, to the disgrace of all Government, and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herself, we have had a late example in a book intitled, *Philosophical Essays concerning human Understanding*. P.

'not to scorn your God.'] See this subject pursued in Book IV. P.

[2] (*Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd*)] Mr Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149, that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d——d."—And (says Mr Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine. P.

[3] *a sable Sorc'rer*] Dr Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Play-houses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time. P. [Probably revivals of Mountfort's harlequinade founded on Marlowe's tragedy.]

[4] *Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth:*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's *Rape of Proserpine*. P.

[5] *Lo! one vast Egg*] In another of these Farces, Harlequin is hatched upon the stage out of a large Egg. P.

Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sars'net skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich [1]! how calm he sits at ease
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
"But lo! to dark encounter in mid air [2]
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth [3] in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd [4],
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind [5].
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn [6];
Contending Theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
"And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? these wonders are thy own [7].
These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs
Their annual trophies [8], and their monthly wars;
Tho' long my Party [9] built on me their hopes,
For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes [10];

[1] *Immortal Rich!*] Mr John Rich, Master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way. P.

[2] [Join their dark encounter in mid-air. Milton, *Par. Lost*, II. v. 718.]

[3] *Booth* and *Cibber* were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane. P.

[4] [as Harlequin.]

[5] *On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.*] In his Letter to Mr P. Mr C. solemnly declares this not to be *literally true*. We hope therefore the reader will understand it *allegorically* only. P.

[6] [The Theatre called the Duke's was built in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the time of the Restoration. It was here Rich first brought out his harlequinades; but soon after his removal it was closed (1737).]

[7] After ver. 274 in the former Edd. followed:
For works like these let deathless Journals tell
"None but thyself can be thy parallel."
Warburton.
Var. *None but thyself can be thy parallel*] A marvellous line of *Theobald*; unless the Play called the *Double Falsehood* be (as he would have it believed) *Shakespear's*. P.

[8] *Annual trophies*, on the Lord-mayor's day; and *monthly wars* in the Artillery-ground. P.

[9] *Tho' long my Party*] Settle, like most Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the *Character* of a *popish successor*, but afterwards printed his *Narrative* on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St George for England*, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years. P. [Carruthers observes that Settle was really seventy-six at the time of his death (1724).]

[10] After ver. 284 in the former Edd. followed:
'Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.'
Warburton.

Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste[1],
And ev'ry year be duller than the last.
Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway:
Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme[2] to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto[3] with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride[4] to Proserpine.
Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire[5].
Another Æschylus appears[6]! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's[7], be brought to bed,
While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
"Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays[8]!

[1] *Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,*] It stood in the first edition with blanks * * *and* * *. Concanen was sure "they must needs mean no body but *King GEORGE* and *Queen CAROLINE*; and said he would insist it was so, till the Poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his *allegiance*." P.

[2] *Polypheme*] He translated the Italian Opera of *Polifemo*; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. P. [Part *om.*]

[3] *Faustus, Pluto, &c.*] Names of miserable Farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience. P.

[4] [Congreve's tragedy.]

[5] *ensure it but from Fire.*] In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rival'd each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr Faustus. P.

[6] *Another Æschylus appears!*] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his Tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits. P.

[7] *like Semele's,*] See Ovid, Met. III. P.

[8] Ver. 323. *See, see, our own &c.*] In the former Edd.:

'Beneath his reign shall Eusden wear the bays,

Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
On Poets' Tombs see Benson's titles writ[1]!
Lo! Ambrose Philips[2] is preferr'd for Wit!
See under Ripley rise a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united Labours fall[3];
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends[4];
Gay dies unpension'd[5] with a hundred friends;

Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
Benson sole Judge of Architecture sit,
And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for Wit!
I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome:
Proceed great days, &c.' *Warburton.*

[1] *On Poets' Tombs see Benson's Titles writ!*] W—m Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their House and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the House should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years. P. [Part *om.*]

[2] *Ambrose Philips*] "He was (saith Mr JACOB) one of the wits at Button's and a justice of the peace;" But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland. He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr P. was an *Enemy to the government;* and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a Party-paper called the *Examiner:* A falsehood well-known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it. P. [As to the reasons for Pope's aversion from A. P. see *Introductory Memoir*, pp. xv, xxviii.]

[3] *While Jones' and Boyle's united Labours fall;*] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-house at White-hall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expense of the earl of Burlington and [Richard Boyle]; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this kingdom. P. [As to Ripley, Sir Robert Walpole's architect: who, according to Wakefield, was employed in repairing Whitehall, cf. *Moral Essays*, Ep. IV. v. 18 and *note.*]

[4] [Sir Christopher Wren died in 1723, at the age of 91. 'The length of his life enriched the reigns of several princes, and disgraced the last of them.' *Horace Walpole, Anecdotes of Printing*, quoted by *Warton.*]

[5] *Gay dies unpension'd &c.*] See Mr Gay's fable of the *Hare and many Friends.* This gentleman was early in the friendship of our Author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call-it, Fables; and, lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hits all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble. That verse of Horace, *Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,* could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: It was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the Author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.* P. [See Epitaph No. xii. and *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxvi.]

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate[1];
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate[2].
"Proceed, great days! till Learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in Port[3]!"
'Enough! enough!' the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies.

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion *of the* Prophecies *mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new* Invocation; *as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy* Order *and* Science, *and to substitute the* Kingdom of the Dull *upon earth. How she leads captive the* Sciences, *and silenceth the* Muses, *and* what *they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her is driven back by a Rival; but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Geniuses of the* Schools, *who assure her of their care to advance her Cause, by confining Youth to* Words, *and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to*

[1] Ver. 331, in the former Editions thus:
'——O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.'
On which was the following Note, "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey;* in which Mr Broome, having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of *Five hundred pounds,* and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of *One hundred more.* The Author only seems to lament, that he was employed in Translation at all." P.

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;] See Book I. ver 26. P.

[2] *And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.*] The Author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespear (which he undertook merely because no body else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the Scenery, &c., and the translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725. P.

[3] [Cf. Book IV. v. 202.]

them and the Universities. The Universities *appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of* Education. *The speech of* Aristarchus *on this subject. They are drawn off by a band of young Gentlemen returned from* Travel *with their* Tutors; *one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their* Travels: *presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of* Want of Shame. *She sees loitering about her a number of* Indolent Persons *abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: To these approaches the Antiquary* Annius, *intreating her to make them* Virtuoso's, *and assign them over to him: But* Mummius, *another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: Amongst them one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the* Indolents *before-mentioned, in the study of* Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, *&c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond* Trifles, *to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the* Minute Philosophers *and* Freethinkers, *one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of* Silenus, *and then admitted to taste the cup of the* Magus *her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her Adepts she sends* Priests, Attendants, *and* Comforters, *of various kinds; confers on them* Orders *and* Degrees; *and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his* Privileges, *and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a* Yawn *of extraordinary virtue: The Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the restoration of* Night *and* Chaos, *conclude the Poem.*

BOOK IV.[1]

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil, the deep Intent.
Ye Pow'rs! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your Force inertly strong[2],
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:

[1] This Book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in Size, but in Subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomuomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. 'BENTLEY.' P.

[2] *Force inertly strong,*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiæ of Matter*, which, tho' it really be no Power, is yet the Foundation of all the Qualities and Attributes of that sluggish Substance. P. *and Warburton.*

Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new World[1] to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.
She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd;
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.
Beneath her footstool[2], *Science* groans in Chains,
And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains.
There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,
There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground;
His blunted Arms by *Sophistry* are born,
And shameless *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casuistry* in Lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word[3].
Mad *Máthesis*[4] alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the Circle finds it square[5].
But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muses* lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye[6]:
There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her Sister Satire held her head:

[1] *a new World*] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles. P. *and Warburton.*

[2] *Beneath her footstool, &c.*] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something *like* each Science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, &c. but nothing like *Wit, Opera* alone supplying its place. P. *and Warburton.*

[3] *gives her* Page *the word.*] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any Man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage. P. *and Warburton.* [Cf. *Epilogue to Satires*, Dial. II. v. 159.]

[4] *Mad* Máthesis] Alluding to the strange Conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space, &c.* P. *and Warburton.*

[5] *running round the* Circle *finds it square.*] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of *squaring the Circle.* P. *and Warburton.*

[6] *Watch'd both by* Envy's *and by* Flatt'ry's *eye.*] One of the misfortunes falling on Authors from the *Act* for subjecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licenser*, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court to Greatness, by perverting general Reflections against Vice into Libels on particular Persons. P. *and Warburton.* [A licensing Act had been introduced by Sir John Barnard in 1735, but immediately abandoned; the Act of 1737 was occasioned by the political strokes in Fielding's *Pasquin* and the scurrilities of other plays. The bill was carried by Walpole, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of Lord Chesterfield, who treated it as a first step towards a censorship of the press. Though the powers conferred by this Act are still retained by the Lord Chamberlain, they are used so sparingly and temperately (in 14 years, from 1852 to 1865, only 19 plays were rejected out of 2,816) that the restriction is practically little felt by managers, authors or public.]

Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD[1]! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.
When lo! a Harlot form[2] soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside:
By singing Peers up-held on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.
"O *Cara! Cara!* silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign[3]:
Chromatic tortures[4] soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore.*
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns[5],
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense.
Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL[6] stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
Arrest him, Empress; or you sleep no more—"
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet[7] blown,
And all the Nations summon'd to the Throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.

[1] [*Chesterfield*, cf. *Epil. to Satires*, Dial. II. v. 84.]

[2] *When lo! a Harlot form*] The Attitude given to this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian* Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility. This circumstance that OPERA should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions was prophesied of in Book III. ver. 304. P. *and Warburton.*

[3] *let Division reign:*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in Music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Sense, and applies to the Passions. Mr *Handel* had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into *Ireland.* After which they were reduced, for want of Composers, to practise the patch-work above-mentioned. P. *and Warburton.*

[4] *Chromatic tortures*] That species of the ancient music called the *Chromatic* was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the *Diatonic* kind. They say it was invented about the time of *Alexander,* and that the *Spartans* forbad the use of it, as languid and effeminate. *Warburton.*

[5] *thy own* Phœbus *reigns,*
'Tuus jam regnat Apollo.'
Virg. [*Ecl.* v. 10]. P.

[6] [Handel, who came to England in 1710, was an inmate of Lord Burlington's house from 1715 to 1718, during which time Pope must have frequently met him. His *Messiah* was produced in 1741.] It is remarkable, that in the earlier part of his life, Pope was so very insensible to the charms of music, that he once asked his friend, Dr Arbuthnot, who had a fine ear, 'whether, at Lord Burlington's concerts, the rapture which the company expressed upon hearing the compositions and performance of Handel did not proceed wholly from affectation.' *Warton.*

[7] *Fame's posterior Trumpet*] According to Hudibras:

None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of Head;
None want a place, for all their Centre found,
Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen.
The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee[1] or gown;
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or, impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown;
Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrite.
There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r[2].
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side[3]:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson[4] thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent Knight[5] retir'd with sober rage,

'She blows not both with the same Wind,
But one before and one behind;
And therefore modern Authors name
One good, and t'other evil Fame.'
P. *and Warburton.* [Part *om.*]

[1] [The curl of the wig at the top of the head.]

[2] Means Dr Middleton's laboured encomium on Lord Hervey, in his dedication of the *Life of Cicero.* *Warton.*

[3] *bow'd from side to side:*] As being of no *one* party. *Warburton.*

[4] *bold* Benson] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of *Milton;* and afterwards by as great passion for *Arthur Johnston,* a *Scotch* physician's version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book III. ver. 325. P. *and Warburton.*

[5] *The decent* Knight] An eminent person, who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great Author, *at his own expense.* P. *and Warburton.* Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Wakefield.* [His edition of Shakspere was published at Oxford in 1744, 'with a kind of sanction from the University, as it was printed at the theatre with the imprimatur of the Vice-Chancellor, and had no publisher's name on the title-page.' It was beautifully printed and obtained much favour, but its text is characterised by the editors of

Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page[1].
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.
When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive[2] the Wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new Edition of old Æson[3] gave;
Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies born,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.
Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A Page[4], a Grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each Bard an Alderman[5] shall sit[6],
A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present their first Address.
Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a Spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.
O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton[7] shake thro' all their Sons.
All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place[8]:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

the *Cambridge Shakspere* (Preface, p. xxxiv.) as better indeed than Pope's, inasmuch as many of Theobald's restorations and some probable emendations were introduced, but showing no trace of collation of the earlier Folios or any of the Quartos.]

[1] Ver. 114. "What! no respect, he cry'd, for SHAKESPEAR'S page?"

[2] *Thus revive, &c.*] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished Writers; either by printing *Editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former instances; or by setting up *Monuments* disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter. P. *and Warburton.*

[3] *old Æson*] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors),

'Æson *miratur*,
Dissimilemque animum *subiit*'—

P. *and Warburton.* [*Met.* VII. 292? where the story of Medea making Æson, the father of Iason, young again is narrated concluded. The quotation is garbled.]

[4] *A Page,*] *Pagina*, not *Pedissequus.* A Page of a Book; not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant; no Poet having had a *Page* since the death of Mr Thomas Durfey. *Scriblerus.* P. *and Warburton.*

[5] *So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.*] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Westmonasteriensis. P. *and Warburton.*

[6] *an Alderman shall sit,*] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber. P.

[7] [Winchester.]

[8] [Personified in Dr Busby, who wielded his ferule at Westminster School from 1640 to 1695.]

Then thus. 'Since Man from beast by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter[1],
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door[2] of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide[3].
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain;
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A Poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? A very Poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall[4].
There truant WYNDHAM[5] ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
There TALBOT[6] sunk, and was a Wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY[7] was our boast!
How many Martials were in PULT'NEY[8] lost!
Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that Master-piece of Man[9].'
"Oh" (cry'd the Goddess) "for some pedant Reign!
Some gentle JAMES[10], to bless the land again;
To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;

[1] *like the Samian letter,*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

'Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.'

Pers. [*Sat.* III. v. 56]. P. *and Warburton.*

[2] *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life. P. *and Warburton.*

[3] *to stand too wide.*] A pleasant allusion to the description of the door of Wisdom in the *Table of Cebes. Warburton.*

[4] *in yonder* House *or* Hall.] Westminster-hall and the House of Commons. P.

[5] [Sir William Wyndham, a leading member of the opposition against Walpole, died in 1740.]

[6] [Cf. *Imit. of Hor.* Bk. II. Ep. ii. v. 154.]

[7] [Cf. *Imit. of Hor.* Bk. I. Ep. vi.]

[8] [Cf. *Epil. to Satires,* Dial. II. v. 84.]

[9] *that Master-piece of Man.*] Viz. an *Epigram.* The famous Dr South declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics say, "an Epic Poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of." P. *and Warburton.*

[10] *Some gentle* JAMES, *&c.*] Wilson tells us that this King, *James* the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great Prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty. Warburton.* [Part *om.*]

That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, may Cam and Isis, preach it long!
'The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong[1].'
Prompt at the call[2], around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends[3].
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away[4].]
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke[5],
Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick
On German Crouzaz[6], and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams[7] that murm'ring fall
To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port[8].
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,

[1] [The theory of the divine right of the sovereign and its absolute independence of the law, was first fully developed in Cowell's *Interpreter* (1607); and carried out to its logical consequences in Filmer's *Patriarca*, which has been termed by Gneist the standard of this theory of government under Charles I.]

[2] [*Prompt at the call,—Aristotle's friends*] The Author, with great propriety, hath made these, who were so *prompt at the call* of Dulness, to become preachers of the Divine Right of Kings, to be the *friends* of *Aristotle;* for this philosopher, in his *politics*, hath laid it down as a principle, that some men were, by nature, made to serve, and others to command. *Warburton.*

[3] *A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.*] The Philosophy of *Aristotle* hath suffered a long disgrace in this learned University: being first expelled by the *Cartesian*, which, in its turn, gave place to the *Newtonian*. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to *Baal*, nor acknowledged any strange God in Philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the Goddess, come out like Confessors, and made an open profession of the ancient faith, in the *ipse dixit* of their Master. SCRIBLERUS.

[Dr Law speaks of the old scholastic method which clung to 'the dull, crabbed system of Aristotle's logic' as still prevailing in our public forms of education a short time before this satire was written (1723). See Mullinger's Essay on *Cambridge in the Seventeenth Century.*]

[4] [*Tho' Christ-church*] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its *proper Deputies;* nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its *whole body.* 'BENTLEY.' P. *and Warburton.*

[5] *still expelling* Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last Edit. P. [But he was never expelled, only deprived of his studentship at Christ-Church; and this on the ground of political suspicions, *before* he had written his great *Essay.*]

[6] [The hostility of Pope to Crouzaz is readily accounted for by the attack made by the latter on the *Essay on Man*. But Pope committed a gross mistake in introducing his adversary among Locke's Aristotelian opponents, as C. had formed his philosophy in the school of Locke. *Dugald Stewart*, quoted by *Roscoe.*]

[7] *the streams*] The river Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in Disputation. P. *and Warburton.*

[8] *sleeps in Port.*] Viz. "now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So SCRIBLERUS. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain wine called *Port*, from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *De Compotationibus Academicis.* P. *and Warburton.* [Bentley's quarrel with his College virtually came to an end with the death of the Visitor, bp. Greene, whose right to decide the dispute between the Master and Society he had originally challenged. This event happened in 1738; the quarrel with the University had ended in 1725 by the restoration of all Bentley's rights and degrees by royal mandamus.]

Walker[1] with rev'rence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: He, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Aristarchus[2] yet unknown?
Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains[3].
Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me[4] shall make it Prose again.
Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
Author of something yet more great than Letter[5];
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma[6], and o'er-tops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *Me* or *Te*[7], of *aut* or *at*,
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K[8].
Let Freind[9] affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop[9] never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius[10] or Solinus[11] shall supply:
For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas[12] for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus[13] hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.

[1] John Walker, Vice-Master of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, while Bentley was Master. *Carruthers.*

[He laboured faithfully for Bentley, both in literary and personal matters. Thuillier (*Corr. of Bentley* II. p. 549) calls him 'dignum tanto Magistro discipulum.']

[2] *Aristarchus*] A famous Commentator, and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The compliment paid by our Author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a Name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. SCRIBL. P. *and Warburton.*

[3] [Bentley's editions of Horace and of *Paradise Lost*, published in 1711 and 1731 respectively.]

[4] *Critics like me*] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton; whose richest veins of Poetry he hath prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose. SCRIBL.

[5] *Author of something yet more great than Letter;*] Alluding to those Grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented *single letters.* But Aristarchus, who had found out a *double* one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.

[6] *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul, Stands our* Digamma,] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. P. [Bentley never lived to finish this crowning work of his life.]

[7] *of* Me *or* Te,] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: Had it been about *Meum* or *Tuum*, it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, Me *doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or, Te *doctarum hederæ*—. SCRIBL.

[8] *Or give up* Cicero *to* C *or* K.] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. *Warburton.* [Rather, of course, in Latin.]

[9] *Freind, Alsop*] Dr Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church—Dr Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style. P. *and Warburton.*

[10] [Author of the *Astronomicon*—a writer of the Augustan age.]

[11] [Author of the *Polyhistor*, a compilation from Pliny's Natural History.]

[12] [The famous lexicographer, of whose work Küster (infra, v. 237) brought out the Cambridge editions.]

[13] *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The first a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books. P. *and Warburton.*

The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse[1] shall see,
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.
'Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much Divinity without a Noûs.
Nor could a BARROW[2] work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one ATTERBURY[3] spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy Canon[4] roll,
And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
'What tho' we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school?
Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none[5];
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance,

[A. Gellius' *Noctes Atticæ* is little but a scrap-book from other authors, and Stobæus' famous work was *Eclogæ*, or selections from about 500 authors.]

[1] Burmann, Küster and Wasse were men of real and useful erudition. *Warton.* [Burmann is Peter Burmann, who died at Utrecht in 1741, the most illustrious of a family of scholars. [Note 1. p. 411.] Ludolf Küster, of Amsterdam, the editor of Aristophanes and a correspondent of Bentley's, died in 1716.—Joseph Wasse, fellow of Queens' College Cambridge, was co-editor with Jebb, of the *Bibliotheca Litteraria* (1722); and also edited Sallust.]

[2] *Barrow, Atterbury*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-church, both great Geniuses and eloquent Preachers; one more conversant in the sublime Geometry; the other in classical Learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies. P. *and Warburton.*

[Dr Isaac Barrow, the illustrious author of the treatise *On the Supremacy of the Pope*, master of Trinity, Cambridge, with which college his name is indelibly associated, and successively Professor of Greek and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics. To him more than any other man is owing the direction taken by Cambridge towards mathematical studies. He died in 1677.]

[3] [Cf. *Epitaph* No. xiii.]

[4] *Canon* here, if spoken of Artillery, is in the plural number; if of the *Canons of the House*, in the singular, and meant only of *one;* in which case I suspect the *Pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *Poll*, or *Head* of that Canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *Paronomasia* or *Pun*. But what of that? Is any figure of speech more apposite to our gentle Goddess, or more frequently used by her and her Children, especially of the University? *Scriblerus. Pope and Warburton.* [Part *om.*] [Some Canon of Christ-Church is evidently alluded to.]

[5] These two verses are verbatim from an epigram of Dr Evans, of St John's College, Oxford; given to my father twenty years before the *Dunciad* was written. *Warton.*

Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the Block off[1], and get out the Man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.
Walker! our hat'——nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away[2].
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St James's and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.
Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious[3], all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:
To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines[4]:
To Isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales[5],
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.

[1] *And hew the Block off,*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts. P. *and Warburton.*

[2] *stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.*] See Homer, Odyss. xi., where the Ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the *Traveller,* who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the *Travelling* and the *University* tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjudged it to the former; so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired. SCRIBL. *Warburton and Warton.*

[3] *unseen the young* Æneas *past: Thence bursting glorious,*] See Virg. Æn. I. [vv. 411—417], where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him; to wit, 1. that nobody might touch or correct him: 2. might stop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there. P. *and Warburton.*

[4] [This phrase, which Warton traces to J. B. Rousseau, alludes to the purple stockings worn by Abbés.]

[5] *lily-silver'd vales,*] Tuberoses. P.

But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps[1];
Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
His royal Sense of Op'ras or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound[2]!
See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head[3];
As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber[4] shall think fit;
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a Borough choose him not, undone[5];
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my soul adores)
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Posterity thy own.'
Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame.
Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-listless Loit'rers, that attend
No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel[6]! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,

[1] *And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;*] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illustrious for her *Carnivals*. P. *and Warburton.*

[2] *And last turn'd* Air, *the Echo of a Sound!*] Yet less a Body than Echo itself; for Echo reflects *Sense* or *Words* at least, this Gentleman only *Airs* and *Tunes:*

'Sonus *est, qui vivit in* illo.'

Ovid, Met. [III. v. 401]. SCRIBLERUS.

[3] *With nothing but a* Solo *in his head;*] With nothing but a *Solo*? Why, if it be a *Solo*, how should there be any thing else? Palpable Tautology! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin. 'BENT.'

[4] *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber*] Three very eminent persons, all Managers of *Plays;* who, tho' not Governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the Education of Youth: and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his Talents for this end, see Book I. ver. 199, &c. P. *and Warburton.* [Fleetwood was patentee of Drury-Lane Theatre from 1734 to 1745; it was the attempted secession of his actors in 1743 which gave rise to the famous quarrel of Macklin with Garrick.]

[5] [This seems to allude to the protection of a member of Parliament against arrest for debt.]

[6] *Thee too, my* Paridel!] The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wandering Courtly 'Squire*, that travelled about for the same reason, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling,

And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
She pity'd! but her Pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius[1], crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines[2].
Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.
"Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl[3],
Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops[4] clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold,
And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two[5]."
Mummius[6] o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd[7],
Who like his Cheops[8] stinks above the ground,

and especially to *Paris*. P. *and Warburton.* [Paridell narrates his lineage in Canto x. of Book III. of the *Faerie Queene;* and acts in accordance with it in the following Canto.]

[1] *Annius,*] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impositions and Forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity, but our Annius had a more substantial motive. P. *and Warburton.* Sir Andrew Fountaine. *Warton.* [But this is doubted by *Roscoe*, since Sir A. F. was a friend of Swift's.]

[2] This seems more obscure than almost any other passage in the whole. Perhaps he meant the Prince of Wales's dinners. *Bowles.*

[3] *hunt th' Athenian fowl,*] The Owl stamp'd on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens. 'Which *Chalcis* Gods, and mortals call an Owl,' is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer [*Il.* XIV. 291]. P. *and Warburton.* [Κύμινδις is a kind of hawk.]

[4] *Attys, Cecrops*] The first Kings of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbad all Images; and the story of whose Pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Annius's made a counterfeit medal of that Impostor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman. P. *and Warburton.*

[5] [Compare with this passage *Moral Essays*, Ep. v.]

[Said by Warton to refer to Dr Mead, which is highly improbable.]

[6] *Mummius*] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso. P. *and Warburton.*

[7] *Fool-renown'd,*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renown'd by Fools*, or *renown'd for making Fools.* P.

[8] *Cheops*] A King of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that

Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient Sistrum[1] at his head:
'Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes[2]? Traitor base!
Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each Demi-God[3], with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.'
"Witness, great Ammon[4]! by whose horns I swore,"
(Reply'd soft Annius) "this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas[5] lend his soft, obstetric hand."
The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as Locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent to the Throne appeal.
The first thus open'd: "Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r,
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r,
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head;
Then thron'd in glass, and named it CAROLINE[6]:

accurate and learned Voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty; which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above-mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time. P. *and Warburton.*

[1] [The rattle used in the worship of Isis.]

[2] *Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? &c.*] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages [of Vaillant, the French historian of the Syrian kings, swallowing twenty gold medals when the ship in which he was returning to France was attacked by Sallee pirates]. P. *and Warburton.*

[3] *Each* Demi-God,] They are called Θεοὶ on their Coins. P. *and Warburton.*

[4] *Witness, great* Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose *Horns* they wore on their Medals. P. *and Warburton.*

[5] *Douglas*] A Physician of great Learning and no less Taste; above all curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every Edition, Translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes. P. *and Warburton.*

[6] *and nam'd it* Caroline:] It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, *This is* My *Queen Caroline.* P. *and Warburton.*

Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to the Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades!"
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen.
'Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r,
The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
Rose or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *Butterfly*.'
"My sons!" (she answer'd) "both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts!
But hear a Mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends[1].
The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowsy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a-clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
The mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of Moss[2];
The head that turns at super-lunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings[3].

[1] *our sleeping friends.*] Of whom see ver. 345 above. P.

[2] *a wilderness of Moss;*] Of which the Naturalists count I can't tell how many hundred species. P. *and Warburton.*

[3] Wilkins' *wings*] One of the first Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon; which has put some volatile Geniuses upon making wings for that purpose. P. *and Warburton.*

[Dr John Wilkins was successively Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, and master of Trinity, Cambridge. He married a sister of Oliver Cromwell. His first publication (written in 1638, many years before the foundation of the Royal Society) was the famous *Discovery of a New World, or a Discourse to prove that it is probable there may be another habitable world in the moon; with a Discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither.* The Royal Society, in those early transactions which Butler

"O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies!*
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the Whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve!"
'Be that my task' (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When Moral Evidence shall quite decay[1],
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
'Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road[2],
And reason downward, till we doubt of God;
Make Nature still[3] encroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place[4];
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in *Self*, and but for self be born:
Of naught so certain as our *Reason* still,
Of naught so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*,

so copiously ridiculed, never seems to have taken up this subject in its original fulness.]

[1] *When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate-house. See Craig's *Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica.* But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our Goddess; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray. P. *and Warburton.*

[2] *the high Priori Road,*] Those who, from the effects in this Visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the End of their Creation, and the Means of their Happiness: whereas they who take this high Priori Road (such as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better Reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in Mists, or ramble after Visions, which deprive them of all sight of their End, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means. P. *and Warburton.*

An oblique censure of Dr S. Clarke's celebrated demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God à priori. *Wakefield.*

[3] *Make Nature still*] This relates to such as, being ashamed to assert a mere Mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain *Plastic Nature, Elastic Fluid, Subtile Matter, &c.* P. *and Warburton.*

[4] *Thrust some* Mechanic Cause *into his place, Or bind in* Matter, *or diffuse in* Space.] The first of these Follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbes; the third of some succeeding Philosophers. P. *and Warburton.* I am afraid that Pope suffered himself so far to be misled by the malignity of Warburton, as to aim a secret stab at Newton and Clarke, by associating their figurative, and not altogether unexceptionable, language concerning space (which they called the sensorium of the Deity) with the opinion of Spinoza. *Dugald Stewart*, cited by *Roscoe.*

Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew[1], a God like Thee:
Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright Image[2] to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw[3],
While thro' Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
That NATURE our Society adores[4],
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus[5] snores.'
Rous'd at his name, up rose the bousy Sire,
And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire[6];
Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down:
Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame:*
Then thus: 'From Priest-craft happily set free,
Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee:
First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen[7]?
Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down, in Pension, or in Punk!
So K* so B** sneak'd into the grave[8],
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.
Poor W**[9] nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
Thy *Magus*, Goddess! shall perform the rest.'
With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes

[1] *Such as Lucretius drew,*] Lib. i. vv. 57—60. SCRIBL. P. *and Warburton* [*part om.*].

[2] *Or that* bright Image] *Bright Image* was the title given by the later Platonists to that Vision of *Nature*, which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright, that they called it Αὐτοπτον Ἀγαλμα, or the *Self-seen Image*, i. e. seen by its own light. SCRIBL.

[3] [Explained in P. and Warburton's note by quotations from *The Moralists*, a dialogue in Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, in which Theocles is an interlocutor. Warton truly observes that an injustice is done by the insinuation to Shaftesbury, who was a consistent Deist.]

[4] *That Nature our Society adores,*] See the *Pantheisticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by *Toland. Warburton.*

[5] *Silenus*] Silenus was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he sings the principles of that Philosophy in his drink. P. *and Warburton.* By Silenus he means Thos. Gordon, the translator of Tacitus, who published the *Independent Whig*, and obtained a place under government. *Warton.*

[6] *seeds of fire;*] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms, Virg. Eclog. vi.
'Semina ignis—semina flammæ—' P.

[7] *smil'd on by a Queen?*] i. e. This Queen or Goddess of Dulness. P. [Of course with an allusion to Queen Caroline.]

[8] [Carruthers conjectures that K* may be the Duke of Kent, who died in 1740. B** it is impossible, from the abundant choice offering itself, even conjecturally to identify.]

[9] Philip Duke of Wharton. *Bowles.* [v. *Moral Essays*, Ep. i. vv. 179 ff.]

Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies[1]:
A *Feather*, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King[2]!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their Infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others' Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.
Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear[3].
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.
On some, a Priest succinct in amice white[4]
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads[5],
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *Sève* and *Verdeur*[6] of the Vine.

[1] [i. e. is immersed in perpetual slumber.]

[2] *Lost is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King.*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyère declares it to be the character of every good Subject in a Monarchy: "Where (says he) *there is no such thing as Love of our Country*, the Interest, the Glory, and Service of the *Prince* supply its place." *De la République*, chap. x. P.

[3] *The balm of Dulness*] The true *Balm of Dulness*, called by the Greek Physicians Κολακεία, is a *Sovereign* remedy against Inanity, and has its poetic name from the Goddess herself. Its ancient Dispensators were *her Poets;* and for that reason our Author, Book II. ver. 207, calls it, *the Poet's healing balm:* but now it is got into as many hands as Goddard's Drops or Daffy's Elixir. It is prepared by the *Clergy*, as appears from several places of this poem: And by ver. 534, 535, it seems as if the *Nobility* had it made up in their own houses. This, which *Opera* is here said to administer, is but a spurious sort. See my Dissertation on the *Silphium* of the *Antients*. 'Bentl.' *Warburton.*

[4] [*amice* (amictus), a coat, is a word used by Spenser and Milton.]

[5] This good Scholiast (Scriblerus), not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of *French Cookery*, and that particularly *Pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish. P. *and Warburton.*

[6] Sève *and* Verdeur] French Terms relating to Wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy. P.

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
Thy Truffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne!
With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain[1].
KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crowds undone,
To three essential Partridges in one?
Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court[2],
Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertú profess,
Shine in the dignity of F.R.S.[3]
Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
Or issue Members of an Annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon[4].
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS[5].
Then, blessing all, "Go, Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own[6].

[1] *Bladen—Hays*] Names of Gamesters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT, Cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by persons of the first Quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France. P. *and Warburton.* Colonel Martin Bladen was a man of some literature and translated Cæsar's *Commentaries.* I never could learn that he had offended Pope. He was uncle to Wm. Collins, the poet, whom he left an estate. *Warton.*

[2] *Her Children first of more distinguish'd sort, Who study* Shakespeare *at the Inns of Court.*] Mr THOMAS EDWARDS, a *Gentleman*, as he is pleased to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest Ancestors to such Mushrooms, *A Gentleman of the last Edition:* who, nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against *Shakespear*, and with the wit and learning of his Ancestor *Tom Thimble* in the *Rehearsal*, and with the air of good nature and politeness of *Caliban* in the *Tempest*, hath now happily finished the *Dunce's progress* in personal abuse. SCRIBL. [Part *om.*] P. This attack on Mr Edwards is not of weight sufficient to weaken the effects of his excellent Canons of Criticism. *Warton.*

[3] A line taken from Bramston's *Men of Taste. Warton.*

[4] *a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the Root of the Free-Masons. P. *and Warburton.* ['*Gregorians*' are mentioned as 'a convivial sect,' and 'a kind of Masons, but without their sign,' in Crabbe's *Borough*, Letter x.]

[5] Pope refused this degree when offered to him on a visit undertaken to Oxford with Warburton, because the University would not confer the degree of D.D. upon Warburton, to whom some of its members had proposed it. *Roscoe.*

[6] *each* Privilege *your own, &c.*] This speech of Dulness to her Sons at parting may possibly fall short of the Reader's expectation: who may imagine the Goddess might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate Running-Footmen, Jockeys, StageCoachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat

The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace;
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis lead the Race;
From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron Butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line[1];
The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call[2];
The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball;
The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle[3], and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one Monarch more!
And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
Born for First Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!"
More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods[4]?
Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd;
(St James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd)[5]
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn Unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm[6]:
The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept;
And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main[7].

her own design; the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them. P. *and Warburton.*

[1] *Arachne's subtile line;*] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the *Philosophical Transactions.* P. *and Warburton.*

[2] *The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;*] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn *Dance*, intituled, *A Call of Sergeants.* P. *and Warburton.*

[3] *Teach Kings to fiddle*] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; tho' despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican—*Make Senates dance*, either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia. P. *and Warburton.* [The Parliament of Paris was in 1720 relegated *en masse* to Pontoise, for having resisted the last desperate financial measures of Law, the author of the Mississippi scheme, and then director of the Bank of France.]

[4] *What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?*] This verse is truly Homerical; as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey. P. [Part *om.*]

[5] Dr Gilbert Archbishop of York, who had attacked Dr King of Oxford whom Pope much respected. *Warton.* [*Bowles* was informed that this prelate was a most eloquent preacher.]

[6] Young's *Sat.* VII. v. 215:
'What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus slept not at the helm.—'
Wakefield.

[7] These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. P. *and Warburton.* V. 616 is from a poem by Halifax. *Wakefield.*

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short Memories[1], and Dunces none),
Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose Heads she partly, whose completely, blest;
What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull;
'Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong—
O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing Hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold[2]
Of *Night* primæval and of *Chaos* old!
Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain[3],
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.
See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled[4],
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before[5],
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense!*
See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires.
For *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine!*
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries All.

[1] *Wits have short Memories,*] This seems to be the reason why the Poets, whenever they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the Daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, *Iliad* II. vv. 788 ff. And Virgil, *Æn.* VII. [vv. 645—6.] SCRIBL. P.

[2] *She comes! she comes! &c.*] Here the Muse, like Jove's Eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poesy, our Poet here foretels from what we feel, what we are to fear; and, in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterite: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company. P.

[3] [Cf. Ov. *Met.* VII. v. 209.]

[4] *Truth to her old Cavern fled,*] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler says, *He first put her in, before he drew her out. Warburton.*

[5] Ver 643, in the former Edd. stood thus,
Philosophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.
And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. *Warburton.*

IMITATIONS.

BOOK. I.

Ver. 1. *Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire These wondrous works*]

'Dii cœptis (nam vos mutastis et illas).'
Ovid, *Met.* I. [v. 2.]

Ver. 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr Dryden, not in MacFleckno (as is said ignorantly in the *Key to the Dunciad*, p. 1), but in his verses to Mr Congreve,

'And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.'
[*Epistle* XII. v. 48.]

Ver. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence, &c.*]

'Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.'
Virg. *Æn.* I. [vv. 6, 7.]

Ver. 45. *In clouded Majesty*]

'the Moon
Rising in clouded Majesty'
Milton [*Par. Lost*], Book IV. [vv. 606, 7.]

Ver. 48. *—that knows no fears Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:*]

'Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.'
Hor. [*Lib.* II. *Sat.* VII. v. 84.]

Ver. 55. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, Where nameless Somethings, &c.*] That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Booksellers or the Players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's *Dispensary*, Cant. VI:

'Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.'

Ver. 64. *And ductile Dulness, &c.*] A parody on a verse in Garth, Cant. I.

'How ductile matter new meanders takes.'

Ver. 79. *The cloud-compelling Queen*] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.

Var. *He rolled his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.*

'round he throws his [baleful] eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay.'
Milt. [*Par. Lost*], Bk. I. [vv. 56, 7.]

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a *Chaos*, might probably suggest this imitation.

Ver. 140. in the former Edd. *The page admires new beauties not it's own.*]

'Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.'
Virg. *Geor.* II. [v. 82.]

Ver. 166. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.*]

'A te principium, tibi desinet.'—
Virg. *Ecl.* VIII. [v. 11.]

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε, Μοῦσαι.
Theoc. [*Id.* XVII. v. 1.]

'Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna.'
Hor. [Lib. I. Epist. I. v. 1.]

Ver. 195. *Had Heav'n decreed, &c.*]

'Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,
Has mihi servassent sedes.'
Virg. *Æn.* II. [vv. 641, 2.]

Ver. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd—This grey-goose weapon*]

'Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.'
Virg. ibid. [vv. 291, 2.]

Ver. 202. *This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God.*]

'Dextra mihi *Deus*, et telum *quod missile libro.*'
Virgil, of the Gods of Mezentius.
[*Æn.* X. v. 773.]

Var. *And visit Alehouse,*] *Waller* [*to the King*] *on his Navy*,

'Those tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.'

Ver. 229. *Unstain'd, untouch'd, &c.*]

'Felix Priamēia virgo!
Jussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vectæ, &c.'
Virg. *Æn.* III. [v. 320 ff.]

Ver. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,*] Ovid, of Althæa on a like occasion, burning her offspring:

'Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cœpta quater tenuit.'
[*Metam.* VIII. vv. 462, 3.]

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*]

'Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
Vulcano superante domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.'— *Æn.* II. [vv. 310—2.]

Ver. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs She looks and breathes herself into their airs.*]

'Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri
Cœlicolis, et quanta solet'
Virg. *Æn.* II. [vv. 591, 2.]
'Et lætos oculis afflavit honores.'
Id. *Æn.* I. [v. 591.]

Ver. 269. *This the Great Mother, &c.*]

'Urbs antiqua fuit
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Posthabita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse
(Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque.'
Virg. *Æn.* I. [vv. 12 ff.]

Ver. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.*]

'Quorum Imagines lambunt,
Hederæ sequaces.'
Pers. [*Prol.* vv. 5, 6.]

Ver. 311. *O! when shall rise a Monarch, &c.*] Boileau, *Lutrin*, Chant. II. [vv. 123, 4.]

'Hélas! qu'est devenu ce temps, cet heureux temps,
Où les Rois s'honoraient du nom de Fainéans:
&c.'

Book II.

Ver. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat*] Parody of Milton [*Par. Lost*], Book II. [vv. 1. ff.]

'High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her Kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sate.'

Ver. 35. *A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, *Æn.* X. [vv. 636—40.]

'Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem *sine viribus umbram*
In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque
Divini assimilat capitis—
Dat *inania verba*,
Dat *sine mente sonum*.'

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a Plagiary: There seems to me a great propriety in this Episode, where such an one is imagined by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting Bookseller.

Ver. 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,*]

'Vix illud lecti bis sex [cervice subirent,]
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.'
Virg. *Æn.* XII. [vv. 899, 900.]

Ver. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell.*]

'Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.'
Hor. *de Arte* [v. 417].

Ver. 61, &c. Something like this is in Homer, *Il.* X. v. 220, of Diomed Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the Critics well know) from *familiar life*; the second, of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer[1].

Ver. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops; So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,*]

'So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' streight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.'
Milton [*Par. Lost*], Book II. [v. 947 ff.]

Ver. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state, And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.*] Milton, of the motion of the Swan,

'rows
His state with oary feet.'
Par. Lost [Book VII.] v. 440.

And Dryden, of another's,—*With two left legs.*

Ver. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide;*]

'Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvencis
Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas
Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.'
Virg. *Æn.* V. of Nisus [v. 329 ff.].

Ver. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!*]

'Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.'
Virg. *Ecl.* VI. [v. 44.]

Ver. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,*]

'Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
Cœlestesque plagas.'
Ovid. *Met.* XII. [xv. 39, 40.]

Ver. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]

'faciem ostentabat, et udo
Turpia membra fimo.'
Virg. *Æn.* V. [vv. 357, 8.]

Ver. 111. *A shapeless shade, &c.*]

'Effugit imago
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 701, 2.]

[1] [After a diligent search I am disposed to doubt this. Perhaps the allusion is to *Iliad* XXIII. v. 479.]

Ver. 114. *His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air;*] Virg. *Æn.* VI. of the Sibyl's leaves,

'Carmina
turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.'
[vv. 74, 5.]

Ver. 141, 142. *—piteous of his case, Yet smiling at his rueful length of face.*]

'Risit pater optimus illi.'
'Me liceat casum misereri insontis amici—
Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis, &c.'
Virg. *Æn.* V. [v. 358; vv. 350, 1.]

Ver. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*]

'Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?'
Virg. *Æn.* I. [v. 488; vv. 459, 60.]

Ver. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

'His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.'

Ver. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;*]

'Cressa genus, Pholoë, geminique sub ubere nati.' Virg. *Æn.* V. [v. 285.]

Ver. 163. *yon Juno—With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.*] In allusion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

Ver. 165. *This China Jordan*]

'Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.'
Virg. *Æn.* V. [v. 314.]

In the games of Homer, *Il.* XXIII. there are set together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

Ver. 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies, One on his vigour*]

'Ille—melior motu, fretusque juventa;
Hic membris et mole valens.'
Virg. *Æn.* V. [vv. 430, 1.]

Ver. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow...(Sure sign*] The words of Homer, of the Rain-bow, in *Iliad* XI. [vv. 27, 8.]

'ὃς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ στήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.'

'Que le fils de Saturn a fondés dans les nües, pour être dans tous les âges une signe à tous les mortels.' Dacier.

Ver. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus*] Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus,

Georg. IV. [vv. 371—3.]

'Et gemina auratus taurino *cornua* vultu,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum *violentior* influit amnis.'

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, *Cooper's Hill*:

'Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.'

Ver. 223, 225. *To move, to raise, &c. Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake, &c.*]

'Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.'
'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes'—
[*Æn.* VI. vv. 847 ff.; vv. 851, 2.]

Ver. 243. *A Cat-call each shall win, &c.*]

'Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, et hic.'
Virg. *Ecl.* III. [vv. 108, 9.]

Ver. 247. *As when the &c.*] A Simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

Ver. 260. *bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

'Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.' *Georg.* III. [v. 45.]

'He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
While neighb'ring hills *low* back to them again.' Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *Armour, War, &c.* In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

Ver. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;*

'Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.'
Virg. *Ecl.* VIII. [v. 2.]

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* VII. on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

'Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini,
&c.' [v. 516 ff.]

Ver. 273. *The king of dykes, &c.*]

'Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
—quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.'
Virg. [*Georg.* I. v. 482; IV. vv. 372, 3.]

Ver. 285. *Then sighing thus, And am I now threescore? &c.*]

'—Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos.'
Ovid [*Met.* XV. 229, 30].

Ver. 293. *and call on Smedley lost; &c.*]

'Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas, in vain, resounds thro' all the coast.'
Lord Roscommon's Translat. of Virgil's *Ecl.* VI.

Ver. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore*]

'Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori,
&c.' Virg. *Æn.* [VI. v. 44.]

Ver. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:*] Virg. *Æn.* VI. of the Sibyl:

'majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans.' [vv. 49, 50.]

Ver. 346. *Thence to the banks, &c.*]

'Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Ascræo quos ante seni &c.'
[Virg. *Ecl.* VI. vv. 64 ff.]

Ver. 380, 381. *The same their talents...Each prompt &c.*]

'Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, et respondere parati.'
Virg. *Ecl.* VII. [vv. 4, 5.]

Ver. 382. *And smit with love of Poetry and Prate.*]

'Smit with the love of sacred song.'
Milton [*Par. Lost*, Bk. III. v. 29].

Ver. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring;*]

'Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona.'
Ovid, *Met.* XIII. [v. 1.]

Ver. 410. *o'er all the sea of heads.*]

'A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.'
Blackm. *Job.*

Ver. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the *Indian Emperor* [Act III. Sc. 2. v. 1];

'All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.'

Book III.

Ver. 7, 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods, He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:*]

'Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio.' Virg. *Æn.* VII. [vv. 91, 2.]

Ver. 15. *A slipshod Sibyl &c.*]

'Conclamat Vates
furens antro se immisit aperto.'
Virg. [*Æn.* VI. vv. 259, 262.]

Ver. 23. *Here, in a dusky vale &c.*]

'Videt Æneas in valle reducta
Seclusum nemus...
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem,' &c.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c.'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 703 ff.]

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,*] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:

'At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
Lustrabat.' Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 679—81.]

Ver. 28. *unbar the gates of Light,*] An Hemistic of Milton.

Ver. 31, 32. *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c.*]

'Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c.'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 309 ff.]

Ver. 54. *Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays,*]

'sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.'
Virg. *Ecl.* VIII [vv. 12, 13.]

Ver. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:*] This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton [*Par. Lost*], Book XI. [vv. 411 ff.] where the Angel

'To nobler sights from Adam's eye remov'd
The film;
Then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue
The visual nerve—*for he had much to see.*'

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole Episode.

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been!*]

'Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.'
Virg. *Ecl.* VI. [v. 45.]

Ver. 127, 129. *Now look thro' Fate!—See all her Progeny, &c.*]

'Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam.' Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 756 ff.]

Ver. 131. *As Berecynthia, &c.*]

'Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 784 ff.]

Ver. 139. *Mark first that Youth, &c.*]

'Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,
Proxima forte tenet lucis loca.'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 760, 1.]

Ver. 141. *With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!*] A manner of expression used by Virgil, *Ecl.* VIII. [v. 17.]

'Nascere! præque diem veniens, age, Lucifer.'

As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. IV. [v. 17.]

It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others, his own Son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the Father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the Son.

Ver. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,*]

'si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 882, 3.]

Ver. 147. *Thee shall each ale-house &c.*]

'Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
Te liquidi flevere lacus.'
Virg. *Æn.* VIII. [vv. 759, 60.]

Virgil again, *Ecl.* X. [v. 13.]

'Illum etiam lauri, illum flevere myricæ, &c.'

Ver. 150. 'duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 842, 3.]

Ver. 166. *And makes Night hideous*]

'Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making Night hideous.'
Shakesp. [*Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 4.]

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted, flow! &c.*] Parody on Denham, *Cooper's Hill.*

'O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme:
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!'

Ver. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*]

'Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [v. 832 ff.]

Ver. 179. *Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;*]

'Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ.'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 826, 7.]

'Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa,
Nisus amore pio pueri.'
Virg. *Æn.* V. [vv. 295, 6.]

Ver. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* VI [vv. 808 ff.] questions and answers in this manner, of *Numa:*

'Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta, &c.'

Ver. 224. *Learn ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*]

'Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.'
Virg. [*Æn.* VI. v. 620.]

Ver. 244. *And other planets*]

'solemque *suum*, *sua* sidera norunt.'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [v. 641.]

Ver. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;*]

'Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.'
Hor. [*de Arte Poet.* v. 30.]

Ver. 251. *Son? what thou seek'st is in thee:*]

'(Quod petis in te est)
Ne te quæsiveris extra.'

Pers. [*Sat.* I. v. 7. The first part of this seems to be loosely quoted from Hor. *Lib.* I. *Epist.* XI. v. 29.]

Ver. 256. *Wings the red light'ning, &c.*] Like Salmoneus in *Æn.* VI. [vv. 586, 590, 1.]

'Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.'
'Nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et cornipedum cursu simularat equorum.'

Ver. 258. *o'er all unclassic ground:*] Alludes to Mr Addison's verse, in the praises of Italy:

'Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.'
[*Letter from Italy to Lord Halifax.*]

As v. 264 is a parody on a noble one of the same author in *The Campaign;* and v. 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr Y[oung].

Ver. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes, Th' Augustus, &c.*]

'Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
Augustus Cæsar, divum genus; aurea condet
Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam.'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 791 ff.]

Saturnian here relates to the age of *Lead*, mentioned book I. v. 26.

Ver. 340. *And thro' the Iv'ry Gate, &c.*]
'Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.'
Virg. *Æn.* VI. [vv. 893 ff.]

Book IV.

Ver. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]
'Joy to great Cæsar.'
The beginning of a famous old Song.

Ver. 126. *Admire new light &c.*]
'The Soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made.'
Waller. [Lines *On his Divine Poems.*]

Ver. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood, &c.*]
'First Moloch, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
Of human Sacrifice, and parents' tears.'
Milton [*Par. Lost*, I. vv. 392, 3].

Ver. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod;*]
'He, kingly, from his State
Declin'd not.'
Milton [*Par. Lost*, XI. vv. 249, 50].

Ver. 210. *is* Aristarchus *yet unknown?*]
'Sic notus *Ulysses?*'
Virg. [*Æn.* II. v. 44.]
'Dost thou not feel me, *Rome?*'
Ben. Jonson [first verse of *Catiline*].

Ver. 215. *Roman and Greek* Grammarians, *&c.*] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the *Æneid*. [*Lib.* II. *Eleg.* XXV. vv. 65, 6.]
'Cedite, *Romani* scriptores, cedite *Graii!*
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.'

Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant never scar'd with God.*]
'sine Dis animosus Infans.'
Hor. [*Lib.* III. *Od.* IV. v. 20.]

Ver. 332. *So may the sons of sons &c.*]
'Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.'
Virg. [*Æn.* III. v. 98.]

Ver. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack And heard &c.*]
'Sedet, *æternumque sedebit*,
Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque *miserrimus* omnes
Admonet.' Virg. [*Æn.* VI. v. 617 ff.]

Ver. 355. *grant me still to cheat! O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!*]
'Pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere...
Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.'
Hor. [Lib. I Epist. XVI. vv. 60—2.]

Ver. 383. *Receiv'd each Demi-God,*]
'Emissumque ima de sede Typhoëa terræ
Cælitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,
Terga fugæ: donec fessos Ægyptia tellus
Ceperit,' Ovid [*Metam.* V. vv. 321 ff.].

Ver. 405. *Fair from its humble bed, &c. nam'd it* Caroline!
'Each Maid cry'd, *charming!* and each Youth, *divine!*
Now prostrate! dead! behold that *Caroline:*
No Maid cries, *charming!* and no Youth, *divine!*'
These Verses are translated from Catullus, *Epith.* [vv. 39 ff.]
'Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, maltæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.'

Ver. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race,*] The poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, *Muiopotmos.* [vv. 17, 18.]
'Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which do possess the Empire of the Air.'

Ver. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd, &c.*]
'I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon.'
Milton [*Par. Lost*, IV. vv. 402, 3.]

Ver. 518. *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends, Sire, &c.*]
'Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.'
Homer of the Nepenthe, *Odyss.* IV. [vv. 220, 1.]

Ver. 622. Virg. *Æn.* XI. 664, 5. *Warburton.*

Ver. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.*]
'Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat.'
'Vidit Cyllenius omnes
Succubuisse oculos, &c.'
Ovid. *Met.* I. [vv. 685, 6; 713, 4.]

BY THE AUTHOR

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and send as genuine: The said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now, We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, beginning with the words The Mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand, seven hundred, thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor. P.

A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satyrical on a late Rhapsody, called an Essay on Criticism. By Mr Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6*d*.

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. (by Charles Gildon) printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1*s*.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. (Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, Esquires), printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9*d*.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame. By Mr Preston Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6*d*.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1*d*.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-shew at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, Esq printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. (by Griffin, a player, supervised by Mr Th——) printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. (Dennis) printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3*d*.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay (J. D. Breval) printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1*s*.

Remarks upon Mr Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr Dennis, printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1*s*. 6*d*.

Satyrs on the translators of Homer, Mr P. and Mr T. Anon. (Bez. Morris) 1717, price 6*d*.

The Triumvirate: or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. (Leonard Welsted), 1711, folio, price 1*s*.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. (Eliza Haywood), octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England (J. Oldmixon), octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S—— and P——, in a late Miscellany. Octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

P.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS, IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. (Writ by M. Concanen.)

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philo-mauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A letter about Thersites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry. (Supposed by Mr Theobald.)

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr P. (By Mr Oldmixon.)

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr Swift, and against Mr P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr P. at large. Anon. (John Dennis.)

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entituled A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasion'd by Mr Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1*s*. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Booksellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner—"The Confederates, a farce. By "Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the "Dunciad.) An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-"show. By Col. Ducket (for which he is put "into the Dunciad). Essays, &c. By Sir Richard "Blackmore. (N.B. It was for a passage of this "book that Sir Richard was put into the Dun-"ciad.)" And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. (In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the "aforesaid Libels and Advertisements was forged "and untrue; that all mouths had been silent, "except in Mr Pope's praise; and nothing against "him published, but by Mr Theobald.")

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph (a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after), printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo. price 6*d*.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6*d*.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr Curl, 12mo. price 6*d*. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6*d*.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curl and Mrs Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philoscriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. (Bezaleel Morris) against Mr P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: a plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing* "which *any body* should send as Mr Pope's or "Dr Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the fourth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published:

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady (or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-'squire). Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court (Lord H——y). Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr Cibber to Mr Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, octavo.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN

VERSE.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

[Of the following *Imitations of Horace* the first two are rather imitations of Swift, Horace merely supplying the text for the travesty. For (as previous editors have not failed to point out), no styles could be found less alike one another than the bland and polite style of Horace and the downright, and often cynically plain, manner of Swift. With Pope the attempt to write in Swift's style was a mere *tour de force*, which he could indeed carry out with success through a few lines, but not further, without relapsing into his own more elaborate manner. Swift's marvellous precision and *nettetè* of expression are something very different from Pope's pointed and rhetorical elegance. The latter was as ill suited by the Hudibrastic metre patronised by Swift, as was the comic genius of Butler himself by the wider, but nowise easier, garment of the heroic couplet. As it was Swift, and not Horace, whom Pope imitated in the first two of the following pieces, it is needless to follow Warton into a comparison between them and previous attempts at a real version of Horace. The *Ode to Venus*, which was first published in 1737, more nearly approaches the character of a translation.]

BOOK I. EPISTLE VII.[1]

Imitated in the Manner of Dr Swift.

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what Objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores:
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And W * and H * * both in town[2]!
"The Dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true; but Winter comes apace:
Then southward let your Bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you shall see the first warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.
My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with Distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his Plums.
"Pray take them, Sir,—Enough's a Feast:
"Eat some, and pocket up the rest"—
What? rob your Boys? those pretty rogues!
"No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs."
Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.

[1] [Horace's Epistle, which serves as the groundwork of the above, is addressed to Mæcenas, and intended as an excuse and a justification for his protracted absence from Rome. Only about half of Horace's Epistle is followed by Pope.]

[2] [Possibly Ward and Henley, as two representative quacks for bodily and mental ailments.]

Scatter your Favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.
Now this I'll say: you'll find in me
A safe Companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your Resolution
To give me back my Constitution!
The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye[1],
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda[2] rais'd my Strain.
A Weasel once made shift to slink
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the House
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)
Observing, cry'd, "You 'scape not so,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your Application,
I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation;
Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea Subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but Liberty and Ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child[3],
Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My Bread, and Independency!
So bought an Annual Rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a Wife,
I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell[4],
A little House, with Trees a-row,
And, like its Master, very low.
There died my Father, no man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
"Harley[5], the Nation's great Support,"—
But you may read it; I stop short.

BOOK II. SATIRE VI.[6]

The first Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my garden's end,
A Terrace-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood,
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a Grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my Heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any Trick, or any Fault;
And if I pray by Reason's rules,

[1] [Cf. *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, v. 118.]

[2] *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himself and the public on his *Rape of the Lock*. *Warburton.*

[3] *Craggs and Child,*] Mr Craggs gave him some South-sea subscriptions. He was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He used to say it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity. *Warburton.* [Cf. *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxxv.] Sir Francis Child, the banker. *Bowles.*

[4] [Pope's father died at Chiswick in 1717.]

[5] [Harley, Earl of Oxford, the friend of Swift. See the following *Imitation.*]

[6] [In this Satire an opportunity is afforded for judging how far Pope succeeds in imitating the style of his friend. Pope's performance begins at v. 125.]

And not like forty other Fools:
As thus, "Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t' other Acre:
"Or, if it be thy Will and Pleasure,
"Direct my Plough to find a Treasure:"
But only what my Station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits[1].
Preserve, Almighty Providence,
Just what you gave me, Competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in Verse as true as Prose;
Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,
Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with Statesmen here[2].
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the Crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
"Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the Seas;
Great Ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr Dean, go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is Levee-day;
And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green[3]:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some Wag observes me thus perplext,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
"To jostle here among a crowd."
Another in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
"So eager to express your love,
"You ne'er consider whom you shove,
"But rudely press before a Duke."
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the World should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty Fools I never saw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his Case—
That, begs my int'rest for a Place—
A hundred other Men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
"Without your help the Cause is gone"—
"The Duke expects my Lord and you,
"About some great Affair, at Two—"
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
"To get my Warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider, 'tis my first request."—
'Be satisfied, I'll do my best:'—
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
"And, Mr Dean, one word from you"—
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)[4]
Since HARLEY bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his Coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the Wind?"
"Whose Chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell[5], or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains

[1] [Swift's apprehension of idiotcy, to be so terribly justified at the close of his life, haunted him from an early period. Its most terrible expression is the description of the Struldbrugs in Gulliver's voyage to the Houyhnhms.]

[2] [Swift appears never to have absolutely relinquished the hope of English preferment till his last visit to England in 1727. But he never condescended to ask it either of friend or foe.]

[3] [The orders of the Garter and Shamrock. The Bath was not revived till 1725 (by Sir R. Walpole). At Lilliput, Gulliver observed the nobles leaping over a stick, in order to be decorated with blue, red and green threads.]

[4] [Swift commenced his literary labours for the Tories in 1710.]

[5] [Thomas Parnell (born in 1679), author of the *Hermit*, and a lyrical poet of real merit, went

My Lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our Friend the Dean?
"I wonder what some people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown so great,
"Always together, *tête à tête;*
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of some Folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some Express arriv'd at Court;
I'm stopp'd by all the Fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr Dean, frequent the Great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
"Or do the Prints and Papers lie?"
'Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.'
"Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?
"'Tis now no secret"—'I protest
'"Tis one to me'—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the Troops to have their pay?"
And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest Hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my Country Seat!
There, leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book[1],
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those Cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine.
My Friends above, my Folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon set before 'em[2],
The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very Dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A Neighbour's Madness, or his Spouse's,
Or what 's in either of the Houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of Merit, or a Miser?
Whether we ought to choose our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own Ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
Our Friend Dan Prior[3], told, (you know)
A Tale extremely *à propos:*
Name a Town Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of two Mice.
Once on a time (so runs the Fable)
A Country Mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,
Just as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his Guest tho' no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,

over, like Swift, from the Whigs to the Tories, and was one of the members of the Scriblerus Club. He died in 1717; and Pope published his poems in 1722, with a dedication to the Earl of Oxford (v. infra, p. 441). Parnell wrote the Life of Homer for Pope's *Iliad*, and translated the *Batrachomyomachia*. His biography was afterwards written by Goldsmith.]

[1] [Charles Fox, on a summer's day at St Ann's, declared it the right time for lying in the shade with a book. 'Why with a book?' asked Sheridan.]

[2] ['(For one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.' *Pope to Swift* (from Dawley), June 28, 1728.]

[3] [The *City Mouse and Country Mouse* was written by Prior and Charles Montagu (afterwards Earl of Halifax) in 1688, in ridicule of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. The reason why Pope was so sparing in his praise of Prior, is found by Warton in the satirical epigrams written by Prior on Atterbury. 'Dan' is the old familiar abbreviation for *dominus;* Douglas speaks of 'Dan Chaucer;' and Prior himself, in his *Alma*, facetiously mentions 'Dan Pope.']

But show'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my Friend, this savage Scene!
"For God's sake, come, and live with Men:
"Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,
"Both small and great, both you and I:
"Then spend your life in Joy and Sport,
"(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court)."
The veriest Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn;
('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordships had sat late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Description, he might show it;
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with Silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The Moon was up, and Men a bed,
The Napkins white, the Carpet red:
The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice sate, *tête à tête.*
Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça est bon! Ah goutez ça!*
"That Jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,
"Pray, dip your Whiskers and your Tail in."
Was ever such a happy Swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
"To eat so much—but all 's so good.
"I have a thousand thanks to give—
"My Lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the Hall
Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
"A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door"—
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your Honour, quoth the Peasant,
"This same Dessert is not so pleasant:
"Give me again my hollow Tree,
"A crust of Bread, and Liberty!"

BOOK IV. ODE I.

To Venus[1].

AGAIN? new Tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *Number five*[2] direct your Doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming Loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.

[1] It may be worth observing, that the measure Pope has here chosen is precisely the same that Ben Jonson used in a translation of this very Ode. *Warton.*

[2] The number of Murray's lodgings in King's Bench Walks. *Bowles.* [See *Imitations of Horace*, Bk. I. *Ep.* VI. 49, *note.*]

He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
  Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each Rival shall submit,
  Make but his Riches equal to his Wit[1].
Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,
  (Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
His House, embosom'd in the Grove,
  Sacred to social life and social love[2],
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
  Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
  Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;
There, ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,
  Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There Youths and Nymphs, in concert gay,
  Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
  For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu, fond hope of mutual fire,
  The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;
Adieu, the heart-expanding bowl,
  And all the kind Deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear[3]!
  Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
  Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam,
  Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
  And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
  Or softly glide by the Canal,
Now, shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
  And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK[4].

LEST you should think that verse should die,
  Which sounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught, on the wings of Truth to fly
  Above the reach of vulgar song;

Tho' daring Milton sits sublime,
  In Spenser native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
  Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

[1] [Lord Mansfield is reported to have been in embarrassed circumstances during the early part of his career.]

[2] This alludes to Mr Murray's intention at one time of taking the lease of Pope's house and grounds at Twickenham. *Bowles.*

[3] This was in the original:
'But why, my Patty, ah too dear'—
relating to Martha Blount. *Bowles.*

[4] [Viz. stanzas 1, 2, 3, 7.]

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth
  Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
  And Those, new Heav'ns and Systems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
  They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
  They had no Poet, and are dead.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL MORTIMER[1].

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
  'Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost[2]! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest Arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse! to HARLEY dear—in vain!
  For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For SWIFT and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.
  Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear);

[1] *Epist. to Robert Earl of Oxford,*] This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr Parnell's Poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721. P. [As to Parnell v. ante p. 437. Robert Harley, though descended from a Puritan family and in the early part of his career an extreme Whig, had, by a transition not unparalleled in political history, become the leader of the Country Party; and was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons in 1701. In 1704 he became Secretary of State in the Godolphin Ministry, and after being expelled from office succeeded in obtaining the Chancellorship of the Exchequer by employing 'female intrigue and raising the cry of the Church in danger.' (*Macknight.*) He subsequently was created Earl of Oxford and made Lord Treasurer; and it was at this time that he principally availed himself of the services of Swift and his friends. The rivalry between himself and Bolingbroke ended in his downfall immediately after the death of Queen Anne; in 1716, he was impeached for treasonable intrigues with the Jacobites during his tenure of power; and confined in the Tower. In 1717 the trial was abandoned; and he died in retirement in 1724.]

[2] [Verg. *Æn.* VI. 870.]

Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days;
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of Int'rest, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.
And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul supreme in each hard instance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blast of public breath,
The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.
In vain to Deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, she shades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise);
Ev'n now, observant of the parting Ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy various Day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPISTLE TO JAMES CRAGGS [1], ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE [2].

A SOUL as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows.
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts severe upon a rising Lie,
And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery.
All this thou wert, and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed,—a Minister, but still a Man.

[1] James Craggs was made Secretary at War in 1717, when the Earl of Sunderland and Mr Addison were appointed Secretaries of State. *Bowles.* [He succeeded Addison in the latter office in 1720, and to him Addison dedicated his works in the last letter which he ever composed. Craggs was afterwards involved in the South Sea speculations (concerning which he advised Pope); but his death in 1721 saved him from the exposure with which he was threatened. He was a frequent correspondent of Pope's during the years from 1711 to 1719; and is celebrated by Gay as 'bold generous Craggs whose heart was ne'er disguised.' Compare *Epitaph* IV. *infra.*]

[2] *Secretary of State.*] In the Year 1720. P.

Be not, exalted to whate'er degree,
Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

EPISTLE TO MR JERVAS[1], WITH MR DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING.

THIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire[2]:
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away;
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art;
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend!
What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade:
While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew;
Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:

[1] *Epist. to Mr Jervas.*] This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717. P. [Charles Jervas was an early and intimate friend of Pope's, and instructed him in painting about the year 1713. Three years later we find Pope occupying the painter's house during the absence of the latter from London. As a painter, Jervas is spoken slightingly of by Horace Walpole. He is also, says Roscoe, well known by his excellent translation of Don Quixote.]

[2] [Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, hastily turned into English by Dryden as a piece of hack work, was afterwards more elaborately translated by Mason, who was himself a proficient in the art.]

Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with[4] thy lov'd Guido's[1] air,
Caracci's strength[2], Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's[3] free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd Gem, the work of years[4]!
Yet still how faint by precept is exprest
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes[5].
Muse! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!
Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise[6],
And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes[7];
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow[8],
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow[9].
Oh lasting as those Colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.
The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire;
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.

[1] [Guido Reni.]

[2] By Caracci's strength, Pope probably meant to refer to Annibale Caracci only; the most distinguished of the three brothers (A., 'Agostino and Ludovico) for his knowledge of the human figure. *Roscoe.*

[3] [Paolo Veronese.]

[4] Fresnoy employed above twenty Years in finishing his Poem. P.

[5] [See next note.]

[6] Churchill's race were the four beautiful daughters of John the great Duke of Marlborough: Henrietta, Countess of Godolphin, afterwards duchess of Marlborough; Anne Countess of Sunderland; Elizabeth Countess of Bridgewater; and Mary, Duchess of Montagu. Their portraits are at Blenheim. Lady Bridgewater, whom Jervas affected to be in love with, and who accused herself at his expense, was the most beautiful of the four sisters. She died March 1714, aged 27. *Bowles.* [Pope in a letter to Gay, August 23rd 1713, quoted in Carruthers' *Life*, speaking of his own attempts, says that he has thrown away among other portraits, 'two Lady Bridgewaters and a Duchess of Montagu.' In a fragment of Pope's published in Roscoe's *Supplement* (1825) the fair Bridgewater and Jervas are compared to Campaspe and Apelles.]

[7] Frances Lady Worsley, wife of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., mother of Lady Carteret, wife of John Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville. *Warton.* This name originally stood Wortley; but the compliment was transferred from her after her quarrel with Pope by the alteration of a single letter. *Carruthers.*

[8] [Martha Blount.]

[9] [Miss Arabella Fermor, the heroine of the *Rape of the Lock.*]

Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung 'till Granville's Mira die[1];
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT[2], WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE[3].

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy Art may happy Nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,
His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath supprest,
As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious Comedy;
In ev'ry scene some Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear[4],
And more diverting still than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,
Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these.
Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to Womankind;

[1] [See *Windsor Forest*, v. 298.]

[2] [Miss Teresa Blount. See *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxx. This Epistle was first published in *Lintot's Miscellany* in 1712; so that Pope's note (*ante*, p. 443) is not accurate.]

[3] [Vincent Voiture (1598—1648), one of the chief ornaments of the Hotel Rambouillet (the centre of the society of the so-called *précieux* and *précieuses* at Paris under the regency of Mary de' Medici). 'His great merit,' says a modern French critic (M. Masson), 'consists in the inexhaustible variety of forms which he applies to a monotonous sterility of ideas.']

[4] [*Antonio.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gratiano. Let me play the fool, &c.
Merchant of Venice, Act I. Sc. I.]

Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by shame,
Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place;
Well might you wish for change by those accurst,
But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let false Shows, or empty Titles please:
Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.
The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart.
But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late disarms:
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus Voiture's[1] early care still shone the same,
And Montausier's[2] was only chang'd in name:
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.
Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost:
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse;
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

[1] Mademoiselle Paulet. P.

[2] [The Duke of Montausier, governor to the Dauphin son of Louis XIV., married Mdlle. de Rambouillet. He was believed to have been the original of Molière's *Misanthrope*.]

EPISTLE[1] TO THE SAME, ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION[2].

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome Country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda[3] flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their Pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.
She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea;
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n[4].
Some Squire, perhaps you take delight to rack;
Whose game is Whisk[5], whose treat a toast in sack;
Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—'No words!'
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.
In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;
Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

[1] [This Epistle is cited by M. Taine (*Lit. Angl.* IV. c. 7) to exemplify the realistic element which, according to his theory, was no more absent from Pope than from any of the contemporary English poets.]

[2] *Coronation.*] Of King George the first, 1715. P.

[3] The assumed name of Teresa Blount, under which she corresponded for many years with a Mr Moore, under the feigned name of Alexis. *Bowles.* [James Moore Smythe.] Originally, according to Warburton (cited from Ruffhead by Carruthers):

'So fair Teresa gave the town a view.'

[4] [Sheridan may have remembered this passage, when writing the famous scene between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, *School for Scandal*, Act II. Sc. 1.]

[5] [According to Dr Johnson, the word *whist* was vulgarly pronounced *whisk*.]

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia[1] rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

ON RECEIVING FROM THE

RIGHT HON. THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS[2].

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen[3]
Descend in all her sober charms;
"And take," (she said, and smil'd serene,)
"Take at this hand celestial arms:

"Secure the radiant weapons wield;
"This golden lance shall guard Desert,
"And if a Vice dares keep the field,
"This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;
And dipt them in the sable Well,
The fount of Fame or Infamy.

'What *well?* what *weapons?*' (Flavia cries,)
'A standish, steel and golden pen!
'It came from Bertrand's[4], not the skies;
'I gave it you to write again.

[1] In the first edition it is 'the blush of Parthenissa,' which was the principal designation of Martha Blount in the correspondence of the sisters with James Moore. *Carruthers.*

[2] To enter into the spirit of this address, it is necessary to premise, that the Poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for the two poems entitled the *Epilogue to the Satires.* On which with great resentment against his enemies, for not being willing to distinguish between

'Grave epistles bringing vice to light'

and licentious libels, he began a *Third Dialogue*, more severe and sublime than the first and second: which being no secret, matters were soon compromised. His enemies agreed to drop the prosecution, and he promised to leave the third Dialogue unfinished and suppressed. This affair occasioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas. *Warburton.* Lady Frances Shirley was fourth daughter of Earl Ferrers, who had at that time a house at Twickenham. Notwithstanding her numerous admirers, she died at Bath, *unmarried*, in the year 1762. *Bowles.* [Bowles thinks the *Third Dialogue* alluded to by Warburton to be the fragment '1740' discovered after Pope's death among his papers by Bolingbroke: but there is no evidence to support this plausible conjecture.]

[3] [Pallas Athene.]

[4] A famous toy-shop at Bath. *Warburton.*

'But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
'You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
'Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
'L..... and all about your ears[1].

'You'd write as smooth again on glass,
'And run, on ivory, so glib,
'As not to stick at fool or ass,
'Nor stop at Flattery or Fib[2].

'*Athenian Queen!* and *sober charms!*
'I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
''Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
'In Dryden's Virgil see the print[3].

'Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
'That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies[4],
'I'll lift you in the harmless roll
'Of those that sing of these poor eyes.'

EPITAPHS.

'His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere!' VIRG. [*Æn.* VII. vv. 885, 6].

[No observations would be called for upon these *Epitaphs*, composed at different periods of Pope's life, were it not that they were subjected to a minute, and indeed a petty, criticism by Dr Johnson, in his *Dissertation on the Epitaphs written by Pope*, (contributed to a paper called the *Universal Visitor* in 1756, and afterwards thought worthy of republication in the *Idler*.) Johnson's criticisms, though occasionally just, are in this instance too thoroughly in the Ricardus Aristarchus style to need quotation. Perhaps the most pointed is that on the *Epitaph on Rowe*, concerning which Johnson remarks that 'its chief fault is that it belongs less to Rowe than to Dryden, and indeed gives very little information concerning either.' The *Epitaph on Newton*, (which he afterwards declared to Mrs Piozzi to be little less than profane, as designed for the tomb of a Christian in a Christian Church,) the *Dissertation* condemned because 'the thought is obvious, and the words *night* and *light* too nearly allied!' Johnson afterwards remembered (Hayward's *Autobiography, &c. of Mrs Piozzi*, II. p. 159) 'that something like this was said of Aristotle,' but 'he forgot by whom.' Pope's *Epitaphs*—with the exception of the charming lines on Gay—only rise above the ordinary level of this class of composition, because that level is so extremely low.]

[1] Lambeth; alluding to the Scandal hinted at in *Epil. to Satires*, Dial. I. v. 120. *Carruthers.*

[2] The *Dunciad*. *Warburton.*

[3] *The Epistle to Arbuthnot.* *Warburton.*

[4] i. e. If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic* poem. He was then meditating on such a work. *Warburton.*

I.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

In the Church of Withyam in Sussex[1].

(1706.)

DORSET, the Grace of the Courts, the Muses' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, died.
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay;
His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
Blest Satirist! who touch'd the Mean so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease.
Blest Peer! his great Forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS[2], other DORSETS shine,
And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1716[3].

A PLEASING Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from superstition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

[1] [As to Dorset, cf. *Imitations of English Poets in Juvenile Poems*, p. 183.]

[2] [Thomas Sackville, first Lord Buckhurst and first Earl of Dorset, author of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy, died in 1608. Edward, Earl of Dorset, was a prominent Royalist in the first part of the Civil war, and was, according to Clarendon, distinguished for his wit and learning. His grandson is the subject of Pope's epitaph.]

[3] [As to Sir William Trumball, see note to p. 13.] The first six lines of this epitaph were originally written for John Lord Caryll, afterwards Secretary of State to the exiled king James II.; the remainder of the same epitaph on Caryll being inserted in the *Epistle to Jervas*. *Athenæum*, July 15th, 1854.

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT; at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near;
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear;
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he died[1].
How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

In Westminster-Abbey[2].

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End;
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend;
Ennobled by Himself, by All approv'd;
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd[3].

V.

INTENDED FOR MR ROWE,

In Westminster Abbey[4].

THY relics, ROWE, to this fair Urn we trust,
And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust:
Beneath a rude[5] and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy Tomb shall guide enquiring eyes[6].

[1] These were the very words used by Louis XIV., when his Queen died, 1683; though it is not to be imagined they were copied by Pope. *Warton.*

[2] [As to Craggs, v. *ante*, p. 442. Horace Walpole sent to Sir Horace Mann a very ill-natured epitaph on the same Craggs, whose father had been a footman: 'Here lies the last, who died before the first of his family.' (*Jesse.*) As Craggs's death alone arrested the enquiry into the charge of peculation brought against him in connexion with the South Sea frauds (his father committing suicide shortly afterwards) the praise in the third line of Pope's *Epitaph* is singularly bold.]

[3] These verses were originally the conclusion of the *Epistle to Mr Addison on his Dialogue on Medals*, and were adopted as an Epitaph by an alteration in the last line, which in the *Epistle* stood—

'And prais'd unenvied by the Muse he lov'd.'

Roscoe [cf. p. 264].

[4] [As to Rowe, see note to *Epil. to Jane Shore*, p. 94.]

[5] *Beneath a rude*] The Tomb of Mr Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

This SHEFFIELD *rais'd. The sacred Dust below*
Was DRYDEN *once: The rest who does not know?*

which the Author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet.

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9, 1631. Mortuus Maij 1, 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT. P.

[6] [The above epitaph was subsequently altered by Pope, the following lines being added:

VI.

ON MRS CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast[1].

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense:
No Conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman died.

VII.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HONOURABLE ROBERT DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

Erected by their Father, the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727[2].

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy Word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
And thou, blest Maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a Stone, a Verse, receive;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

'Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
One grateful Woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.'
But further alterations and additions were made in the inscription, until it read as it now stands on the monument in Westminster Abbey to Rowe and his daughter.]

[1] This epitaph is on a monument in St Margaret's Church, Westminster, where the date of Mrs Elizabeth Corbet's death is recorded as March 1st, 1724. Mr Hunter conceives that she was the Mrs Corbet who was a sister of Pope's mother. *Carruthers.* [Hunter enumerates Mrs Corbet among the Roman Catholic members of the Turner family; and as the notice preceding the epitaph on the monument speaks of her as the daughter of Sir Uvedale Corbett, Bart., it is irreconcileable with Hunter's statement.]

[2] [Robert Digby was a frequent correspondent of Pope's during the years 1717 to 1724. He died in 1726; and Pope laments his death in a letter to his brother Edward Digby.]

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,
In Westminster-Abbey, 1723[1].

KNELLER, by Heav'n, and not a Master, taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes' honours, Poets' lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie[2]
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,
In Westminster-Abbey, 1729[3].

HERE, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!
Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

[1] Pope had made Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his death-bed, a promise to write his epitaph, which he seems to have performed with reluctance. He thought it 'the worst thing he ever wrote in his life.' (*Spence.*) *Roscoe.* [Sir Godfrey Kneller was born at Lübeck in 1648, and after being introduced by the Duke of Monmouth to King Charles II., filled the office of State-painter under that monarch and his successors up to George I., in whose reign (in 1726) he died.]

[2] Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori. P.

Much better translated by Mr W. Harrison, of New College, Oxford, a favourite of Swift:

'Here Raphael lies, by whose untimely end
Nature both lost a rival and a friend.'
Warton.

[3] [The following is the prose inscription on General Withers' monument in Westminster Abbey, which is also believed to be by Pope:

'Henry Withers, Lieutenant-General, descended from a military stock, and bred in arms in Britain, Dunkirk, and Tangier. Through the whole course of the two last wars of England with France, he served in Ireland, in the Low Countries, and in Germany: was present in every battle and at every siege, and distinguished in all by an activity, a valour and a zeal which nature gave and honour improved. A love of glory and of his country animated and raised him above that spirit which the trade of war inspires—a desire of acquiring riches and honours by the miseries of mankind. His temper was humane, his benevolence universal, and among all those ancient virtues which he preserved in practice and in credit none was more remarkable than his hospitality. He died at the age of 78, on the 11th of November, 1729, to whom this monument is erected by his companion in the wars and his friend through life, HENRY DISNEY.'

Both Withers and Disney (who rests beside his comrade) are mentioned among Pope's friends by Gay, who alludes to the hospitality panegyrized in the above epitaph.]

X.

ON MR ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamstead in Berks, 1730[1].

THIS modest Stone, what few vain Marbles can[2],
May truly say, Here lies an honest Man:
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd[3],
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

XI.

ON MR GAY,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above Temptation, in a low Estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust;
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies GAY[4].

[1] [Elijah Fenton was born in 1683. Fenton, together with Broome, wrote part of the translation of the *Odyssey* in a style so similar to Pope's that most readers would fail to distinguish between the work of the latter and that of his coadjutors. A survey of Fenton's works shows a striking reproduction on his part of most of the species of poetry cultivated by Pope. Fenton has a pastoral (*Florelio*) to correspond to Pope's fourth and favourite Pastoral; a paraphrase of the 14th chapter of Isaiah to correspond to Pope's *Messiah;* an epistle from *Sappho to Phæon*, Epistles, Prologues, and Translations and Imitations of Horace. Fenton was a thorough master of versification, and excelled Pope in his command of a variety of metres. His *Ode to Lord Gower* (which Pope placed next in merit to Dryden's *St Cecilia*) avoids the faults committed by Pope in his own 'Pindaric' essay; and his blank verse translation of the 11th book of the *Odyssey* is dignified without heaviness. Fenton's tragedy of *Mariamne* seems to have owed its success in part to the judicious suggestions of the author of *Oroonoko*.]

[2] The modest front of this small floor
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can:
Here lies a truly honest man.
Crashaw, *Epitaph upon Mr Ashton.* *Johnson.*

[3] Cf. Hor. *Sat.* Lib. I. 1. 117—119. *Wakefield.*

[4] [There is a very striking coincidence between

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON, In Westminster-Abbey[1].

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Testantur *Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:*
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light[2].

XIII.

ON DR FRANCIS ATTERBURY, Bishop of Rochester,

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732, (his only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him[3].)

DIALOGUE[4].

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd —one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!
Is there on Earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,
He said, and died[5].

these four lines and the following in the *Epitaph* recently published by Prof. H. Morley, and believed by him to be Milton's:

'In this little bed my dust
Incurtained round I here entrust,
While my more pure and noble part
Lies entomb'd in every heart.'

This parallel passage at once explains the meaning of Pope's last line, which he complained to Warburton 'was not generally understood.']

[1] [Died, 1727.]

[2] *and all was Light.*] It had been better—*and there was Light*,—as more conformable to the reality of the *fact*, and to the *allusion* whereby it is celebrated. *Warburton.*

[3] [As to Atterbury, see *Epil. to Satires*, Dial. II. v. 82.] Macaulay, in his essay on *Francis Atterbury*, in relating that after his death his body was brought to England and privately buried under the nave of Westminster Abbey, observes: 'That the epitaph with which Pope honoured the memory of his friend does not appear on the walls of the great national cemetery, is no subject of regret; for nothing worse was ever written by Colley Cibber.']

[4] [Bowles has pointed out that many of our old epitaphs are written *in dialogue*.]

[5] [Cf. *Moral Essays*, Ep. I. v. 265. Atterbury's letter to the Pretender, 'almost the last expressions of this most eloquent man' (*Lord Stanhope*), may be compared with Pope's poetic version, which was sarcastically annotated by Warburton, a safer kind of prelate.]

XIV.

ON EDMUND D. OF BUCKINGHAM,
Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735[1].

IF modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
Could save a Parent's justest Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy Tear,
Or sadly told, how many Hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame
Attend the shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY[2].

HEROES, and KINGS! your distance keep:
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME[3].

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say of the mortal within:
But, who living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in GOD, that as well as he was, he shall be.

[1] Only son of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, by Katharine Darnley, natural daughter of James II. *Roscoe.*

[2] [These lines were placed by Warburton on the monument erected by him to Pope in Twickenham Church, seventeen years after his death. Mr Carruthers points out that this execrable piece of bad taste was in contravention of Pope's own desire as expressed in his will, where he directs that *only* the date of his death, and his age, should be inscribed on his tomb.]

[3] [Imitated from Ariosto's epitaph on himself.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PARAPHRASE

(ON THOMAS À KEMPIS, l. III. c. 2).

[Done by the Author at twelve years old; and first published from the Caryll Papers in the *Athenæum*, July 15th, 1854.]

SPEAK, Gracious Lord, oh, speak; thy Servant hears:
For I'm thy Servant and I'll still be so:
Speak words of Comfort in my willing Ears;
And since my Tongue is in thy praises slow,
And since that thine all Rhetoric exceeds:
Speak thou in words, but let me speak in deeds!

Nor speak alone, but give me grace to hear
What thy celestial Sweetness does impart;
Let it not stop when entered at the Ear,
But sink, and take deep rooting in my heart.
As the parch'd Earth drinks Rain (but grace afford)
With such a Gust[1] will I receive thy word.

Nor with the Israelites shall I desire
Thy heav'nly word by Moses to receive,
Lest I should die: but Thou who didst inspire
Moses himself, speak Thou, that I may live.
Rather with Samuel I beseech with tears,
Speak, gracious Lord, oh, speak, thy servant hears.

Moses, indeed, may say the words, but Thou
Must give the Spirit, and the Life inspire;
Our Love to thee his fervent Breath may blow,
But 'tis thyself alone can give the fire:
Thou without them may'st speak and profit too;
But without thee what could the Prophets do?

They preach the Doctrine, but thou mak'st us do't;
They teach the mysteries thou dost open lay;
The trees they water, but thou giv'st the fruit;
They to Salvation show the arduous way,
But none but you can give us Strength to walk;
You give the Practice, they but give the Talk.

Let them be Silent then; and thou alone,
My God! speak comfort to my ravish'd ears;
Light of my eyes, my Consolation,
Speak when thou wilt, for still thy Servant hears.
Whate'er thou speak'st, let this be understood:
Thy greater Glory, and my greater Good!

[1] [i. e. taste.]

TO THE AUTHOR OF A POEM

ENTITLED

SUCCESSIO.

[First published in Lintot's *Miscellanies;* avowed by Pope as written by him when fourteen years of age, in note to *Dunciad,* Bk. I. v. 181. Elkanah Settle, the city poet, and the Doeg of *Absalom and Achitophel,* had written a poem in celebration of the settlement of the crown on the house of Brunswick. Of this poem vv. 4 and 17—18 were afterwards, with slight alterations, inserted in the *Dunciad* as vv. 183—4 and 181—2 of Bk. I.]

BEGONE, ye Critics, and restrain your spite,
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write.
The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on;
What tho' no bees around your cradle flew,
Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew;
Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead
A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.
When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling lyre,
Attentive blocks stand round you and admire.
Wit pass'd through thee no longer is the same,
As meat digested takes a diff'rent name;
But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.
Thus thou may'st rise, and in thy daring flight
(Though ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous height.
So, forced from engines, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs move nimbly through the sky.
Sure Bavius copied Mævius to the full,
And Chærilus[1] taught Codrus to be dull;
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er
This needless labour; and contend no more
To prove a *dull succession* to be true,
Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.

ARGUS.

'Homer's account of Ulysses's dog Argus is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances consider'd, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good-nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embark'd for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years (which by the way is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when she died. May the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her successors!). You shall have it in verse.' *Pope to H. Cromwell, Oct.* 19, 1709.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests toss'd,

[1] Perhaps by *Chærilus,* the juvenile satirist designed *Flecknoe* or *Shadwell,* who had received their immortality of Dulness from his master Catholic in poetry and opinions: *Dryden. D'Israeli,* cited by *Roscoe.*

Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends and ev'n his Queen unknown;
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew:
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died!

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

[Lib. x. Epigr. xxiii. Mentioned as Pope's 'imitation of Martin's epigram on *Antonius Primus*,' by Sir William Trumball, in a letter to Pope, Jan. 19, 1716.]

At length, my Friend, (while Time, with still career,
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year[1],)
Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race;
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM[2].

Muse, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let Crowds of Critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

[1] How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
Milton's Sonnets. Carruthers.

[2] The verses referred to are the commendatory lines prefixed to Pope's poem by B. *Roscoe*. [As to Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, see note to *Essay on Criticism*, v. 724.]

ON MRS TOFTS,

A CELEBRATED OPERA-SINGER[1].

SO bright is thy Beauty, so charming thy Song,
As had drawn both the Beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy Av'rice, and such is thy Pride,
That the Beasts must have starv'd, and the Poet have died.

EPIGRAM ON THE FEUDS ABOUT HANDEL AND BONONCINI[2].

[SOMETIMES, but incorrectly, attributed to Swift.]

STRANGE! all this Difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-*dum* and Tweedle-*dee!*

EPIGRAM.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

EPITAPH.

[IMITATED by Goldsmith in his Epitaph on Edward Purdon, 'a bookseller's hack.']

WELL then, poor G—— lies under Ground!
So there's an End of honest Jack.
So little Justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

EPITAPH.

[FROM the Latin on Joannes Mirandula[3]. The lines were afterwards applied by Pope to Lord Coningsby; as to whom cf. *Moral Essays*, Ep. III. v. 397.]

HERE Francis C——[4] lies. Be civil;
The rest God knows—perhaps the Devil!

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE[5].

NOW Europe's balanc'd, neither Side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the Scales.

[1] [Katharine Tofts first came before the public in 1703, as a singer of Italian and English, at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Subsequently her rivalry with Margherita de l'Epine divided the public into an English and an Italian party. Hughes celebrated her as 'the British Tofts.' She retired from the stage in 1709, being then under the influence of a mental malady. See the *Tatler*, No. 20, where her insanity (which led her to identify herself with Camilla, one of her operatic characters) is described. She was married to a Mr Smith; and died in Italy in 1760. See Hogarth's *Memoirs of the Musical Drama*.]

[2] [Giovanni Battista Bononcini's first English opera appeared in 1720; but he was at that time already well-known as the composer of *Camilla*.]

[3] Joannes jacet hic Mirandula; cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges—forsan et Antipodes.

[4] [Chartres.]

[5] ['The Balance of Europe' is a term of which

TO A LADY WITH "THE TEMPLE OF FAME."

["I send you my Temple of Fame, which is just come out; but my sentiments about it you will see better by this epigram."—*Pope to Martha Blount*, 1714.]

WHAT'S Fame with Men, by Custom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation;
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

IMPROMPTU TO LADY WINCHILSEA.

OCCASIONED BY FOUR SATIRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN-WITS, IN THE "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

[THE four verses are apparently Canto IV. vv. 59—62. The Countess of Winchilsea, a poetess whom Rowe hailed as inspired by 'more than Delphic ardour,' replied by some pretty lines, where she declares that, 'disarmed with so genteel an air,' she gives over the contest. Her reply will be found in Roscoe's *Supplement*, pp. 183—6.]

IN vain you boast Poetic Names of yore,
And cite those Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the Fall of every Female Wit;
But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.
Of all Examples by the World confess'd,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who, like her Mistress on Britannia's Throne[1],
Fights and subdues in Quarrels not her own.
To write their Praise you but in vain essay;
E'en while you write, you take that Praise away:
Light to the Stars the Sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

EPIGRAM

ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, ANNO 1716.

[THE Kit-Cat Club was so named from Christopher Katt, a famous pastry-cook. Steele, Addison, and many other wits were members, and Tonson secretary. It was customary to write verses in honour of the 'Toasts,' and engrave them upon the glasses. Each member gave his picture to the club.]

WHENCE deathless *Kit-Cat* took its Name,
Few Critics can unriddle;
Some say from Pastry-cook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.

the origin belongs to the times of Henry IV. of France. Pope's epigram refers to the state of Europe after the peace of Utrecht in 1715, as a peace resulting (which was not in truth the case) from general exhaustion.]

[1] [Alluding to the wars concerning the Spanish succession, in which England certainly had no direct interest, under Queen Anne.]

From no trim Beaux its Name it boasts,
Gray statesmen or green wits;
But from this Pell-mell Pack of Toasts
Of old "Cats" and young "Kits."

A DIALOGUE.

1717.

POPE.—SINCE my old friend is grown so great
As to be Minister of State,
I'm told, but 'tis not true, I hope,
That Craggs[1] will be ashamed of Pope.

CRAGGS.—Alas! if I am such a creature
To grow the worse for growing greater;
Why, faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

ON DRAWINGS OF THE STATUES OF APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES,

MADE FOR POPE BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

WHAT god, what genius, did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas friendship warm as Phœbus, kind as love,
And strong as Hercules.

PROLOGUE TO THE "THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE."

[From the *Miscellanies* of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay.]

[THOUGH I am not aware on what evidence Roscoe and Carruthers agree in ascribing the Prologue of this farce to Pope, instead of leaving its joint honours like those of the farce itself to Gay and Arbuthnot (for both contributed to the volume of *Miscellanies* in which it was published) as well as him; yet the following has been inserted on account of the interest attaching to the piece, as the origin of Pope's quarrel with Cibber. A brief notice of the play, which was produced at Drury-Lane on Jan. 16th, 1717, will be found in the *Introductory Memoir:* and the play itself in most editions of Gay, and in Bowles' edition of Pope, vol. x.]

AUTHORS are judg'd by strange capricious Rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones Fools:

[1] [See p. 442.]

Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
For Fools are only laugh'd at, Wits are hated.
Blockheads with Reason Men of Sense abhor;
But Fool 'gainst Fool is barb'rous Civil War.
Why on all Authors then should Critics fall,
Since some have writ, and shown no Wit at all?
Condemn a Play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the *French* who made it."
By running Goods, these graceless Owlers[1] gain;
These are the *Rules* of *France*, the *Plots* of *Spain:*
But Wit, like Wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these Rogues, turns *English* common Draught.
They pall *Molière's* and *Lopez'*[2] sprightly strain,
And teach dull *Harlequins* to grin in vain.
How shall our Author hope a gentler Fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate?
It had been civil in these ticklish times,
To fetch his Fools and Knaves from foreign Climes,
Spaniards and *French* abuse to the World's End,
But spare old *England*, lest you hurt a Friend.
If any Fool is by our Satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to show you all, he's hit.
Poets make Characters, as *Salesmen* Clothes,
We take no Measure of your Fops and Beaus,
But here all Sizes and all Shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves, like Chaps[3] in *Monmouth-street.*
Gallants! look here, this *Fools-cap* has an Air, [*Shows a cap with ears.*
Goodly and smart, with Ears of *Issachar.*
Let no one Fool engross it, or confine,
A common Blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But Poets in all Ages had the Care
To keep this Cap, for such as will, to wear,
Our Author has it now, (for every Wit
Of Course resign'd it to the next that writ:)
And thus upon the Stage 'tis fairly[4] thrown;
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own. [*Flings down the cap, and exit.*

PROLOGUE DESIGNED FOR MR D'URFEY'S[5] LAST PLAY.

[First published in Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies.*]

GROWN old in Rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted Bard:

[1] [i.e. smugglers: prop. woollers.]
[2] [Lopez de Vega, the most prolific of Spanish dramatists.]
[3] [Cheap salesmen.]
[4] [C. Johnson, in the Prologue to his *Sultaness*, thus referred to this exit and the farce:
'Some wags have been, who boldly durst adventure
To club a Farce by Tripartite-Indenture:
But let them share their dividend of praise
And their own *Fools-cap* wear, instead of Bays.'
Which attack procured him a place in the *Dunciad.* Geneste's *Account of the Stage*, &c. II. p. 598.]
[5] [As to D'Urfey or Durfey, see p. 65.]

Damnation follows Death in other men;
But your damn'd Poet lives, and writes again.
Th' adventurous Lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the Fair *against* her *Will:*
Be kind, and make him in his Wishes easy,
Who in your own *Despite* has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the Wits of yore;
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
You Modern Wits, should each man bring his Claim,
Have desperate Debentures on your Fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your Debts to *Greece* and *Rome* were paid.
From his deep Fund our Author largely draws;
Nor sinks his Credit lower than it was.
Though Plays for Honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better Reasons—to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the World too long,
And seen the Death of much immortal Song.
He says, poor Poets lost, while Players won,
As Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.
Though *Tom* the Poet writ with ease and pleasure,
The Comic *Tom* abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming Cheat;
But 'tis substantial Happiness, *to eat.*
Let Ease, his last Request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his Living.

A PROLOGUE BY MR POPE,

To a Play for Mr DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great Distress, a little before his Death[1].

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign,
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* slain,
Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe:
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight[2]?
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?

[1] Dennis being much distressed very near the close of his life, it was proposed to act a play for his benefit; and Thomson, Mallet, Benjamin Martin and Pope took the lead upon the occasion. The play, which was the *Provoked Husband* (by Vanbrugh and Cibber), was represented at the Haymarket, Dec. 18th, 1733; and Pope condescended so far as to lay aside his resentment against his former antagonist as to write a Prologue, which was spoken by Theophilus Cibber (the Laureate's son). Geneste, *English Stage*, Vol. III. p. 318. [The annalist adds, with much truth, that Pope's benevolence was not so pure as could be wished; for his Prologue was throughout a sneer at the poor old critic, who happily, either from vanity or the decay of his intellects, failed to perceive its tendency. He died twenty days afterwards. As to the general character of the relations between Pope and Dennis, see *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxiv.] The furious patriotism of Dennis is of course alluded to in the appeal for 'British' sympathy.]

[2] *Was there a Chief, etc.*] The fine figure of the Commander in that capital Picture of Belisarius at Chiswick, supplied the Poet with this beautiful idea. *Warburton.*

Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise,
When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce
Against the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the Stage with Thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER'S hope,
Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn:
If there's a Critic of distinguished rage;
If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to night his just assistance lend,
And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* Friend.

MACER: A CHARACTER.

[First printed in the *Miscellanies* of Swift and Pope (1727), and interpreted by Warton to mean James Moore-Smythe (see *Dunciad*, Bk. II. v. 50). But Bowles thinks it more likely that the character was intended for Ambrose Philips, called 'Jean Philips' by Pope (see *Farewell to London*, p. 472); who 'borrowed' a play from the French, and 'translated' the Persian tales. Mr Carruthers completes the identification by showing a note prefixed to this character on its first publication and speaking of Macer's advertisements for a *Miscellany* in 1713, to refer to such an advertisement actually issued by Philips in the *London Gazette* in 1715. As to Philips, see *Dunciad*, Bk. III. v. 326, *et al.*]

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
First fought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steele*.
Some Ends of verse his Betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*[2].
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little;
Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.

[1] [The borrowed play, *The Distrest Mother*, was, as Carruthers says, from Racine, not, as Bowles says, from Voltaire. It is the *Andromaque*, and the epilogue was ascribed to Addison.]

[2] [John Crown, who wrote 12 tragedies, 6 comedies, and a masque, in little more than a quarter of a century, died about 1698. As a sample of a borrow'd play, see Geneste's account of Crown's version of *Part I. of Henry VI.*]

So some coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns Chambermaid;
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;
Thought wond'rous honest, tho' of mean degree,
And strangely lik'd for her *Simplicity:*
In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:
But just endur'd the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd Harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

UMBRA.

[From the *Miscellanies.* The original of the character has been variously sought in Walter Carey (a F. R. S. and Whig official), Charles Johnson and Ambrose Philips. 'Umbra' must in no case be confounded with the 'Lord Umbra' of the Satires.]

CLOSE to the best known Author Umbra sits,
The constant Index to all Button's Wits[1].
"Who's here?" cries Umbra: "only Johnson[2],"—"Oh!
Your Slave," and *exit;* but returns with Rowe:
"Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:"
Ere long *Pope enters*, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his Heel,
And in a Moment fastens upon Steele;
But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his Tread, here's Addison."
Says Addison to Steele, "'Tis Time to go;"
Pope to the Closet steps aside with Rowe.
Poor Umbra left in this abandoned Pickle,
E'en sets him down and writes to honest T—[3].
Fool! 'tis in vain from Wit to Wit to roam;
Know, Sense, like Charity, begins at Home.

TO MR JOHN MOORE, Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder.

[From the *Miscellanies.*]

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by Shows and Forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, Reptile, weak, and vain!
A While he crawls upon the Earth,
Then shrinks to Earth again.

[1] [Button's coffee-house in Covent Garden was the resort of Addison's circle.]
[2] [Charles Johnson, a second-rate dramatist.
[3] [Tickell. See *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxviii. *Bowles.*]

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er since our Grandam's evil;
She first convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whose Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a Day;
First from a Worm they take their Rise,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows;
Thus Worms suit all Conditions;
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaux,
And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen,
By all their winding Play;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah *Moore!* thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*[1],
Who sett'st our entrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SANDYS' GHOST;

OR

A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

AS IT WAS INTENDED TO BE TRANSLATED BY PERSONS OF QUALITY.

[From the *Miscellanies*. It is obviously not by Gay (see St. 13). Sir Walter Scott, quoted by Roscoe, explains the ballad to refer to a translation of the *Metamorphoses* published by Sir Samuel Garth (and written by several hands, of which Pope's was one), to supersede the old translation of George Sandys, who died in 1643.]

YE Lords and Commons, Men of Wit,
And Pleasure about Town;
Read this ere you translate one Bit
Of Books of high Renown.

Beware of *Latin* Authors all!
Nor think your Verses Sterling,
Though with a Golden Pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a *Berlin:*

For not the Desk with silver Nails,
Nor *Bureau* of Expense,
Nor Standish well japann'd avails
To writing of good Sense.

Hear how a Ghost in dead of Night,
With saucer Eyes of Fire,
In woeful wise did sore affright
A Wit and courtly 'Squire.

Rare Imp of Phœbus, hopeful Youth
Like Puppy tame that uses
To fetch and carry, in his Mouth,
The Works of all the Muses.

Ah! why did he write Poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity,
To Rhyming and the Devil?

1 [Abchurch (properly Upchurch) Lane, Lombard Street.]

A Desk he had of curious Work,
With glittering Studs about;
Within the same did *Sandys* lurk,
Though *Ovid* lay without.

Now as he scratch'd to fetch up Thought,
Forth popp'd the Sprite so thin;
And from the Key-hole bolted out,
All upright as a Pin.

With Whiskers, Band, and Pantaloon,
And Ruff composed most duly;
This 'Squire he dropp'd his Pen full soon,
While as the Light burnt bluely.

"Ho! Master Sam," quoth Sandys' sprite,
"Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if Rhymes fall in not right,
To Budgell[1] seek, or Carey[2].

"I hear the Beat of Jacob's Drums[3],
Poor Ovid finds no Quarter!
See first the merry P—— comes[4]
In Haste, without his Garter.

"Then Lords and Lordlings, 'Squires and Knights,
Wits, Witlings, Prigs, and Peers!
Garth at St James's, and at White's,
Beats up for Volunteers.

"What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom B——t[5] or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

"If Justice Philips' costive head
Some frigid Rhymes disburses;
They shall like *Persian Tales*[6] be read,
And glad both Babes and Nurses.

"Let W—rw—k's Muse with Ash—t join[7],
And Ozell's with Lord Hervey's:
Tickell and Addison combine,
And P—pe translate with Jervas.

"L—— himself, that lively Lord[8],
Who bows to every Lady,
Shall join with F——[9] in one Accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

"Ye Ladies too draw forth your pen,
I pray where can the hurt lie?
Since you have Brains as well as Men,
As witness Lady W—l—y[10].

"Now, Tonson, list thy Forces all,
Review them, and tell Noses;
For to poor Ovid shall befal
A strange *Metamorphosis*.

"A *Metamorphosis* more strange
Than all his Books can vapour;"
'To what' (quoth 'squire) 'shall Ovid change?'
Quoth Sandys: "*To waste paper*."

THE TRANSLATOR.

EGBERT SANGER served his apprenticeship with Jacob Tonson, and succeeded Bernard Lintot in his shop at Middle Temple Gate, Fleet Street. Lintot printed Ozell's translation of Perrault's *Characters*, and Sanger his translation of Boileau's *Lutrin*, recommended by Rowe, in 1709. *Warton.*

OZELL[11], at Sanger's call, invoked his Muse—
For who to sing for Sanger could refuse?

[1] [See *Dunciad*, Bk. II. v. 397.]
[2] [John Carey. See note 6 on pag. 468.]
[3] [Jacob Tonson.]
[4] The Earl of Pembroke, probably. *Roscoe.*
[5] [Tom Burnet, the bishop's son. See *Dunciad*, Bk. III. v. 179. John Dunton: see *Dunciad*, Bk. II. v. 144.]
[6] [Ambrose Philips (among whose translated pieces were the *Persian Tales*) was appointed (by his patron Archbp. Boulter) Judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland.]
[7] Lord Warwick and Dr Ashurst. *Carruthers.*
[8] Lord Lansdowne. *Id.*
[9] Philip Frowde, a dramatic writer and fine scholar, a friend of Addison's. *Id.*
[10] [Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.]
[11] [See *Dunciad*, Bk. I. v. 286.]

His numbers such as Sanger's self might use.
Reviving Perrault, murdering Boileau, he
Slander'd the ancients first, then Wycherley;
Which yet not much that old bard's anger raised,
Since those were slander'd most, whom Ozell praised.
Nor had the gentle satire caus'd complaining,
Had not sage Rowe pronounc'd it entertaining:
How great must be the judgment of that writer
Who the *Plain-dealer*[1] damns, and prints the *Biter*[2]!

THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.

OF gentle Philips will I ever sing,
With gentle Philips shall the valleys ring.
My numbers too for ever will I vary,
With gentle Budgell and with gentle Carey[3].
Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell[4]:
Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
May satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
And from all wits that have a knack, God save ye[5].

LINES

WRITTEN IN WINDSOR FOREST.

[LETTER to a Lady (Martha Blount) in Bowles, dated by Carruthers, September, 1717.]

ALL hail, once pleasing, once inspiring shade!
Scene of my youthful loves and happier hours!
Where the kind Muses met me as I stray'd,
And gently press'd my hand, and said "Be ours!—
Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant Muse:
At Court thou may'st be liked, but nothing gain:
Stock thou may'st buy and sell, but always lose,
And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain."

[1] [By Wycherley.]
[2] [By Rowe.]
[3] Henry Carey. *Roscoe.* The author of 'Sally in our alley' and a dramatist. But there was also a John Carey, a contributor to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and Walter Carey. *Carruthers.*
[4] [These four lines seem to have suggested Canning's well-known epigram on Hiley and Bragge.]
[5] Curll said, that in prose he was equal to Pope; but that in verse Pope had merely a particular knack. *Bowles.*

TO MRS M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY[1].

[1723.]

OH be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend:
Not with those Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years if Life bring nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry blessing thro',
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-Day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year.
Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace.
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft Dream, or Extasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

THE CHALLENGE.

A COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of 'To all you Ladies now at Land,' &c. [By Dorset.]

Written anno 1717. *Warton.*

[THIS delightful trifle is addressed to Pope's charming friends at the Court of the Prince and Princess of Wales (afterwards King George II. and Queen Caroline), and is full of *petits mots* alluding to the ladies and gentlemen of their society.]

[1] [Martha Blount. Lines 5—10 occur as a reflexion on the poet's own birthday in a letter to Gay of the year 1722, and they were also adapted for him to a kind of epitaph on Henry Mordaunt, the nephew of Lord Peterborough, who committed suicide in 1724. On this occasion the following lines were added:

'If there's no hope with kind, though fainter ray
To gild the ev'ning of our future day;
If ev'ry page of life's long volume tell
The same dull story—MORDAUNT, thou didst well.'

The lines concerning which the charge of plagiarism was mutually made between Pope and James Moore-Smythe were omitted by Pope on reprinting the poem, but introduced (slightly altered) in the *Characters of Women* (*Moral Essays*, Ep. II. vv. 243—248).]

[2] [This delightful trifle is addressed to Pope's charming friends at the Court of the Prince and Princess of Wales (afterwards King George II. and Queen Caroline), and is full of *petits mots* alluding to the ladies and gentlemen of their society.]

I.

TO one fair lady out of Court,
And two fair ladies in,
Who think the Turk[1] and Pope[2] a sport,
And wit and love no sin!
Come, these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
To Bellenden[3], Lepell[4], and Griffin[5].
With a fa, la, la.

II.

What passes in the dark third row,
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to Courts should I repair,
Where's such ado with Townshend[6]?
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And every speech with "Zounds" end;
To hear them rail at honest Sunderland[7],
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland.
With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas! like Schutz[8] I cannot pun,
Like Grafton[9] court the Germans;
Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,
Like Meadows run to sermons;
To court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlbro'[10] stay at home.
With a fa, la, la.

V.

In truth, by what I can discern,
Of courtiers, 'twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn
From Court, than Gay or Me:
Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
To sup with us on milk and quiet.
With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At Leicester Fields[11], a house full high,
With door all painted green,
Where ribbons wave upon the tie,
(A Milliner, I mean;)
There may you meet us three to three,
For Gay[12] can well make two of Me.
With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But should you catch the prudish itch,
And each become a coward,
Bring sometimes with you lady Rich[13],
And sometimes mistress Howard[14];
For virgins, to keep chaste, must go
Abroad with such as are not so.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends;
God send the king safe landing;
And make all honest ladies friends
To armies that are standing;
Preserve the limits of those nations,
And take off ladies' limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

[1] Ulrick, the little Turk. P.

[2] The author. P.

[3] [Mary, youngest daughter of the second Lord Bellenden, was afterwards married to Colonel Campbell, who became after her death fifth Duke of Argyll. Lord Hervey (*Memoirs*, Vol. I. p. 54) speaks of her as 'incontestably the most agreeable, the most insinuating, and the most likeable woman of her time; made up of every ingredient likely to engage or attach a lover.']

[4] [The beautiful Miss Mary Lepell, Maid of Honour to the Princess Caroline, and afterwards married to Lord Hervey. Born 1700: married 1720; died 1768.]

[5] [Sister to the Lady Rich mentioned below.]

[6] [Lord Townshend was dismissed from office in 1616, the King being jealous of his supposed subserviency to the Prince of Wales.]

[7] [The Earl of Sunderland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.]

[8] [See *Imit. of Horace*, Bk. I. Ep. I. v. 112.]

[9] [Charles second Duke of Grafton, born in 1683; afterwards Lord Chamberlain.]

[10] [Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, whom Pope is believed to have so cruelly satirised as the 'Flavia' of *Moral Essays*, *Ep.* II. vv. 87 ff.

[11] [Now Leicester Square, where Leicester House, the town residence of the Prince of Wales, was situate.]

[12] [Alluding to Gay's rotundity of person.]

[13] [Lady Rich, daughter of Col. Griffin and wife of Sir Robert Rich. Many of Lady M. W. Montagu's letters are addressed to her.]

[14] [See *On a Certain Lady at Court*, p. 471.]

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS HOWE[1].

WHAT IS PRUDERY?
'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
'Tis (no, 'tisn't) like Miss *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature must give Way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian Plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia's* Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Mæander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT[2].

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

[1] Mary, daughter of Viscount Howe, Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, married Lord Pembroke, and after his death Colonel Mordaunt, brother to the Earl of Peterborough. *Croker*; note to Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*.

[2] The lady addressed was Mrs Howard, bedchamber woman to Queen Caroline, and afterwards Countess of Suffolk. *Warton*. [Mistress

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay through Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

IN THE YEAR 1715.

[The second stanza of this has been omitted.]

DEAR, damn'd distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I 'll tease:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B—— and rough C——s adieu,
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H——k and you
May knock up whores alone[1].

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman's toll;
Let Jervas gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe[2],
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson[3].

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage:
And Homer (damn him!) calls[4].

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn:
And not one Muse of all he fed
Has yet the grace to mourn[5].

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betrayed:
Poor Y——r's sold for fifty pound,
And B——ll is a jade[6].

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls, seven hours in eight?
I us'd but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake, alive.

Solicitous for others' ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!

of George II., who, according to Horace Walpole, quoted by Carruthers, granted the reprieve of a condemned malefactor, in order that an experiment might be made on his ears for her benefit.]

[1] [C—s is evidently Craggs; and H—k, as Carruthers interprets the hiatus, Lord Hinchinbrook, a young nobleman of spirit and fashion.]

[2] Rowe had the year before, on the accession of George I., been made Poet Laureate, one of the land-surveyors of the port of London, Clerk of the Closet to the Prince of Wales, and Secretary of Presentations under the Lord Chancellor. Such an accumulation of offices might well suspend for a season the poetical and publishing pursuits of Rowe. *Carruthers.*

[3] [Cf. *Umbra*, v. 3.]

[4] [The first four books of the *Iliad* were published in this year.]

[5] [Lord Halifax, who offered a pension to Pope, died in this year.]

[6] [Most likely Miss Younger and Mrs Bicknell, sisters, both actresses. *Carruthers.* [Mrs Bicknell acted Phœbe Clinket in Pope's farce.]

Adieu to all, but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

ONLY this of all the Town Eclogues was Mr Pope's; and is here printed from a copy corrected by his own hand.—The humour of it consists in this, that the one is in love with the *Game*, and the other with the *Sharper*. *Warburton.* [The original edition of the *Town Eclogues* was published in 1716 anonymously, and consisted of three eclogues, written to parody the Pastorals of Pope and Philips. entitled respectively the *Basset-Table*, the *Drawing-Room*, and *The Toilet*. They were first ascribed to Gay, to whose mock pastorals they bear much resemblance. Three others were added by the same hand which had written all the *Town Eclogues* except the *Basset-Table*, viz. that of Lady M. W. Montagu.]

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come[1];
Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-Room?
Rise, pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA'S Chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your Romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd;
One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septleva's* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost: Oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen Distress?

[1] [*Basset* was a game commonly played in England at the period after the Restoration; and in France in the reign of Louis XIV., who issued an ordinance prohibiting it and similar games. *Chatto.*]

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By *Cards' Ill Usage*, or by *Lovers lost*.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want some Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought.
See, on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the Scissors shine;
The Metal, and the Workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER's love,
When rival beauties for the Present strove;
At *Corticelli's* he the Raffle won;
Then first his Passion was in public shown:
HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her Head aside,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*,—on the Hinge see Brilliants shine:
This *Snuff-Box* will I stake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a Soldier sigh, a Lover swear.
And Oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*.
In complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave*.
The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;
And, the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward Thing, when first she came to Town;
Her Shape unfashion'd, and her Face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enliv'ning red:

I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
And, by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her Stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more?
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;
And see the Folly, which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known Falsehoods could no Warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the shining train;
The Winner's pleasure, and the Loser's pain:
In bright Confusion open *Rouleaux* lie,
They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all Reason I disdain;
My Passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon *Basset*, you who Reason boast;
And see if Reason must not *there* be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his Blushes rise!
When awful Love seems melting in his Eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
'*He Loves*,'—I whisper to myself, '*He Loves!*'
Such unfeign'd Passion in his Looks appears,
I lose all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms:
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast;
For such a moment, Prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play,
Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away[1].

[1] [The Duke of Buckinghamshire (Sheffield) was in the habit of frequenting the bowling-alley behind the manor-house of Marylebone parish. Cunningham's *London*. As to the Groom-Porter's, cf. note to *Dunciad*, Bk. I. v. 309.]

But who the Bowl, or ratt'ling Dice compares
To *Basset's* heav'nly Joys, and pleasing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;
PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
Their several graces in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the Tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *Equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's Side:
The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Originally published in a Miscellany of the year 1720.]

I.

IN beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared:
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first possessor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES,

ON THE PICTURE OF LADY MARY W. MONTAGU,

BY KNELLER.

[Bowles, from Dallaway's *Life of Lady M. W. M.*]

THE playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth;
So would I draw (but oh! 'tis vain to try,
My narrow genius does the power deny;)
The equal lustre of the heav'nly mind,
Where ev'ry grace with every virtue's join'd;
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
With just description show the work divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine.

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

POPE, in his letters to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the East, expresses a desire, real or fanciful, to meet her. 'But if my fate be such,' he says, 'that this body of mine (which is as ill matched to my mind as any wife to her husband) be left behind in the journey, let the epitaph of Tibullus be set over it.' *Carruthers.* [The letter is in Bowles, Vol. VIII. The original is Tibull. *Lib.* I. *Eleg.* IV. 55—6.]

HERE, stopt by hasty death, Alexis lies,
Who crossed half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes.

EPITAPHS

ON JOHN HUGHES AND SARAH DREW.

[POPE, in a letter to Lady M. W. Montagu, Sept. 1st, 1718, written from Stanton-Harcourt, Lord Harcourt's seat in Oxfordshire, relates the anecdote of the death of two lovers 'as constant as ever were found in romance,' by name John Hewet and Sarah Drew, who were simultaneously struck by lightning at a harvest-home; and sends her two epitaphs composed by him, 'of which the critics have chosen the godly one.' (See Lord Wharncliffe's *Letters*, &c. II. 100.) Lady Mary (Nov. 1st, *ejusd. ann.*) returned a decidedly cynical answer, with an epitaph of her own, commencing,

'Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, What's that to you?'

and concluding, after a doubt whether perchance 'twas not kindly done,' considering the chances of married life,

'Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.'

According to Gay's letter to Mr F—— (Aug. 9th, 1718), Lord Harcourt, appre-

hensive that the country people would not understand even the godly epitaph, determined to substitute one 'with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.' This prose epitaph was also written by Pope.]

WHEN Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful fair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

I.

THINK not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

II.

LIVE well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

ON THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER.

[THE lady of Pope's friend, to whom Ep. IV. of the *Moral Essays* is addressed. Her maiden name was Lady Dorothy Saville.]

PALLAS grew vapourish once, and odd,
She would not do the least right thing,
Either for goddess, or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and, "Use," he cried, "those eyes
So skilful, and those hands so taper;
Do something exquisite and wise—"
She bow'd, obey'd him,—and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heaven a burning shame;
What does she next, but bids, on earth,
Her Burlington do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you 'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
The name of Saville and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown;
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown,
Between John Overton and you!

ON A PICTURE OF QUEEN CAROLINE,

DRAWN BY LADY BURLINGTON.

PEACE, flattering Bishop[1]! lying Dean[2]!
This portrait only paints the Queen!

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

ON MRS PULTENEY[3].

WITH scornful mien, and various toss of air,
Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.
Far other carriage grac'd her virgin life,
But charming G——y's lost in P——y's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at least her mind:
O could the sire renown'd in glass, produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use!
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face:
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more!

ON CERTAIN LADIES.

WHEN other fair ones to the shades go down,
Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia, stay in town:
Those ghosts of beauty wandering here reside,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

CELIA.

CELIA, we know, is sixty-five,
Yet Celia's face is seventeen;
Thus winter in her breast must live,
While summer in her face is seen.

How cruel Celia's fate, who hence
Our heart's devotion cannot try;
Too pretty for our reverence,
Too ancient for our gallantry!

[1] Dr Gilbert. *Carruthers.* [Or it might be Hoadley.]
[2] Dr Alured Clarke. *Id.*
[3] [Anna Maria Gumley, daughter of John Gumley of Isleworth, who had gained his fortune by a glass manufactory, was married to Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath.]

EPIGRAM.

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG WHICH I GAVE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS[1].

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

LINES SUNG BY DURASTANTI[2] WHEN SHE TOOK LEAVE OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

THE WORDS WERE IN HASTE PUT TOGETHER BY MR POPE, AT THE REQUEST OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

GEN'ROUS, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun?
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

Let old charmers yield to new;
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still increasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars for ever ceasing:
But let old charmers yield to new.
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF

Marbles, Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals[3].

THOU who shalt stop, where *Thames*' translucent wave
Shines a broad Mirror thro' the shadowy Cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs distill,
And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill,
Unpolish'd Gems no ray on Pride bestow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:
Approach! Great NATURE studiously behold;
And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.
Approach; but awful! Lo! th' Egerian Grot,
Where, nobly-pensive, ST JOHN sate and thought;
Where *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole[4],
And the bright flame was shot thro' MARCHMONT'S[5] Soul.
Let such, such only tread this sacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

[1] [Frederick, Prince of Wales. Roscoe traces the idea of this epigram to Sir W. Temple's *Heads designed for an Essay on Conversation.*]

[2] [Margherita Durastanti was brought out at the English Opera-house by Handel, and sang in his operas and those of Bononisni from 1719 to 1723. She then retired, finding herself unable to contend with the superior powers of Cuzzoni. She took a formal leave of the English stage, for which occasion the above lines were composed by Pope, at her patron's desire. Arbuthnot wrote a burlesque version of them, which is not remarbably witty. See Hogarth's *Memoirs of the Musical Drama.*]

[3] [As to Pope's grotto, see *Introductory Memoir*, p. xxxiv.]

[4] [See *Epil. to Satires.* Dial. II. v. 88.]

[5] [The Earl of Marchmont, afterwards one of Pope's executors.]

VERSES TO MR C.[1]

ST JAMES'S PALACE. LONDON, *Oct.* 22.

FEW words are best; I wish you well;
BETHEL, I'm told, will soon be here;
Some morning walks along the Mall,
And ev'ning friends, will end the year.

If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host:

For three whole days you here may rest
From Office bus'ness, news and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

TO MR GAY,

WHO HAD CONGRATULATED MR POPE ON FINISHING HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS.

AH, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here,—to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where WORTLEY casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the ev'ning colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.

'Atria longa patent; sed nec cœnantibus usquam,
Nec somno, locus est: quam bene non habitas.'
MARTIAL, *Epigr.* [XII. 50. vv. 7, 8.]

[BLENHEIM, built by Vanbrugh. 'In his buildings,' says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'there is a greater display of imagination than we shall find perhaps in any other.' At the same time the heaviness of his style of architecture was the subject of the constant ridicule of Horace Walpole and others.]

[1] [Probably Craggs, who was in office at the time when Pope established himself at Twickenham.]

SEE, sir, here's the grand approach;
This way is for his Grace's coach:
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made!
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery's contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling[1].

ON BEAUFORT HOUSE GATE AT CHISWICK.

[THE Lord Treasurer Middlesex's house at Chelsea, after passing to the Duke of Beaufort, was called Beaufort House. It was afterwards sold to Sir Hans Sloane. When the House was taken down in 1740, its gateway, built by Inigo Jones, was given by Sir Hans Sloane to the Earl of Burlington, who removed it with the greatest care to his garden at Chiswick, where it may be still seen. See Cunningham's *London*.]

I WAS brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather;
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane let me alone;
Burlington brought me hither.

LINES TO LORD BATHURST.

[IN illustration Mitford refers to Pope's letter to Lord Bathurst of September 13, 1732, where 'Mr L.' is spoken of as 'more inclined to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber.' From Mr Mitford's notes to his edition of *Gray's Correspondence with the Rev. Norton Nichols*. As to Lord Bathurst's improvements at Cirencester, to which these lines allude, see *Moral Essays*, Ep. IV. vv. 186 ff.]

"A WOOD!" quoth Lewis, and with that
He laugh'd, and shook his sides of fat.
His tongue, with eye that mark'd his cunning,
Thus fell a-reasoning, not a-running:
"Woods are—not to be too prolix—
Collective bodies of straight sticks.

[1] The same idea is used by Lord Chesterfield in his *Epigram on Burlington House*:

'How will you *build*, let flatt'ry tell,
And all mankind, how ill you dwell.'
Bowles.

It is, my lord, a mere conundrum
To call things woods for what grows under 'em.
For shrubs, when nothing else at top is,
Can only constitute a coppice.
But if you will not take my word,
See anno quint. of Richard Third;
And that's a coppice call'd, when dock'd,
Witness an. prim. of Harry Oct.
If this a wood you will maintain,
Merely because it is no plain,
Holland, for all that I can see,
May e'en as well be term'd the sea,
Or C——by[1] be fair harangued
An honest man, because not hang'd."

INSCRIPTION ON A PUNCH-BOWL,

IN THE SOUTH-SEA YEAR [1720], FOR A CLUB, CHASED WITH JUPITER PLACING CALLISTO IN THE SKIES, AND EUROPA WITH THE BULL.

COME, fill the South Sea goblet full;
The gods shall of our stock take care;
Europa pleas'd accepts the *Bull*,
And Jove with joy puts off the *Bear*[2].

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un Jour dit un Auteur, etc.[3]

ONCE (says an Author; where, I need not say)
Two Trav'lers found an Oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While Scale in hand Dame *Justice* past along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame *Justice* weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
"There take" (says *Justice*) "take ye each a *Shell*.
We thrive at *Westminster* on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyster—Live in peace—Adieu."

[1] Thomas, first Lord Coningsby, a zealous promoter of the Revolution of 1688. *Carruthers.*

[2] [There seems no doubt that these terms originated in the South-Sea year; and that they gradually came into general use. See a lively discussion of the subject, and of the meaning of the terms, in *Notes and Queries* for 1859.]

[3] [This famous fable is narrated at the close of Boileau's *Second Epistle;* and is said to be originally derived from an old Italian comedy. La Fontaine, who also versified the fable, substituted a judge (named Perrin Dandin) for 'Justice'; wherein, according to Boileau's opinion, he erred; inasmuch as it is not the judges only, but all the officers of justice, who empty the pockets of litigants. From a note to Amsterdam edition (1735) of *Œuvres de Boileau.*]

EPIGRAM.

MY Lord[1] complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has cut three trees, the value of three farthings.
"But he's my neighbour," cries the peer polite:
"And if he visit me, I'll waive the right."
What! on compulsion, and against my will,
A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill!

EPIGRAM.

[EXPLAINED by Carruthers to refer to the large sums of money given in charity on account of the severity of the weather about the year 1740.]

YES! 'tis the time, (I cried,) impose the chain,
Destined and due to wretches self-enslaved;
But when I saw such charity remain,
I half could wish this people should be saved.

Faith lost, and Hope, our Charity begins;
And 'tis a wise design in pitying Heaven,
If this can cover multitude of sins,
To take the *only* way to be forgiven.

OCCASIONED BY READING THE TRAVELS OF CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ON the publication of *Gulliver's Travels* Pope wrote several pieces of humour intended to accompany the work, which he sent to Swift; and they were printed in 1727 under the title of *Poems occasioned by reading the Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver explanatory and commendatory. Roscoe.* [I. II. IV. were also published in the joint *Miscellanies.*]

I.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

An Ode by Tilly-Tit, Poet Laureate to His Majesty of Lilliput. Translated into English.

IN amaze,
Lost I gaze,
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire,
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propp'd the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!
See him stride
Valleys wide,

[1] Lord Radnor. *Warton.*

Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake:
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops, take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.
Turn'd aside,
From his hide,
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows:
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty Poet, touch the sky.

II.

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

SOON as *Glumdalclitch* miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
No *British* miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into *Grildrig's* bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in *Guildhall*.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears,
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this" (she cry'd) "with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar!
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd;
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook.
Sure in that lake he dropp'd; my *Grilly's* drown'd."
She dragg'd the cruet, but no *Grildrig* found.
"Vain is thy courage, *Grilly*, vain thy boast;
But little creatures enterprise the most.

Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a *Page* can ever learn the truth?
Versed in Court tricks, that money-loving boy
To some Lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er *Brobdingnag* I'll roam,
And never will return or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How, then, thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps all maim'd, lie grov'lling on the ground?
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:
O show me, *Flora*, midst those sweets, the flower
Where sleeps my *Grildrig* in his fragrant bower.
"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pygmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
Thy baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms,
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box, now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm? Of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea like milk-pail on thy head?
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"
She said, but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd *like* two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in *Newfoundland:*
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And *Europe* taste thy sorrows in a dish.

III.

TO MR LEMUEL GULLIVER,

THE GRATEFUL ADDRESS OF THE UNHAPPY HOUYHNHNMS, NOW IN SLAVERY AND BONDAGE IN ENGLAND.

TO thee, we wretches of the *Houyhnhnm* band,
Condemn'd to labour in a barbarous land,
Return our thanks. Accept our humble lays,
And let each grateful *Houyhnhnm* neigh thy praise.

O happy *Yahoo*, purg'd from human crimes,
By thy sweet sojourn in those virtuous climes,
Where reign our sires; there, to thy country's shame,
Reason, you found, and virtue were the same.
Their precepts raz'd the prejudice of youth,
And even a *Yahoo* learn'd the love of truth.

Art thou the first who did the coast explore;
Did never *Yahoo* tread that ground before?
Yes, thousands! But in pity to their kind,
Or sway'd by envy, or through pride of mind,
They hid their knowledge of a nobler race,
Which own'd, would all their sires and sons disgrace.

You, like the *Samian*, visit lands unknown,
And by their wiser morals mend your own.
Thus *Orpheus* travell'd to reform his kind,
Came back, and tamed the brutes he left behind.

You went, you saw, you heard: with virtue fought,
Then spread those morals which the *Houyhnhnms* taught.
Our labours here must touch thy generous heart,
To see us strain before the coach and cart;
Compell'd to run each knavish jockey's heat!
Subservient to *Newmarket's* annual cheat!

With what reluctance do we lawyer's bear,
To fleece their country clients twice a year?
Or managed in your schools, for fops to ride,
How foam, how fret beneath a load of pride!
Yes, we are slaves—but yet, by reason's force,
Have learn'd to bear misfortune, like a Horse.

O would the stars, to ease my bonds, ordain,
That gentle *Gulliver* might guide my rein!
Safe would I bear him to his journey's end,
For 'tis a pleasure to support a friend.
But if my life be doom'd to serve the bad,
O! may'st thou never want an easy pad!

HOUYHNHNM.

IV.

MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

AN EPISTLE.

ARGUMENT.

THE Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr Sympson's in the country, Mrs Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly complaining epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What *Redriff* wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop; your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou should'st *cleave unto thy Wife;*
Once *thou* didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan;
Be kind at least to these: they are thy own;
Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.
Biddel, like thee, might farthest *India* rove;
He changed his country, but retain'd his love.
There's Captain *Pennell*, absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.
Yet *Pennell's* wife is brown, compared to me;
And Mrs *Biddel* sure is fifty-three.
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was *Flimnap's* dame more sweet in *Lilliput?*
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy *Groom.*
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the *Sorrel Mare?*
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,—
Preferr'st thou *Litter* to the marriage bed!
Some say the devil himself is in that *Mare:*
If so, our *Dean* shall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad, some think you are possess'd;
That *Bedlam* and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas! this frenzy to appease,
That straw, that straw, would heighten the disease.
My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys,)

Alone I press; in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand, no *Gulliver* is there!
I wake, I rise, and, shivering with the frost,
Search all the house,—my *Gulliver* is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise;
"Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!"
The neighbours answer, "With the *Sorrel Mare.*"
At early morn, I to the market haste,
(Studious in everything to please thy taste;)
A curious *Fowl* and *Sparagrass* I chose
(For I remember you were fond of those);
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for *Oats.*
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
My *only* token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The *Groom* and *Sorrel Mare* preferr'd to me!
These, for some moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble, when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on *Lilliputian* ground?
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod, I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came,
And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Those *Spectacles,* ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; *Love* that armour gave.
How did I mourn at *Bolgolam's* decree!
For when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have giv'n a thousand pound.
Lord! when the *Giant-babe* that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the *Marrow-bone* I see thee ramm'd;
Or on the house-top by the *Monkey* cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the *Maiden's Nipple* when you rid,
Pray Heav'n, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too—with thee I mourn her case:
Heav'n guard! the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!

Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear proved death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy best-loved name!
Whether the style of *Grildrig* please the most,
So call'd on *Brobdingnag's* stupendous coast,
When on the Monarch's ample hand you sate,
And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or *Quinbus Flestrin* more endearment brings;
When like a Mountain you looked down on kings:
If ducal *Nardac*, *Lilliputian* peer,
Or *Glumglum's* humbler title soothe thy ear:
Nay, would kind *Jove* my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious *Houyhnhnm* through the nose,
I'd call thee *Houyhnhnm*, that high-sounding name;
Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endu'd with all the *Virtues* of a *Horse*.

LINES ON SWIFT'S ANCESTORS.

[SWIFT set up a plain monument to his grandfather, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich, or Gotheridge (in Herefordshire). He sent a pencilled elevation of the monument (a simple tablet) to Mrs Howard, who returned it with the following lines, inscribed on the drawing by Pope. The paper is endorsed, in Swift's hand: 'Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Pope's roguery.'
Scott's *Life of Swift*.]

JONATHAN SWIFT
Had the gift,
By fatherige, motherige,
And by brotherige,
To come from Gotherige[1],
But now is spoil'd clean,
And an Irish dean:
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot,
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grandsire;
So, Ireland, change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own.

FROM THE GRUB-STREET JOURNAL.

[THIS Journal was established in January, 1730, and carried on for eight years by Pope and his friends, in answer to the attacks provoked by the *Dunciad*. It corresponds in some measure to the *Xenien* of Goethe and Schiller. Only such pieces are here inserted as bear Pope's distinguishing signature A.; several others are probably his.]

I.

EPIGRAM

Occasioned by seeing some sheets of Dr Bentley's edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*[2].

DID Milton's prose, O Charles, thy death defend?
A furious foe unconscious proves a friend.

[1] Goodrich, or Gotheridge, in Herefordshire, where Swift had erected a monument to his grandfather, presenting a cup to the church at the same time. *Scott.*

[2] [Cf. Dunciad, Bk. IV. v. 212. 'Milton's prose' is the *Defensio pro populo Anglicano* &c. of 1649; and the *Defensio Secunda* of 1654.]

On Milton's verse does Bentley comment?—Know
A weak officious friend becomes a foe.
While he but sought his Author's fame to further,
The murderous critic has aveng'd thy murder.

II.

EPIGRAM.

SHOULD D——s[1] print, how once you robb'd your brother,
Traduc'd your monarch, and debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on D——s can be had;
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
Of one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

III.

MR J. M. S——E.[2]

Catechised on his One Epistle to Mr Pope.

WHAT makes you write at this odd rate?
Why, Sir, it is to imitate.
What makes you steal and trifle so?
Why, 'tis to do as others do.
But there's no meaning to be seen.
Why, that's the very thing I mean.

IV.

EPIGRAM

On Mr M——re's going to law with Mr Gilliver: inscribed to Attorney Tibbald.

ONCE in his life M——re judges right:
His sword and pen not worth a straw,
An author that could never write,
A gentleman that dares not fight,
Has but one way to tease—by law.
This suit, dear Tibbald, kindly hatch;
Thus thou may'st help the sneaking elf;
And sure a printer is his match,
Who's but a publisher himself.

V.

EPIGRAM.

A GOLD watch found on cinder whore,
Or a good verse on J——y M——e,
Proves but what either should conceal,
Not that they're rich, but that they steal.

[1] [Dennis.] [2] [James-Moore Smythe.]

VI.

EPITAPH.

[On James Moore-Smythe.]

HERE lies what had nor birth, nor shape, nor fame;
No gentleman! no man! no-thing! no name!
For Jamie ne'er grew James; and what they call
More, shrunk to Smith—and Smith's no name at all.
Yet die thou can'st not, phantom, oddly fated:
For how can no-thing be annihilated[1]?

Ex nihilo nihil fit.

VII.

A QUESTION BY ANONYMOUS.

TELL, if you can, which did the worse,
Caligula or Gr——n's[2] Gr—ce?
That made a Consul of a horse,
And *this* a Laureate of an ass.

VIII.

EPIGRAM.

GREAT G——[3], such servants since thou well can'st lack,
Oh! save the salary, and drink the sack.

IX.

EPIGRAM.

BEHOLD! ambitious of the British bays,
Cibber and Duck[4] contend in rival lays.
But, gentle Colley, should thy verse prevail,
Thou hast no fence, alas! against his flail:
Therefore thy claim resign, allow his right:
For Duck can thresh, you know, as well as write.

ON SEEING THE LADIES AT CRUX-EASTON WALK IN THE WOODS BY THE GROTTO.

EXTEMPORE BY MR POPE.

AUTHORS the world and their dull brains have traced
To fix the ground where Paradise was placed;
Mind not their learned whims and idle talk;
Here, here's the place where these bright angels walk.

[1] [Cf. *Dunciad*, Bk. II. v. 50.]
[2] [The Duke of Grafton.]
[3] [King George II. The epigram is of course on the Laureate Cibber.]
[4] [Stephen Duck, originally a thresher, concerning whom there are other verses in the Journal, probably written by Pope. Cf. *Imitations of Horace*, Bk. II. Ep. II. v. 140.]

INSCRIPTION ON A GROTTO, THE WORK OF NINE LADIES.

[Carruthers, from *Dodsley's Miscellany.*]

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul and shining as her frame;
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But Fate disposed them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a Court.

VERSES LEFT BY MR POPE,

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, THE CELEBRATED EARL OF ROCHESTER, SLEPT IN AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE[1], JULY 9TH, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave or gay.

Beneath thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD,

UPON A PIECE OF NEWS IN MIST [MIST'S JOURNAL], THAT THE REV. MR W. REFUS'D TO WRITE AGAINST MR POPE BECAUSE HIS BEST PATRON HAD A FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SAID P.

[FROM Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, where it is given in facsimile; accompanied by the statement that 'W.' alluded to was Samuel Wesley, and 'Father Francis,' the then exiled Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury).]

WESLEY, if Wesley 'tis they mean,
They say on Pope would fall,
Would his best Patron let his Pen
Discharge his inward Gall.

What Patron this, a doubt must be,
Which none but you can clear,
Or father Francis, cross the sea,
Or else Earl Edward here.

[1] [As to the Duke of Argyle, cf. *Epilogue to Satires, Dial.* II. v. 82.]

That both were good must be confess'd,
And much to both he owes;
But which to Him will be the best
The Lord of Oxford knows.

TRANSLATION OF A PRAYER OF BRUTUS.

THE Rev. Aaron Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxon., translated the *Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth.* He submitted the translation to Pope, 1717, who gave him the following lines, being a translation of a prayer of Brutus. *Carruthers.*

GODDESS of woods, tremendous in the chase,
To mountain wolves and all the savage race,
Wide o'er the aërial vault extend thy sway,
And o'er the infernal regions void of day.
On thy third reign look down; disclose our fate,
In what new station shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallow'd altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

LINES WRITTEN IN EVELYN'S BOOK ON COINS[1].

["WROTE by Mr P. in a Volume of *Evelyn on Coins* presented to a painter by a parson." *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1735. "Wrote in Evelyn's *Book of Coins* given by Mr Wood to Kent." *Notes and Queries*, March 13, 1851, from a copy by Mason.]

TOM WOOD of Chiswick, deep divine,
To painter Kent gave all this coin.
'Tis the first coin, I'm bold to say,
That ever churchman gave to lay.

TO MR THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his Birth-day, 1742[2].

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin, but poetry,
This day TOM'S fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table[3], with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp[4] still to his fingers.
The feast, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild goose and the larks!
The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, altho' a bard, devout.

[1] [*Numismata: a Discourse on Medals;* published at London in 1697.]

[2] [Southern, the author of *Oroonoko*, according to Warton's expression, 'lived the longest and died one of the richest of all our poets.' He was born in 1660, and died in 1746. The date of the first production of *Oroonoko* is 1696, and it kept the stage till the third decade of the present century, a rare example of popularity attaching to a drama founded on a sensation novel: for Mrs Aphra Behn's *Oroonoko* was the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of her day.]

[3] *A table*] He was invited to dine on his birth-day with this Nobleman (Lord Orrery), who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here set down. *Warburton.* [John Earl of Cork and Orrery was a friend of Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke, and in earlier days a member of the Brothers' Club. He died in 1762.]

[4] *Presents her harp*] The Harp is generally wove on the Irish Linen; such as Table-cloths, &c. *Warburton.*

May Tom, whom heav'n sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays[1],
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

BISHOP HOUGH[2].

A BISHOP, by his neighbours hated,
Has cause to wish himself translated;
But why should Hough desire translation,
Loved and esteemed by all the nation?
Yet if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

PRAYER OF ST FRANCIS XAVIER.

[Translated from an *Oratio a Sancto Xavierio composita*, at the desire of a Catholic priest named Brown. *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1791, where the original is given commencing '*O Deus, ego amo te.*']

THOU art my God, sole object of my love;
Not for the hope of endless joys above;
Not for the fear of endless pains below,
Which they who love thee not must undergo.

For me, and such as me, thou deign'st to bear
An ignominious cross, the nails, the spear:
A thorny crown transpierc'd thy sacred brow,
While bloody sweats from ev'ry member flow.

For me in tortures thou resignd'st thy breath,
Embrac'd me on the cross, and sav'd me by thy death.
And can these sufferings fail my heart to move?
What but thyself can now deserve my love?

Such as then was, and is, thy love to me,
Such is, and shall be still, my love to thee—
To thee, Redeemer! mercy's sacred spring!
My God, my Father, Maker, and my King!

[1] *The price of prologues and of plays,*] This alludes to a story Mr Southern told about the same, to Mr P. and Mr W. of Dryden; who, when Southern first wrote for the stage, was so famous for his Prologues, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas: But when Southern came to him for the Prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; "which (said he) young man, is out of no disrespect to you, but the Players have had my goods too cheap." *Warburton.* [This was the regular tariff for prologues and epilogues. Later, Southern could tell Dryden (according to Warton) that he had cleared £700 by a single play, while Dryden never made more than a seventh of that sum by one drama.]

[2] [Bishop of Worcester. Deprived by James II. of the Presidentship of Magdalene College, Oxford; he afterwards successively held several sees, and died in 1743.]

1740.

A POEM.

[This unfinished piece was communicated to Warton by Dr Wilson, formerly Fellow and Librarian of Trinity College, Dublin, to whom it had been lent by a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, 'an intimate friend of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who gratified his curiosity by a box full of the rubbish and sweepings of Pope's study, whose executor he was, in conjunction with Lord Marchmont.' It is possible that Bowles' conjecture may be correct, according to which '1740' was to grow into the third Dialogue which Pope at one time intended to add to the *Epilogue to the Satires*. See the *Verses on receiving from Lady Frances Shirley a Standish*, &c. *ante*, p. 448]. Roscoe doubts whether so mediocre a production be Pope's: Carruthers also hesitates on the subject; and the piece is at most to be taken as a few rough jottings accidentally discovered.]

O WRETCHED B——[1]! jealous now of all,
What God, what mortal, shall prevent thy fall?
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And see what succour from the Patriot Race.
C——[2], his own proud dupe, thinks Monarchs things
Made just for him, as other fools for Kings;
Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,
And antedates the hatred due to Pow'r.
Through Clouds of Passion P——'s[3] views are clear,
He foams a Patriot to subside a peer;
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.
Grave, righteous S——[4] jogs on till, past belief,
He finds himself companion with a thief.
To purge and let thee blood, with fire and sword,
Is all the help stern S——[5] would afford.
That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
Good C——[6] hopes, and candidly sits still.
Of Ch—s W——[7] who speaks at all,
No more than of Sir Har—y[8] or Sir P——[9]?
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.
G——r[10], C——m[11], B——t[12], pay thee due regards,
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.
with wit that must
And C——d[13], who speaks so well and writes,
Whom (saving W.[14]) every S.[15] harper bites.

[1] Britain. *Bowles.*
[2] Cobham. *Bowles.* This is impossible. *Roscoe.* Campbell (Argyle), or Cholmondely. *Carruthers.*
[3] Pulteney. *Carruthers.*
[4] Sandys. *Bowles.* [Afterwards Lord Sandys.]
[5] Shippen. *Bowles, Carruthers.* Impossible *Roscoe.*
[6] Carlisle? *Bowles.* Cornbury. *Carruthers.*
[7] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. *Bowles.*
[8] Sir Henry Oxenden. *Bowles*
[9] Sir Paul Methuen. *Bowles.*
[10] [11] [12] Lords Gower, Cobham and Bathurst. *Bowles.*
[13] Lord Chesterfield. *Bowles.*
[14] Peter Walter? *Carruthers?*
[15] ['The Earl of Chesterfield was...fond of play, and was partial to the company of Mr Lookup, one of the most noted professional

must needs
Whose wit and equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.
As for the rest, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, that something must be done,
Then, urged by C——t[1], or by C——t stopp'd,
Inflam'd by P——[2], and by P—— dropp'd;
They follow rev'rently each wondrous wight,
Amaz'd that one can read, that one can write:
So geese to gander prone obedience keep,
Hiss, if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine;
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five shillings in the pound;
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.
Rise, rise, great W——[3], fated to appear,
Spite of thyself, a glorious minister!
Speak the loud language Princes . . . .
And treat with half the . . . . . .
At length to B——[4] kind, as to thy . . . .
Espouse the nation, you . . . . . .
What can thy H[5] . . . . . .
Dress in Dutch . . . . . .
Tho' still he travels on no bad pretence,
To show . . . . . .
Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Veracious W——[6], and frontless Young[7];
Sagacious Bubb[8], so late a friend, and there
So late a foe, yet more sagacious H——[9]?
Hervey and Hervey's school, F—, H——y, H——n[10],
Yea, moral Ebor, or religious Winton[11].
How! what can O——w, what can D——[12],
The wisdom of the one and other chair,
N——[13], laugh, or D——s[14] sager,
Or thy dread truncheon, M.'s mighty peer[15]?
What help from J——'s[16] opiates canst thou draw,
Or H——k's quibbles voted into law[17]?
C. that Roman in his nose alone[18],

gamesters of the day.' Chatto's *History of Playing-Cards*, p. 173.]

[1] Lord Carteret. *Bowles.* [Afterwards Lord Granville.]

[2] Pulteney. *Bowles.*

[3] Sir Robert Walpole. *Bowles.*

[4] Britain. *Carruthers.*

[5] Horace Walpole, brother of Sir Robert, who had just quitted his embassy at the Hague. *Bowles.*

[6] W. Winnington. *Bowles.* [A member of the ministry.]

[7] Sir William Yonge. *Bowles.*

[8] Doddington [afterwards Lord Melcombe].

[9] Probably Hare, Bp. of Chichester. *Bowles.*

[10] Fox, Henley, Hinton. *Bowles.*

[11] Blackburn, Archbishop of York, and Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester. *Bowles.*

[12] Speaker Onslow and Lord Delaware, chairmen of committees of House of Lords. *Bowles.*

[13] Duke of Newcastle. *Bowles.*

[14] Duke of Dorset. *Bowles.*

[15] The (second) Duke of Marlborough. *Bowles.*

[16] Sir Joseph Jekyll. *Bowles.* Probably; but he died in 1738. *Carruthers.*

[17] Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. *Bowles.*

[18] Probably Sir John Cummins, C. J. of the Common Pleas. *Bowles.* Or Spencer Compton, Lord Wilmington, President of the Council. *Carruthers.*

Who hears all causes, B——[1], but thy own,
Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the Sword of State.
Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,
The sousing Prelate[2], or the sweating Peer,
Drag out, with all its dirt and all its weight,
The lumb'ring carriage of thy broken State?
Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
To save thee, in th' infectious office, *dies*.
The first firm P——y[3], soon resign'd his breath.
Brave S——w[4] lov'd thee, and was lied to death.
Good M—m—t's fate tore P——th from thy side[5],
And thy last sigh was heard, when W——m died[6].
Thy nobles Sl—s, thy Se—s bought with gold,
Thy Clergy perjur'd, thy whole people sold.
An Atheist ◡ a ⊕‴'s ad . . . . . .
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink . . . . .
Alas! on one alone our all relies[7],
Let him be honest, and he must be wise;
Let him no trifler from his school,
Nor like his . . . . . still a . . . .
Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
And free at once the Senate and the Throne;
Esteem the public love his best supply,
A ⊙'s true glory his integrity;
Rich *with* his . . . . *in* . . . his strong,
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.
Whatever his religion or his blood,
His public virtue makes his title good.
Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
And one man's honesty redeem the land.

[1] Britain. *Bowles.*
[2] Sherlock. *Carruthers.* [Cf. *Dunciad* Bk. II. v. 323, where 'his pond'rous grace' may correspond to 'the sweating peer' in this passage.]
[3] Pulteney. *Carruthers.*
[4] Earl of Scarborough (*ow*). *Bowles.*
[5] Earl of Marchmont and his son, Lord Polwarth. *Bowles.* The former died in Jan. 1740. *Carruthers.*
[6] Sir William Wyndham. *Bowles.* He died in June, 1740. *Carruthers.*
[7] [Obviously the Pretender, concerning the intrigues with whom in this year see Chap. XXI. of Lord Stanhope's *Hist. of Engl.*]

THE END.

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